THE WORLD MENACE OF THE SAAR

By Col. Edward M. House

Liberty

JAN. 19,
1935

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NRA
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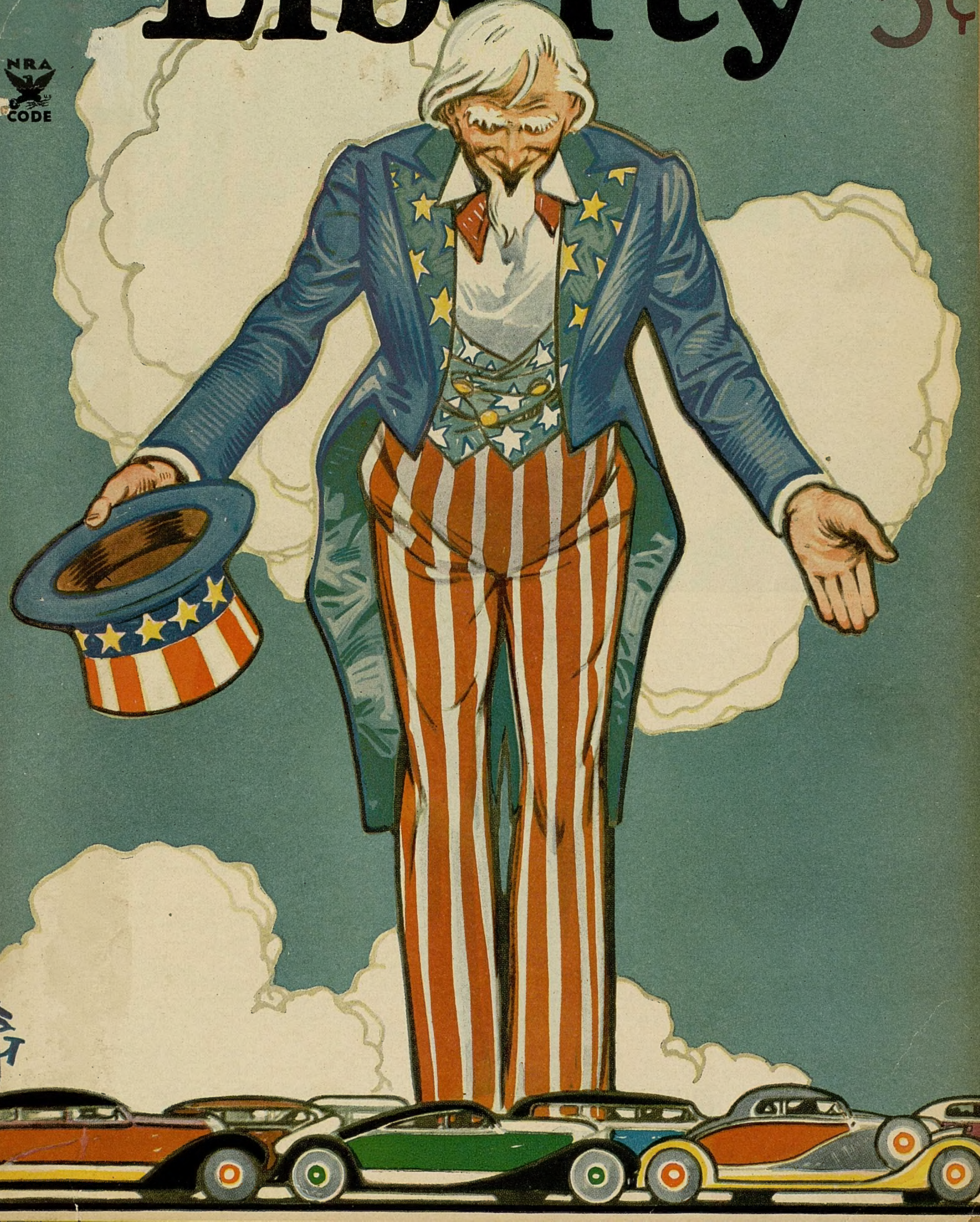


PAPER ANNIVE

Paper Anniversary . . . First Year

"Here's to our Golden Wedding"

. . . AND THE MELLOWNESS THAT GROWS AND GROWS WITH YEARS

DELICIOUSNESS . . . in that *one* word you will find the answer to "Why is America choosing Golden Wedding to celebrate with today?" In America's finest blend, you will find the delicious bouquet and fragrance that come from the use of our own country's richly flavorful grains. The delicious taste—that rare combination of luscious luxury and delicacy which you seem to find only in the fine product of *"Old School"* distillers. The delicious smoothness and mellowness that only Age can impart . . . Golden Wedding has that too. For the average age of Golden Wedding is 4 years old. It is a blend of selected straight whiskies . . . the youngest in the Rye blend, 7 months old, and in the Bourbon blend, 9 months old . . . and every drop is ALL whiskey. And still another Golden Wedding surprise is its inexpensiveness. Have you tried Golden Wedding lately?

A Schenley Product Made in U. S. A.

. . . by the distillers of *OLD SCHENLEY Bottled in Bond Whiskey*

Schenley's finest blends:
Gibson's, James E. Pepper, O. F. C.
Straight Whiskies: *Cream of Kentucky, Mayflower*
For a really fine Gin . . . Try *Silver Wedding Gin*

ON THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE
. . . THIS MARK OF MERIT

GOLDEN WEDDING RYE

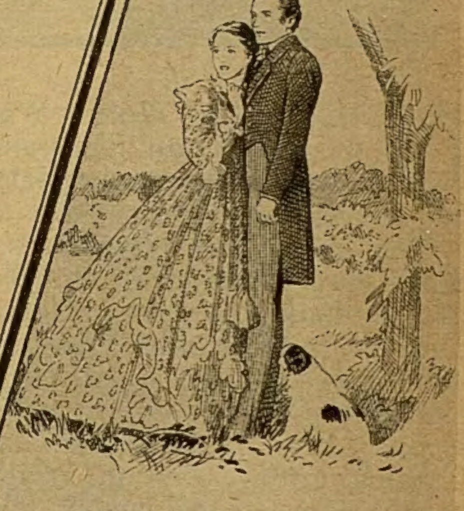
ALSO GOLDEN WEDDING BOURBON

AVERAGE AGE **4** YEARS OLD

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER
PROUDLY PRESENTS
a moving and faithful dramatization of

Charles Dickens'
GREATEST STORY

DAVID Copperfield



With a notable cast of 65 players — *including*

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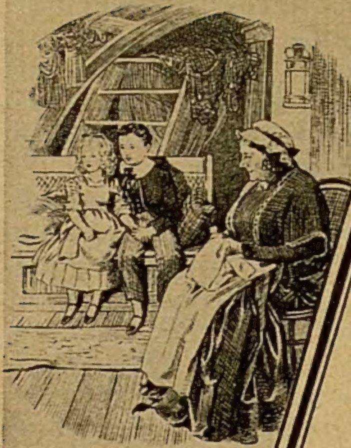
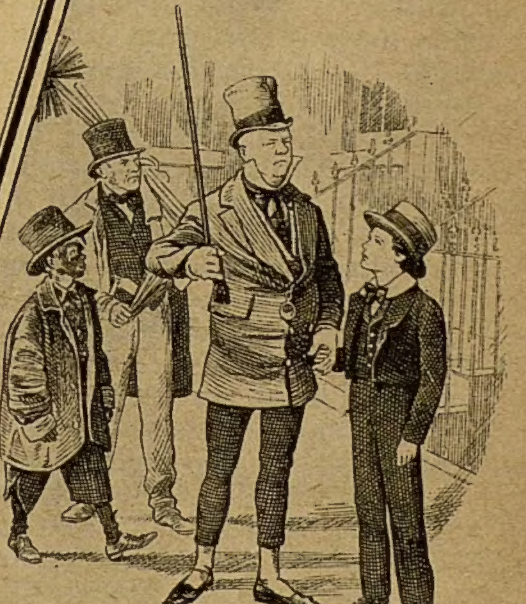
LIONEL BARRYMORE		*Dan Peggotty*
MADGE EVANS		*Agnes*
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN		*Dora*
EDNA MAY OLIVER		*Aunt Betsey*
LEWIS STONE		*Mr. Wickfield*
FRANK LAWTON		*David, the man*
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW		*David, the boy*
ELIZABETH ALLAN		*Mrs. Copperfield*
ROLAND YOUNG		*Uriah Heep*

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
famed for his production of "LITTLE WOMEN"
Adaptation by HUGH WALPOLE

Your favorite theatre will gladly give you details of the date and time of showing of this most important of all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films.





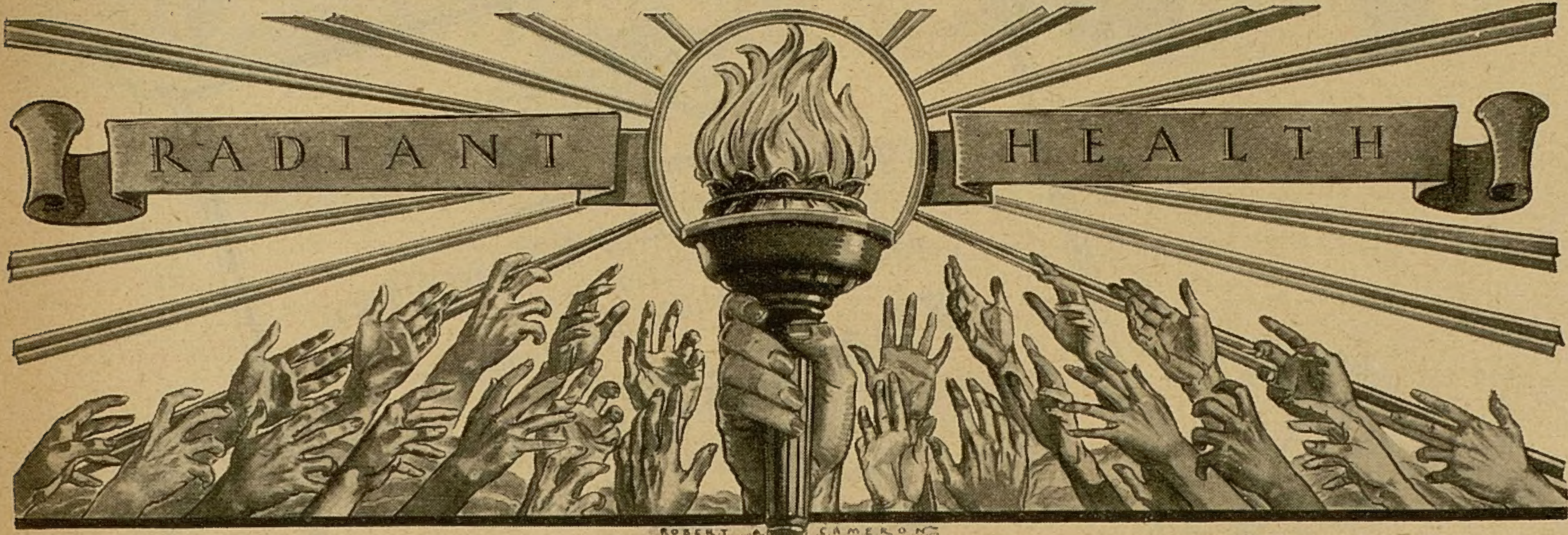
1935

WILL BE BEST REMEMBERED
for "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

JANUARY 19, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HEALTH OF OUR PEOPLE! WHO'S INTERESTED? NOBODY!



DURING the World War the entire nation was shocked to an unspeakable extent by the revelations which clearly portrayed the physical status of our young men.

The examining physicians told the whole truth. A large percentage of what was supposed to be the flower of our manhood were suffering from venereal diseases, and the number who were refused because of physical disabilities was an appalling disclosure. And for a time the people of the entire nation were made health-conscious; they realized the deplorable condition of our physical units. And our officials who are supposed to be responsible for the health of people generally took various precautions with a view to improving the health of the general public. Motion pictures were taken which bluntly and clearly presented invaluable lessons to young men as to the importance of avoiding the venereal taint.

But when the war was over this particular interest in the health of the nation disappeared entirely. The motion pictures which were such powerful warnings against these demoralizing diseases were declared obscene and their continued exhibition was prohibited.

And now that there is talk of another war, what about the flower of our national manhood at this time?

Is there any reason whatever for believing our young men are any better than they were at the time of the World War? The probabilities are they are worse than they were at that period.

Anyway, what's the difference? It is of no especial interest to any one. We have health authorities to protect us from disease. We have vaccination and serums of various kinds which are supposed to protect us from smallpox, diphtheria, etc., etc. The sale of vaccines and serums is a great big commercial proposition. The business pays handsome dividends and its sales are promoted like any other merchandise. But the health of the public—there is no profit in the pocket of any one who might be interested. Medical doctors who are experts in the diagnosis of disease, and whose efforts are devoted to protecting the public from disease, cannot devote time to what might be called the development of a superior character of health for the general public.

Furthermore, practitioners making a life study of disease and its cure through medical procedure are not always equipped to advise as to the best method to pursue in building buoyant, spirited health. The prevailing ignorance throughout this country as to the fundamental principles of health building accounts for much of the poverty and misery which our people are enduring at this time. The discovery of vitamins has given us scientific data of great value, although but a small percentage of our people have obtained this information.

The principles of health culture, to the study of which the writer has devoted a large part of his life, should be taught in every public school in the land. Boys and girls should know what to eat and how to eat to build vigor and vitality at an early age. They should not have to grow up to maturity on devitalized foods, with mind and body stunted and muscles undeveloped, due largely to ignorance of the fundamental laws of life. The very life of this nation is liable to be at stake in the near future, and upon the vitality of its people will depend whether or not we are to endure or to go down to enslavement or oblivion.

Now is the time to interest ourselves in the health of our people. During the World War we waited until the fighting began, and with the signing of the armistice we discarded our interest in health development. We have no desire to be a military people, but we should be prepared to defend ourselves if we are attacked. The health of the nation as a whole depends upon the health of its individuals.

Look back to the appalling records of the physical examinations of our young men during the World War, and realize that a similar condition still exists—probably worse—and then ask yourself if there is any earthly reason why a nation composed of intelligent people should continue to ignore evils of such vast magnitude.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Only an American Gin *can make an* American Cocktail

In the following questions and answers, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation presents some important facts about gin which every American should know

THE AMERICAN GIN FOR THE AMERICAN TASTE

1. What is gin?

Dry gin is a "potable" spirit, the characteristic flavor of which is derived chiefly from the juniper berry.

It is made in either of two ways—by distilling or mixing.

2. What is the difference between Distilled Gin and "Synthetic" Gin?

A distilled gin is one in which the juniper berries and the other flavoring ingredients are *actually distilled into the spirits*—the resulting product being a 100% distilled gin.

At no point in its production is it mixed or compounded. Fleischmann's Dry Gin is a distilled gin.

"Synthetic" Gin, as its name implies, is a homemade mixture commonly known as "bathtub gin."

The alcohol is mixed with juniper extract and other flavors to produce this type of gin. It usually tastes "raw" when taken straight or in a mixed drink.

This "synthetic product" is not really gin—but an unsatisfactory substitute—frequently containing harmful impurities.

3. What is "London Gin"?

"London Gin" is a generic name for a certain kind of gin—just as "Sherry" means a certain kind of wine. There are many so-called "London Gins" made in this country . . . some are imported.

"London Gins" were not originally intended to be used for mixing.

4. Is Fleischmann's Dry Gin a "London Gin"?

No! Fleischmann's Gin is an American Gin—distilled from American grains—from an American formula—*for American taste and drinking customs,* by an American company.

5. What do you mean by American taste and drinking customs?

American people as a whole have an entirely different taste in gin from most Europeans. They prefer a mild, smooth-tasting gin to the more pungent "raw-tasting" gin.

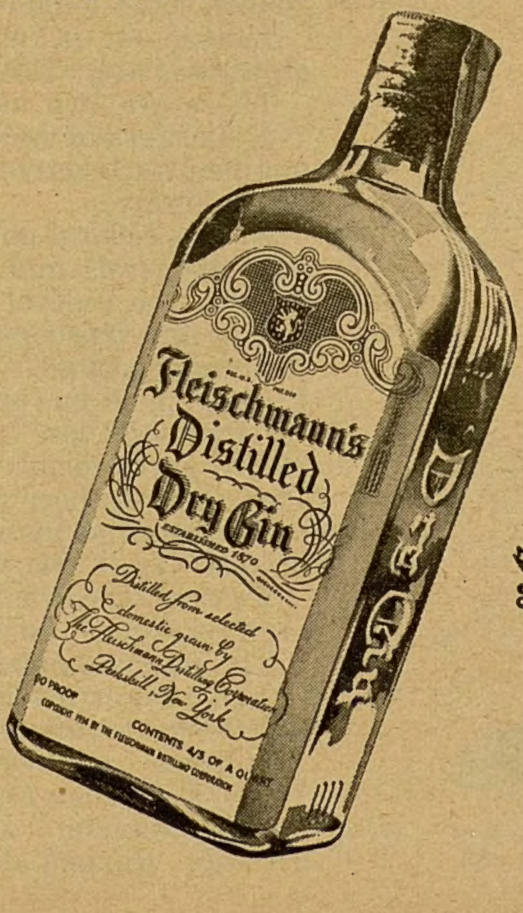
The English and the Europeans prefer to drink their London gin or their Holland gin straight—"undiluted."

6. What gin should be used in cocktails?

An American gin—like Fleischmann's. The cocktail, the Tom Collins and other mixed gin drinks are strictly American inventions. *In fact, the words "American Bar" mean a cocktail bar in every country of the world.*

To make an American cocktail—such as a Martini, or a Bronx, or an Orange Blossom—requires a smooth American Gin—such as Fleischmann's, that is distilled especially for blending with other liquors or fruit juices—and not a gin originally intended to be taken straight.

Fleischmann's is so distilled that, when mixed, it releases hidden, subtle flavors—creating a beverage more fragrant, more charming than any single ingredient.


Fleischmann's
Distilled
Dry Gin
Established 1870
Distilled from selected domestic grain by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
90 Proof
Contents 4/5 of a Quart

7. Does The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation make any other liquor?

No! Only gin. It requires the most intricate distillations—as well as extreme care, skill, experience to produce a pure, satisfying gin like Fleischmann's.

The Fleischmann Plant at Peekskill, N. Y., is the largest distillery in America making gin exclusively.

8. Does Fleischmann control every process in the manufacture of its gin?

Yes. Fleischmann controls every step from the purchase and fermentation of the grain to the finished product.

Fleischmann believes that in no other way can a distiller produce a consistently fine gin—free from the impurities that cause a "raw" taste in cocktails.

Buy a bottle of Fleischmann's Gin **—or a case. Compare its delicate flavor with the kind you are using. Its rich bouquet. Its crystal-white color.**

Mix up a Martini—or a Tom Collins. Notice how smoothly it blends.

You will be surprised at the soft, mild, velvet-like body—free from all bite or sting.

You will understand why "it takes an American Gin to make an American Cocktail."

NRA CODE

Can the Reds

YES, Says an Eminent Leader of American Labor, and Offers Sensational Evidence in Support of His Charge that Moscow Is "Preparing for Bloody Conquest of the United States"

The First of Two Articles by

MATTHEW WOLL

Third Vice President of the American Federation of Labor

as told to

EARL REEVES

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

"I charge and indict the Communist Party for design to annex the United States to a world hegemony under the dictatorship of Moscow."—*Matthew Woll.*

Acme photo

TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND COMMUNISTS!

One hundred and twenty-five million Americans! What harm can so small a revolutionary party do us?

Perhaps you laugh it off. *Don't.*

Abroad, the peoples of a dozen nations laughed off Communism. The handful of Reds who were *visibly* active were puny, puerile, impotent—laughable.

But of the invisible plot and action of revolution these peoples knew nothing. Within one year, or two, or three there came shocking revelations. Too late.

That is why European peoples who laughed now goose-step under dictatorship.

Under the surface America is honeycombed by the tentacles of that same Moscow plot.

Those peoples who laughed, and now goose-step, finally whipped Communism with force—and surrendered their liberties. For us, if we awaken in time, there is an easier way. A surer way. A way which will permit us to save America and her institutions, privileges, and rights.

That way is so simple: *Throw light on revolution.*

The great need of the Reds—while the fires of revolution are being spread, smoldering, underground—is a misguided, uninformed, and deluded citizenry.

Those of us who prefer America to Moscow must not be alarmed. Communists would like us to believe that all is well—until it no longer makes any difference what we believe.

Instead, let us know, *now,* what Communism is. What its objectives are. How to identify it. How it works.

There are two major reasons why we have not known.

1. Leaders of industry and the press have belittled Communism and contended it should not be "advertised." A grave error.

2. The federal government for a decade made no inquiry into the plans and actions of revolutionists who seek to destroy the federal government.

The time has come when the veil of secrecy which shrouds the underground operations of the Communist Party of U. S. A. must be torn away.

"Red October" in Russia was brought about by only 70,000 party members! In America, by official Communist Party count, there are already:

Ten times as many enrolled in self-styled "revolutionary unions" as in the party;

Twenty times as many enrolled in Communistic "mass organizations" as in the party; and

The party claims to have instigated, led, aided, and prolonged strikes involving *one million* in the first year of the Roosevelt administration.

Millions have been Red-led in protest and demonstration. *Tens of millions* are influenced by Red propaganda.

"Communism" does not consist merely of the party membership. Ranged about the revolutionary "core," the party

Destroy Us?

No, Says H. L. MENCKEN, Who Doesn't Believe a Word of It—His Violently Dissenting Views Will Appear in Liberty Next Week

A rally of Reds in Union Square, New York. They numbered 4,000.

itself, there are successive encircling zones ranging in color downward from brilliant red.

Of the Communist and Communistic organizations, some are:

The various "industrial" unions of Trade Union Unity League, American subsidiary of the Red International of Labor Unions. Membership, 250,000.

International Labor Defense, branch of a similar Moscow body. This rushes to the defense of revolutionists who collide with law.

Friends of the Soviet Union, expanding, designed to be large, and for recruitment of pink "sympathizers."

International Workers Order, benevolent—and for recruitment.

League Against War and Fascism, which seeks to disarm us and make revolution easy.

National Student League, spreading the technique of revolt in colleges and schools.

Fellowship of Reconciliation which seeks to spread doctrines which can only lead to atheism through our churches and divinity schools.

And many others, each under strict party control.

In these "mass organizations" the party states officially that *500,000* are enrolled.

To "Communism," Earl Browder, secretary of the party, declares *500,000* contribute funds.

Add those militant sections of organized labor already tacitly controlled by Communist Party members, and—all told—between *one and two millions* can be ordered, led, or duped by Reds into various types of action designed to advance revolution in the United States!

Of this number some are Communists by conviction. More are "sympathizers" of various shadings. Many are dupes: they do not know what it is all about.

That is why revelations are necessary.

THE editor of Liberty has suggested an indictment, proof, and an appeal to the jury. Therefore—

I charge and indict the Communist Party as *an ALIEN ENEMY preparing for bloody conquest of the United States.*

I charge and indict that party as dominated by and directed from Moscow.

I charge and indict that party for design to annex the United States to a world hegemony under the dictatorship of Moscow.

I charge and indict the Communist Party for a planned campaign aimed at spreading sedition among our defense forces.

I charge and indict the Communist Party as being *ordered* by Moscow to turn any war of defense by the United States into civil war and revolution.

I charge and indict the Communist Party for planned and effective sabotage of recovery.

I charge and indict that party for being engaged in a campaign to sabotage and gain control of the American labor movement for revolutionary purposes.

I charge and indict the Communist Party for instigating the "San Francisco revolution"; for instigating revolutionary class war in Minneapolis, Toledo, Rhode Island, and elsewhere; for striving now for strike-strangulation of our chief industries, steel and automotive; and for plotting a general strike—San Francisco style—for Chicago.

The jury are *you* who read these lines. The first indictment of the Communist Party, U. S. A., must be that it is *alien.* In literal fact. Its present slogan is: "A Soviet America *now.*"

A Soviet here would mean the annexation of the United States by Moscow. Automatically. Without plebiscite. Communists deny it. But each, if he is a party member, carries the proof upon his person. That proof is in the very secret and carefully guarded Party Membership Book. A facsimile of parts of it appears with this article. It shows that the Communist Party member is a *disciplined subject of Moscow.* Quotations from it which prove this follow—the italics in them are mine: A party member is one "*who accepts the program and statutes of the Communist International* [Moscow] and the Communist Party of the U. S. A., who becomes a member of a basic organization of the Party, who is *active* in this organization, *who subordinates himself to all decisions of the Comintern* [Moscow] and of the Party, and regularly pays the membership dues." A party member agrees to the "Acceptance and carrying out of the decisions of the higher Party committees by the lower, strict Party discipline, and *immediate and exact applications of the decisions of the Executive*

Acme photos

Communists hold a pre-election rally in Madison Square Garden.

Committee of the Communist International [Moscow] and of the Central Committee of the Party."

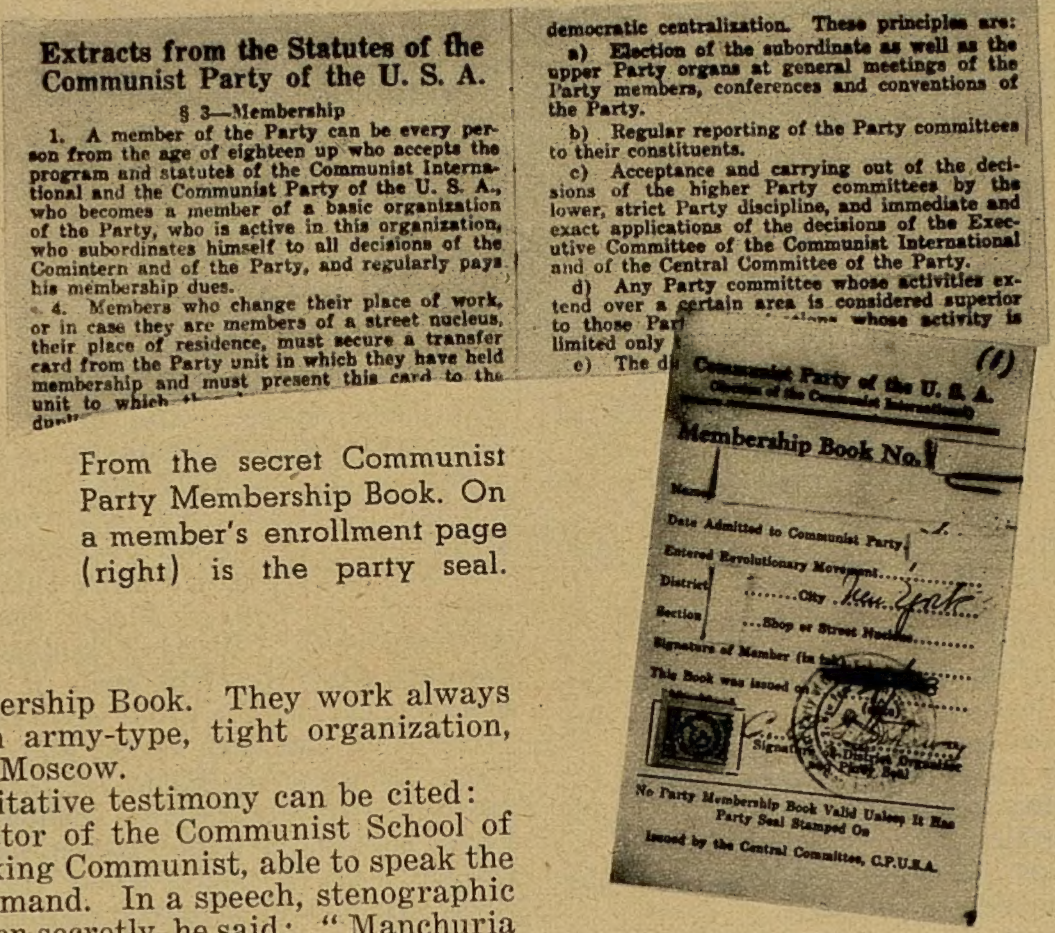
A party member agrees that discussion may continue *only until* decision is reached, and " After a decision has been adopted *at the congress of the Comintern* [Moscow], the Party convention, or by the leading Party committee, *it must be carried out UNCONDITIONALLY."*

This is the " dictatorship of the proletariat "—in reality, of a small group in Moscow. Yet again:

" The strictest Party discipline is the most solemn duty of all Party members and all Party organizations. *The decisions of the* CI [Communist International, Moscow] and the Party Convention, of the CC [Central Committee, U. S. A.] and of all leading committees of the Party, must be promptly carried out. Discussion . . . *must not continue after the decision has been made."*

And deluded " sympathizers " think perhaps this would be just the thing for Americans!

Communist Party discipline is such that any member moving must have the consent of his " organizer," and acceptance by the " organizer " of another district, entered under seal in his Membership Book. They work always under command—in an army-type, tight organization, the G. H. Q. of which is Moscow.



Extracts from the Statutes of the Communist Party of the U. S. A.

§ 3—Membership

1. A member of the Party can be every person from the age of eighteen up who accepts the program and statutes of the Communist International and the Communist Party of the U. S. A., who becomes a member of a basic organization of the Party, who is active in this organization, who subordinates himself to all decisions of the Comintern and of the Party, and regularly pays his membership dues.

4. Members who change their place of work, or in case they are members of a street nucleus, their place of residence, must secure a transfer card from the Party unit in which they have held membership and must present this card to the unit to which

democratic centralization. These principles are:

a) Election of the subordinate as well as the upper Party organs at general meetings of the Party members, conferences and conventions of the Party.

b) Regular reporting of the Party committees to their constituents.

c) Acceptance and carrying out of the decisions of the higher Party committees by the lower, strict Party discipline, and immediate and exact applications of the decisions of the Executive Committee of the Communist International and of the Central Committee of the Party.

d) Any Party committee whose activities extend over a certain area is considered superior to those Par whose activity is limited only

e) The d

(1)

Communist Party of the U. S. A.

Section of the Communist International

Membership Book No.

Name

Date Admitted to Communist Party

Entered Revolutionary Movement........

District ....City New York........

Section ...Shop or Street Nucleus........

Signature of Member (in ink)........

This Book was issued on........

Signature of District Organizer and Party Seal

No Party Membership Book Valid Unless It Has Party Seal Stamped On

Issued by the Central Committee, C.P.U.S.A.

From the secret Communist Party Membership Book. On a member's enrollment page (right) is the party seal.

Other specific authoritative testimony can be cited:

Joseph Branch, director of the Communist School of San Francisco, is a ranking Communist, able to speak the mind of the higher command. In a speech, stenographic notes of which were taken secretly, he said: " Manchuria is one of the danger spots of the world for you here in California, comrades. Manchuria borders upon *our own land*—for two thousand miles, a two-thousand-mile line of the heroic Red army. At some point the clash will come. At that point we will have to take very serious measures *to defend our country, our fatherland."*

He noted that the Karl Marx statement, " We have no fatherland," no longer is true, and added: " When any one says ' defend your country,' tell them, ' Yes, I will defend my country. But my country is on the other side of the world.' Tell them further that you will extend this country of yours until it *reaches around and engulfs the whole world."*

In July, 1934, west coast Communists were preparing defense of the fatherland by establishing such control of port loadings as would permit stoppage of supplies for Japan if a Russo-Japanese war broke.

CONSIDER now the evidence of recent events within the United States:

Minneapolis: First, the so-called " relief riots."

There was a nation-wide Communist campaign in organizing " relief " demonstrations. Plans were openly printed—in advance. Red-organized " Unemployed Councils," " Ex-Service-Men's Leagues," and similar bodies aided. Many demonstrations were riotous, including several in New York.

At the points picked for action, the Communist Party remained in the background.

In Minneapolis relief riots were led by men wearing the red arm bands of Communist " group leaders." This and the very plan and form of the street fighting were as specified in a Communist document which came here from Moscow more than two years ago.

This was probably the most effectively managed Red-front action—the phrase is their own—that had been fought in the United States up to that time.

And yet—such is the general lack of knowledge—the Governor of Minnesota publicly stated that he was considering appointing a commission to probe whether there was any Red influence in those riots!

Second: Minneapolis truck drivers' strike riots. The Communist press claimed large responsibility. Activities of various Communist organizations were openly listed.

A document of analysis, written since and distributed to Communist organizers, cited Minneapolis as proving " that big class battles are maturing."

" From the beginning," this report states, " the Communist Party succeeded in becoming the organizer and leader of the militancy of the workers on the picket lines."

It was a mistake. this critical document points out, for Communist leaflets openly to indicate that the party was calling for a general strike.

Toledo: The Communist Party claimed the Auto-Lite strike as dominated by the rank-and-file organization (" rebel " groups within unions), and " aided by the Auto Workers Industrial Union," Communist and T. U. U. L.

A COMMUNIST Party document says: " The entire picket line was led by Comrade Eggert, section organizer of the Communist Party, and other comrades. The factory was under siege. The police and deputy sheriffs were helpless. The neighborhood was seized by the workers. The Communist Party and the Young Communist League . . . charged the police and plant and, when necessary, retreated in an organized way. Hand-to-hand fighting with the police took place, with the workers getting the upper hand.

" *The economic struggle developed into political struggle, into CLASS WAR."*

However, in the Red corrective " self-criticism " which followed this " class war," it is charged that the party leadership " lost its head." If, after fighting from 2:30 P. M. until 6 A. M., leaders had been able to hold in line thousands who left because of rain, " the National Guards *could have been disarmed* before they came off the busses." Also, " If we had opposition groups in at least ten local unions we could have very easily developed a general strike."

Pittsburgh: On a Monday in late May the Communist Party and the Metal Workers Industrial Union, Communist, blazoned a call for a steel strike.

On Thursday, Michael F. Tighe, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers (A. F. of L.), stated that he had opposed a strike movement but had been overruled.

In subsequent negotiations in Pittsburgh and Washington the militants were rank-and-file groups. Messages addressed to the President of the United States were rather amazing in tone.

By Presidential intervention, a truce followed while a mediation board investigated. In August, while investigation was still on, the Metal Workers Industrial Union, Communist, opened a drive to break the truce.

San Francisco: The west coast International Longshoremen's Association (A. F. of L.) voted to strike. President Roosevelt intervened. Suspension of the strike order and a truce were arranged. A Presidential mediation board was appointed. Immediately the Marine Workers Industrial Union, Communist, and the Communist Party, through its " secret cells " within the I. L. A.

sought to break the truce and tie up coast shipping.

Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen, sought settlement. Three " settlements " were defeated within the unions by militant opposition of *rank-and-file* groups, which represented themselves to be " regular " organized labor. They stood before the public as such. At their head was Harry Bridges.

When all issues except one had been negotiated, Bridges blocked settlement, demanding " control of hiring halls."

Ryan, in late June, stated: " Harry Bridges, Communist, controls the strike situation."

He washed his hands of the west coast situation. He returned to New York. There he was confronted by efforts of Reds to stampede Eastern longshoremen and seamen into " sympathy " strikes.

Young Communists mobbing San Diego police who prevented their marching through the city. Five policemen went to hospitals.

The San Francisco strike now included some teamsters and seamen. Bridges emerged as the chairman of a strike committee of ten unions.

Then, amazingly, the general strike broke.

A. F. of L. unions of all kinds had been stampeded into paralyzing a great metropolitan area.

The issues? Well, there seemed to be only one—" control of hiring halls."

The figure of Bridges was visible, publicized as a new power in the labor world. He moved with a bodyguard. He was the spokesman of an all-embracing confederation of *rank-and-file* groups. These continued to stand before the public as " regular organized labor—a sort of ' youth movement.' "

Any talk of Communist influence in that strike was branded as the usual tactics of " the bosses . . . who always try to raise the Red scare."

But the word was spreading that " the revolution had begun." There was an influx of Communists into San Francisco. Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, announced that *twelve hundred Communists were " directing the workers of San Frisco in the logical path of a better life."* He added that *" A hundred San Friscos lie ahead of America."*

Communists then were urged " to extend the dock and seamen's strike to cover the whole country."

In a " spread " in the Western Worker, over the signature of the Communist Party, there appeared this:

> *WORKERS!!* Why do our enemies direct their main fire against the Communists?? BECAUSE it is the Communist Party which initiated the general strike move; calls for a general marine strike in U. S.; won seamen to come out with longshoremen.

NOW came a new kind of disorder. Civil authority had broken down. Citizens had been aroused to anger. Throughout the San Francisco Bay area vigilante organizations crusaded against sedition. Against treason.

In rural California Reds had moved from one ripening crop to another. Fomenting strikes. Leaving crops to rot. Moving on. Behind them, farmers were broke, workers penniless and starving. Officials were helpless. It is no crime to start a strike, then move on, leaving farm areas virtually devastated.

Then Californians learned of Communist records showing one-hundredfold increase in Red-instigated strikes in a year. Of Red leaders' boasts of greater strike waves to come, stopping some crop shipments completely.

Last spring citizens began driving out Reds. The Reds organized protests—in the name of " civil liberty," as always. Nearly 200 " civil liberties " demonstrators were driven away from one aroused community.

In July nameless men, operating precisely and in squads, wrecked the offices of the Communist Party, the Trade Union Unity League, the Communist Marine Workers Industrial Union, the Western Worker, the Communist School and other Red organizations.

On the heels of San Francisco's vigilantes came the police, seizing documents, arresting hundreds.

Labor organization and the right to strike have contributed greatly to American progress. But labor leaders know that general strikes alienate the public, fail and harm the labor movement.

In San Francisco a Red " rank-and-file " network undermined experienced leadership, and even converted some of it to accept the fallacy that out of a general strike each union would get everything it wanted. But it should be noted that rigorous policies of the Industrial Association, limiting the freedom of action of individual employers, had been a contributing cause of existing tension.

THE west coast Reds knew what they were doing. Controlling hiring halls, they could establish dock crews through which ports could be tied up instantly and shipments to Japan stopped.

Such strangulation control is important to the general revolutionary plan also. Another Red keynote is that " shipping is an arm of national defense."

But this plot " failed." Did it?

Despite all the revelations of the " San Francisco revolution," Harry Bridges on September 17 was elected president of the San Francisco union of the International Longshoremen's Association, A. F. of L.!

But Communists were " given a bad setback." Were they?

Confidential official reports collected in San Francisco soon after strike collapse include:

1. Communists had sought to bring about a coast-wide revolutionary situation by September 1. They now talk of an attempt next May.
2. Hundreds of Communists fled to the interior valleys, shifting their California offensive from an urban to a rural front.
3. Skilled strategists of " general staff " rank moved on to Minneapolis, where the third serious Red-instigated disturbance of the year had resulted in martial law.

And perhaps the Red strategists moved on from Minneapolis to Chicago.

A letter from " George W. Christians, Commander-in-chief, Crusader White Shirts," written to a Liberty contributor and dated September 20, says:

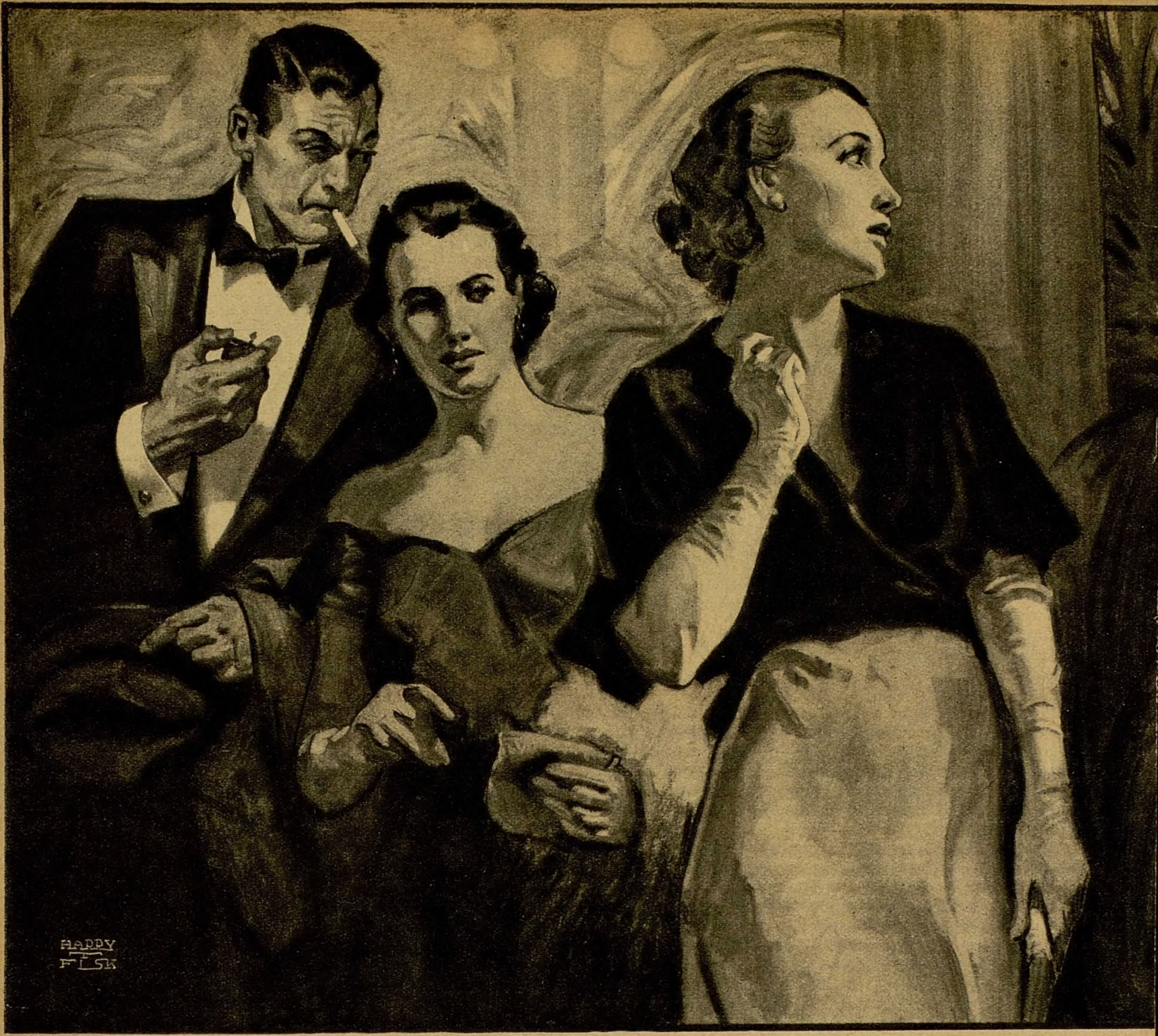
> Just tell your editor of Liberty Magazine that we shall pull the Chicago general strike just as we pulled the San Francisco strike and this present textile strike—by methods that both you and your editor are too damn' dumb to understand.

The intent to " pull the Chicago general strike " is not startling news to any one who is thoroughly informed about radical activities. Though unquestionably there are many people in Chicago who are wholly unaware at this moment of any such threat.

" A hundred San Franciscos lie ahead of America," said Earl Browder, titular head of the Communist Party.

Not unless we continue to feed our somnolence with sedatives. Not if we quit " laughing off the Red scare." Not if we arm ourselves with knowledge. I don't think the American public is " too damn' dumb to understand."

Don't miss H. L. Mencken's opinion of the Reds and their " menace " in Liberty next week. Mr. Woll's second article on them will follow in an early issue.



Muriel was plainly worried when Rawlins appeared without Nate. But she trusted the artist and went

At last the car stopped. Rawlins was lifted out.

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

The author of this story is an eminent psychologist and a former member of the faculties of Columbia University and several other institutions. In police circles he is widely known as the discoverer of the systolic blood-pressure deception test (popularly known as the "lie detector"), which is now used by the police departments of more than twenty-five cities. His experiments and research publications on witness testimony have achieved first rank among scientists and jurists. Here he has created a fictional amateur detective who solves a mystery by keeping his eyes and ears open and then using his observations and his knowledge of psychology. Read carefully what follows, and when you reach page 14 see how well you would have done in the same situation.

HELLO! Hello! That you, Rochester?"

Rawlins grunted unintelligibly and eased himself down on his bed in a midtown New York hotel. He recognized the voice of his old friend Nathan Sedgwick, the traction magnate, and knew he was in for a long session.

"'Lo, Nate," he said. "M-m-m—sure, I knew your

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

At Last a NEW Kind of Detective Story—One in Which the Reader Is Really the Detective! Follow the Directions and Try Your Sleuthing Talent on This Baffling Tale of a Black-Bordered Envelope and an Artist's Eye

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

Kidnapers' Contact

along with him obediently.

voice when you called me 'Rochester.' That's where I told you to go when you wanted your portrait painted—"

"Please, old man!" The famous financier's voice was trembling and squeaky with fear. "This is terribly serious. I must see you at once!"

"Sorry, Sedg; I'm taking the midnight for Washington. They've called me down there to give 'em my ideas on stopping the kidnap racket—"

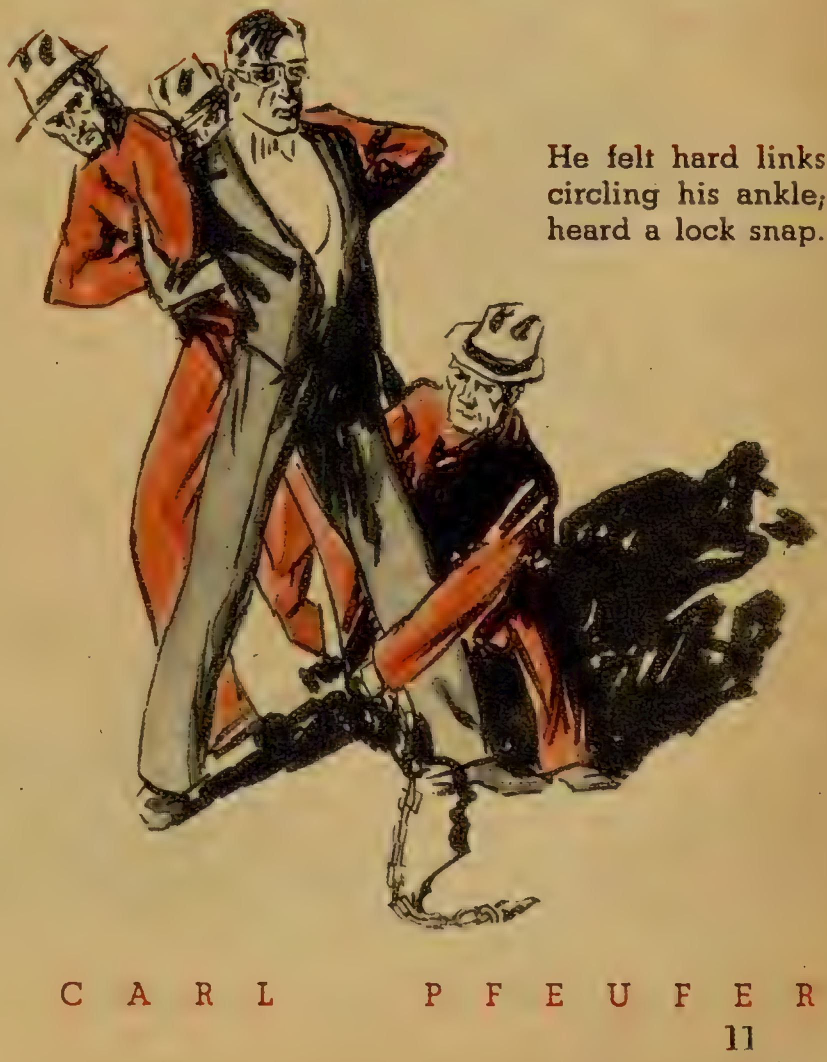
"Rawlie, for God's sake, don't leave until I see you! It's only nine fifteen now—"

"What do you want to see me about?"

"I don't dare talk about it over the phone, Rawlie. Listen. Muriel and I are at the Ball and Shackle Club—know where it is? Good! We have a table—entertaining some friends. Just give my name at the door—"

"What nerve that feller has!" growled the big artist as he began to dig his dinner clothes out of a suitcase. "But his voice sounded ghastly."

Sedgwick's name worked obsequious magic at the de luxe speakeasy. As Rawlins was ushered ceremoniously to the Sedgwick table a beautiful blonde girl, dressed—



He felt hard links circling his ankle, heard a lock snap.

DECORATIONS BY CARL PFEUFER

here and there—in a shimmering green creation, rose to her feet and held out both hands.

"Clyde Rawlins, how perfectly darling of you to come! These are our friends the Castelanos. You remember Mimi, of course—she was in the Follies with me. Mimi married Dick Castelano, here, who's supposed to be old family, art connoisseur, and all that sort of nonsense. Dick made a positively immoral lot of money during the depression. Can you imagine that?"

Rawlins kissed Muriel Sedgwick's proffered cupid's-bow with enjoyment, while her husband squirmed uncomfortably. He took the dark-haired Mimi's slender fingers, which lay limp and lifeless in his own, and shook hands with Dick Castelano.

"Sit down, sit down!" muttered Nathan Sedgwick nervously. He was a tall thin hatchet-faced man of forty-two or -three, with strikingly keen blue eyes. "What'll you have, Rochester?" And when the waiter hurried away to fill Rawlins's order, "Lean closer, old man, d'you mind? If anybody overhears what I have to tell you, it may be the end of me!"

"Wait a minute!" Rawlins sat back deliberately in his chair. "If the subject of our conference is as dangerous as all that—"

"Public places are safest, aren't they, Dick?" Sedgwick appealed to Castelano, who shook his dark handsome head doubtfully and made a move to rise from his chair. "No, no! I want you to stay, Dick. I've already told you and Mimi about it. I want you to hear what Rawlins advises."

"I don't like the sound of this at all," scowled Rawlins. "Why not tell your troubles to the police?"

"You are not a member of the force, Mr. Rawlins?" Castelano asked curiously. "You're a detective, perhaps?"

"I'm a painter!" snapped Rawlins. "Not knowing what this is all about, I can't tell you why Sedgwick wants me in on it."

"You surprise me, Dick," began Sedgwick. "Why, I've seen a couple of Rawlie's portrait studies in your own collection. Mean to say you don't know Clyde Rawlins's reputation as 'painter of personality'—"

Nathan Sedgwick broke off abruptly. His sharp blue eyes were fixed on the table in a stare of utter terror. Near the tall frosted glass which a waiter had just set before Rawlins lay a black-bordered envelope of the type used for mourning. On the envelope was printed MISTER SEDGWIK in bold black letters. The millionaire's eyes were almost starting from his head. He pushed his chair back from the table as if the letter were a bomb. Where had it come from? The black-bordered envelope seemed to have materialized out of thin air.

RAWLINS cast a quick speculative glance around the noisy, brilliant room. There was no waiter or other employee of the night club in their immediate vicinity. At the nearest table, some six or eight feet away, sat a particularly hilarious party. It was a strange mixture of men about town, Park Avenue debs, and chorus girls. On the host's right sat a dark nervous woman whom Rawlins recognized as a famous stage beauty. The host himself was a distinguished-looking middle-aged man. His iron-gray hair, bushy black eyebrows, and square smooth-shaven jaw made a picture of jaunty but ruthless determination. It seemed to Rawlins that this individual was keeping his dark-brown eyes a little too carefully averted from Sedgwick's table.

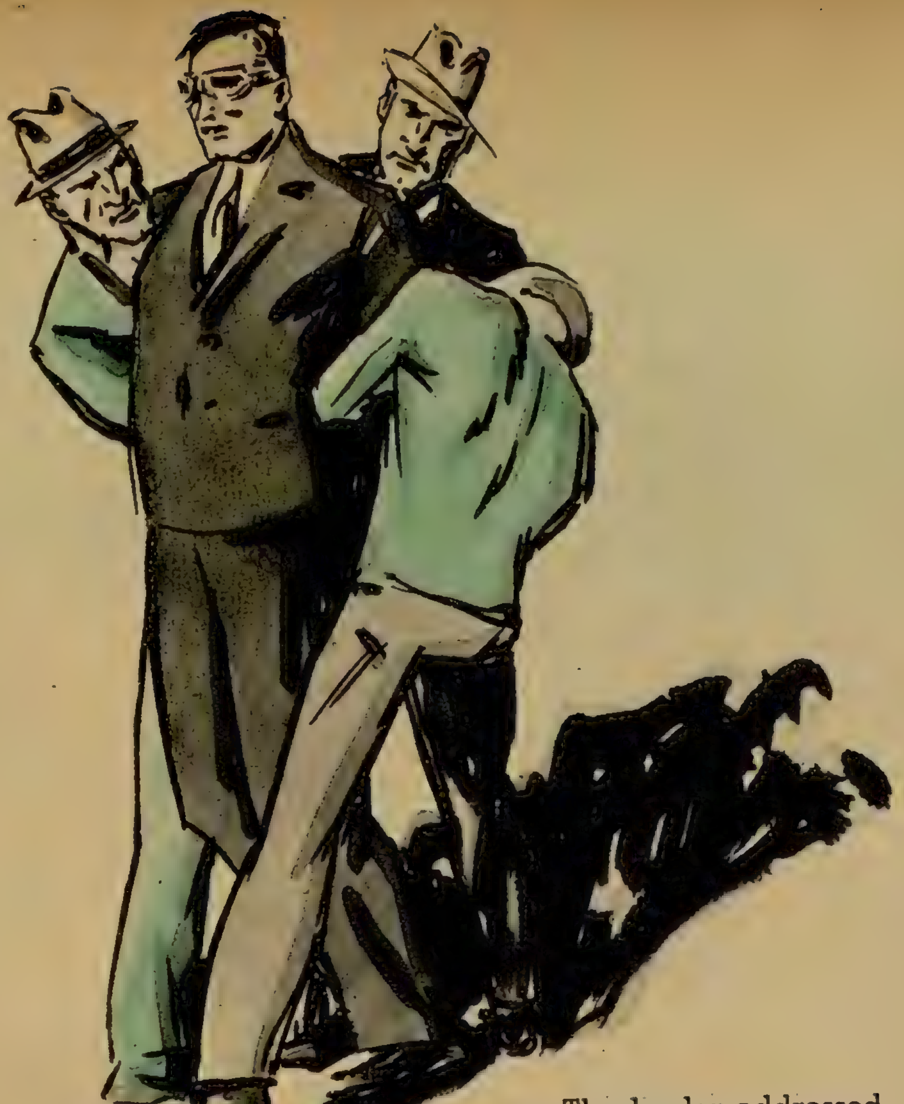
"Who's that, Nate?" Rawlins nodded toward the man with the iron-gray hair.

Sedgwick tore his terrified gaze from the black-bordered envelope and glanced in the direction indicated. A fresh spasm of fear seemed to shake his spare frame as he recognized the man at the next table.

"That's H. C. Plaisted," he muttered. "Made millions in Wall Street during the depression, selling the market short. But I took him to the cleaners—"

At this moment there approached Plaisted's table the same waiter who had served Rawlins's drink. He was a short swarthy fellow with shoulders like a gorilla. He leaned close to Plaisted and whispered something in his ear.

"That's the waiter who served your highball, Rawlins," said Dick. "He must have put this envelope on our table at the same time."



The leader addressed him: "It's goin' to cost half a million."

"He looks like the man who was hanging around our apartment house today," cried Muriel Sedgwick, her lovely carmined lips trembling with more than a hint of hysteria.

"Oh! this is too awful." Mimi was gazing fascinatedly at the black-bordered envelope, her dark pupils mere pin points of intensity. "But let's be nonchalant"—she made a strained attempt at humor, taking out her jeweled cigarette case slowly—"nobody's dead yet."

At this moment H. C. Plaisted rose suddenly and passed close to the Sedgwick table. Rawlins dropped his napkin over the envelope and leaned across it to light Mimi's cigarette. Her eyes did not change as she stared at Rawlins through the wavering flame of his lighter.

"You girls will both be having hysterics in a minute," he said cheerfully, dropping his hand on the napkin and removing it with the envelope beneath. "I'm going to break the spell by opening this thing myself."

His great hand moved with singular dexterity as he slipped a knife beneath the flap of the envelope, still holding it concealed in his napkin, and deftly extracted a single sheet of paper, which he spread on the table.

"It's just like the one that came this afternoon." Sedgwick's voice was a hoarse whisper of panic. "I've been getting these warnings every day for weeks. Tell me what to do, Rawlins, for God's sake!"

Printed on the paper in crude ignorant-appearing letters was the following message:

NOW IS YOUR LAST CHANCE MISTER SEDGWIK.
WE AINT FOOLING. LEAVE TWO HUNDRED GRAND
THE PLACE WE TOLD YOU BEFORE TWELVE TO-
NIGHT OR WE WILL KIDNAP YOU. IF YOU TELL
THE COPS YOU DIE QUICK. 40 BEARS.

"Quaint signature," commented Rawlins, tossing the paper over to Sedgwick. "Does it mean anything special to you, Nate?"

The traction millionaire leaned across the table and whispered:

"Yes. I ran a bear pool into bankruptcy just after currency inflation went through in Washington. They hate my guts. I think they've hired some professional gangsters to rob me—and God knows what else if I don't pay! But I've lost all I made, Rawlie. I can't raise two hundred thousand cash, no matter what they do to me!"

"Let's not argue that point," said Rawlins dryly. "I take it you have made up your mind not to give them the money they demand?"

"I'll see 'em in hell first!" Sedgwick's tone was like the snarl of a wild beast.

Rawlins looked at him and said nothing. Nobody spoke. All four of them sat on the edges of their chairs, looking at Rawlins as though they expected his words to produce a miracle. The big man's reply, when it came, was an anticlimax.

"I guess you'd better pay the Forty Bears," he said. "It's my opinion that they mean business."

Sedgwick gave a snort of bitter disgust. Mimi's hand stopped halfway to her mouth as she raised a glass of wine, still trying to be nonchalant. Dick Castelano set his highball glass down hurriedly, planting it in the middle of his salad plate instead of in front of it. Muriel bit her under lip until it bled in a frantic effort to repress hysterics. Every one but Rawlins seemed laboring under a terrific tension.

Rawlins sat for a moment, running one huge hand through his already tousled hair, a sure sign that he was thinking deeply. Then he rose to his full six feet one of massive height and laid a friendly hand on Sedgwick's shoulder.

"THANKS for the drink, Nate," he said, pressing the other man's arm in an odd way. "I'll be seeing you." Rawlins's left eyelid flickered in what might have been a barely perceptible wink.

The traction millionaire sat looking after his friend with an expression of terrified puzzlement.

"Well, your friend Rawlins didn't help much," remarked Dick gloomily. "For my part, I advise you to hire bodyguards. Let's get out of here."

Nathan Sedgwick and Muriel followed their guests down the long velvet-carpeted corridor to the door. From behind some palms a strong hand reached out and grasped Sedgwick's arm. He stopped dead, paralyzed with fear.

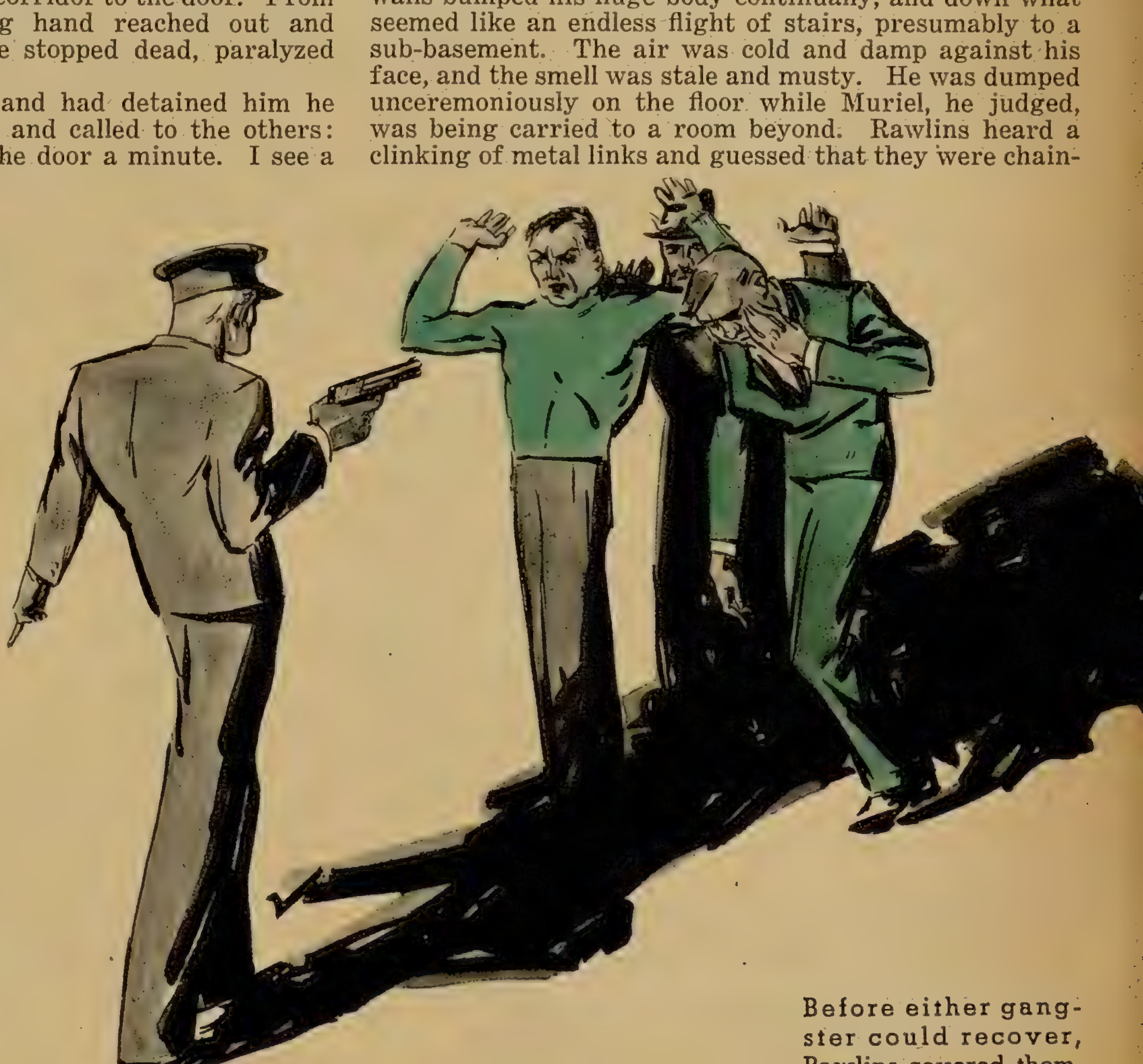
But when he saw whose hand had detained him he quickly recovered self-control and called to the others: "You people wait for me at the door a minute. I see a chap I've got to speak to."

"Mimi and I will be running along," said Dick nervously. "This gangster business is making her jumpy."

"I'll have our car called, Nate," said Muriel, "and wait for you at the door. Hurry, for heaven's sake!"

Behind the protecting palms Rawlins clapped a hamlike hand over Sedgwick's mouth as his friend was about to speak. At that instant H. C. Plaisted strode by on his way back to the dining room.

"Nate," whispered Rawlins, "things are going to happen tonight. You've got to disappear right now. Go upstairs to the office and bribe the owner of this place to sneak you out the back way. Grab the same train to Washington that I was going to take, and I'll meet you at the Shoreham tomorrow or next day—soon as I can make it. Register under my name. I'll take Muriel out to your car now, as though I were you. Understand? Don't ask questions, man—*act!*"



Before either gangster could recover, Rawlins covered them.

Muriel was plainly worried when Rawlins appeared without Nate. But she trusted the big artist implicitly and went along with him obediently to the Sedgwick limousine. They had driven a couple of blocks east of Lexington Avenue, heading toward Sutton Place, when the huge car slid smoothly and suddenly to a stop. The street at that point was relatively dark, with little traffic. Two taxicabs raced around the corner and drew up on either side of the limousine. Five men jumped out of the cabs, opened the doors of the Sedgwick car, and stepped into it from both sides simultaneously, preventing any possibility of escape for its occupants.

"Step on it, Mike!" one man directed the chauffeur. Two other thugs pressed blunt-nosed automatics against Rawlins and Muriel.

"Don't make no fuss or we'll hafter knock you cold," the leader told them grimly.

In less time than it takes to tell it the prisoners were handcuffed with their hands behind them, their ankles were bound securely, their mouths were taped, and their eyes were blindfolded with covered aviators' goggles. One of their captors sat between them as the car sped away, preventing any possible communication by touch.

They drove for hours, it seemed. Clyde Rawlins, with his highly trained perceptions alert, tried to remember the successive turns that the car made. But after the thirteenth or fourteenth he lost track completely and cast about mentally for other clues. He noticed the continuous roar of traffic about them, heard the elevated thunder overhead twice, and finally judged by the relative quiet with a dim background of city sounds that they had reached one of the quieter areas of upper Manhattan. Still he could not be sure that they had not crossed one of the great bridges to Brooklyn—there would be little difference in sound beneath the luxurious balloon tires of Sedgwick's car.

At last the car stopped and Rawlins was lifted out. He perceived without difficulty that he was being carried up a flight of outside steps, along a narrow hallway whose walls bumped his huge body continually, and down what seemed like an endless flight of stairs, presumably to a sub-basement. The air was cold and damp against his face, and the smell was stale and musty. He was dumped unceremoniously on the floor while Muriel, he judged, was being carried to a room beyond. Rawlins heard a clinking of metal links and guessed that they were chaining his fellow captive to the wall in approved modern style.

"Kayo," grunted the gang leader's voice. "Untie the gal now, and take the tape off her mouth. Soon's we're outa here she can take the goggles off herself."

A minute later Rawlins heard an unearthly shriek, followed by the sound of a blow and brutal commands to be quiet. Then more shrieks, hysterical weeping, and wild cries. Rawlins writhed in his bonds. He knew that Muriel Sedgwick's long threatened hysterics had arrived. In the room where Rawlins lay, the kidnapers held hurried consultation.

"We gotta stop her," said the leader. "What'n hell'll we do?"

There were muttered replies which Rawlins could not understand. Then the leader's voice again:

"Sure she's got her hypo—carries it with her all the time. Tell her to give this dame a good stiff shot—"

After that Muriel's shrieks gradually diminished and finally ceased. Rawlins felt himself picked up again. His legs were untied; he felt some hard links circling his right ankle and heard a lock snap.

Then the tape was pulled off his mouth, and the leader addressed him in sneering tones:

"So yer wouldn't come across with two hundred grand, wouldn't yer? Kayo with us. Now it's goin' ter cost youse five hundred grand. Half a million, see? We'll let yer cool off here tonight, an' tomorrow we'll tell yer what yer gotta do. Understand?"

Rawlins ran his tongue over his parched and bleeding lips until he could talk. Then he said calmly:

"Boys, you've made a little mistake. I'm not the man you want. My name is Rawlins. I'm a portrait painter."

"Yeah? What was yer doin' in Sedgwick's car, then, with Sedgwick's wife? Baloney! Can't get away with no guff like that."

"I'd be a fool to try it unless I were telling you the truth. Mr. Sedgwick asked me to join him at the Ball and Shackle Club this evening. I had to leave early, but stopped to talk with a friend on my way out. Then Sedgwick himself came out with his wife. He asked me to take Mrs. Sedgwick home in his car—said he had to go downtown and arrange to get a large sum of cash tonight."

Rawlins could hear an angry muttered consultation, interrupted by the sound of heavy authoritative footsteps coming downstairs.

"Hey, boss!" It was the gang leader's voice addressing the man on the stairs. "Ain't this feller Sedgwick?"

WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

was graduated from Harvard Law School, but his interest in psychology led him to take it up as a profession. He is the originator of the noted lie-detector test and conducted the famous blonde-brunette experiments at Columbia in 1927.

The voices dropped so low that Rawlins could hear only a murmur. He caught enough words here and there to guess that the leader was repeating Rawlins's statement to the man he called "boss," who in turn was cursing frightfully in a carefully controlled voice. Rawlins interrupted their conference.

"Listen!" he said. "I've got a proposition to make. You missed Sedgwick but you've got his wife. He'll undoubtedly pay what you ask for Mrs. Sedgwick's release. But you need a contact man right now, immediately, before there's any hullabaloo in the newspapers. Well—I'm your ideal contact with Sedgwick! I advised him this very evening to pay what was demanded. I haven't seen any of you, so it's safe to let me go. What do you say?"

After a muttered argument so long drawn out that Rawlins became anxious, the kidnapers agreed to this plan. They gave the artist instructions as to methods of communicating with them, and made him repeat the instructions several times.

"You better beat it upstairs, boss," the gang leader said finally. "We'll wait till you've scrammed, then bring this guy along and turn him loose where you said."

Rawlins heard footsteps moving away, then ascending the stairs. Suddenly there was a loud thumping sound, a noise like some one stumbling on steps, and a sharp rasping curse.

"Hell, boss!" It was the gang leader's voice, full of amazement. "There yer go again fallin' up them lousy stairs, an' the light on 'em's bright as day."

Fifteen minutes later Rawlins was permitted to walk between guards to a car. An hour later he was set down on the sidewalk and his handcuffs were removed. When he got the blindfold off the kidnapers' car was out of sight. He was standing on the Bronx River Parkway. . . .

At three thirty that morning a huge figure thundered for admission at the apartment of Sinclair Edwards, federal district attorney. Edwards himself appeared.

"Rochester Rawlins, by all that's unholy!" he cried. "You look like the last end of a misspent vacation—"

"Oh, shut up, Sinclair!" said Rawlins. "Muriel Sedgwick's been kidnaped! I'm the kidnapers' contact man, supposed to collect five hundred thousand from Sedgwick. But there'll be no money paid in this case. Give me pen and paper. While my memory's fresh I'll write you out four pieces of evidence that will make you America's hero. With this information I'm about to give you, you can put the most dangerous kidnaping gang in the East behind bars within twenty-four hours. That is, unless you're even dumber than you used to be."

AUSSAGE TEST

[Aussage is a German word (pronounced ows-sager) which means to remember and report what you have observed. The psychological test of the accuracy and completeness of a witness's testimony is called the Aussage Test.]

Imagine yourself in Rawlins's place as he sits in the district attorney's apartment writing from memory the four parts of his recent experience which he thinks contain a key that will free the beautiful Muriel Sedgwick and catch her kidnapers red-handed. Rawlins could not refresh his memory in any way concerning what had happened, so you mustn't refresh yours by looking at the story again.

Write down everything that you remember about the following items:

1. Facts learned by Rawlins about the following people (but *not* their descriptions):
   - *a.* H. C. Plaisted.
   - *b.* Mimi Castelano.
   - *c.* Dick Castelano.
2. What the following persons did (*not* what they said) from the time the letter appeared to the time Rawlins left the table:
   - *a.* Plaisted.
   - *b.* Muriel Sedgwick.
   - *c.* Mimi.
   - *d.* Castelano.
3. What Rawlins heard in the cellar after the kidnapers removed Muriel's gag and before they picked Rawlins up again.
4. What Rawlins heard in the cellar after his plan had been agreed to and he had repeated the kidnapers' instructions.

Now turn to page 47 and compare your list of remembered details with the complete list given in that section of the story. Score yourself one point for each correctly remembered item.

Then give yourself a final rating for observation and memory according to the instructions at the end of the Aussage Key.

If you can pass an Aussage Test like this one with a high score, it indicates that you are naturally talented along detective lines. In real cases it is frequently the things that seem most trivial and unimportant while they are happening which lead eventually to the criminal. Keen observation and tenacious memory are the essential qualities which successful investigators must cultivate.

The WORLD MENACE of the SAAR

Acme photo

Special plebiscite police, recruited from neutral nations to keep order in the Saar during the vote, on parade in Saarbrücken.

Why Future War or Peace May Depend Upon Its Vote—The Inside Story of a Trouble-Making Legacy of Versailles

by Col. EDWARD M. HOUSE

Contributing Editor of Liberty for Foreign Affairs

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

CERTAIN spots on the earth's surface, insignificant in area, from time to time create trouble wholly out of proportion to their size. The Saar is one of them. The area of the "Territory of the Saar," created by the Peace Treaty, is hardly larger than that of Manhattan Island; its population is equal to that of Boston. But, owing to its valuable coal mines and its strategic position, it is one of the most important squares on the checkerboard of Europe.

For the last one thousand years the Saar region has been German, with the exception of two brief periods. It was wrested from Germany once by Louis XIV and once by Napoleon. The Peace Treaty of Versailles recognizes German sovereignty and German law, but obliged Germany to renounce her rights to govern the region in favor of the League of Nations.

An international commission of five members, including one native of the Saar, one Frenchman, and three men of other nationalities, exercises the functions of government. Its chairman is an Englishman, Geoffrey Knox. The people have no voice in their affairs except through a Landesrat, consultive in character.

On January 13 the inhabitants of the Saar will be asked to decide their future allegiance. The plebiscite provides three possible courses: 1. Maintenance of the present régime under the League. 2. Union with France. 3. Reunion with Germany.

Until recently no one doubted that the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Saar, being purely German in character and in language, desired to return to the Fatherland.

However, certain Hitler policies and Germany's controversy with the Catholic Church have created some sentiment for the continuation of League control. Both France and Germany have flooded the Saar Valley and the world at large with propaganda. Charges and countercharges fly thick and fast.

If the people of the Saar were to vote for union with France—a most unlikely eventuality—they would create a new miniature Alsace-Lorraine. Chancellor Hitler has declared that the Saar Valley constitutes the only territorial dispute between Germany and France. By this declaration he waived Germany's historic claim to Alsace-Lorraine. But it was unthinkable that Germany would ever willingly surrender the Saar. Hitler could not yield on this point without losing "face" with his people.

If the Saar should vote for a continuation of the present régime, it might easily prove to be an embarrassment to the League and an apple of discord.

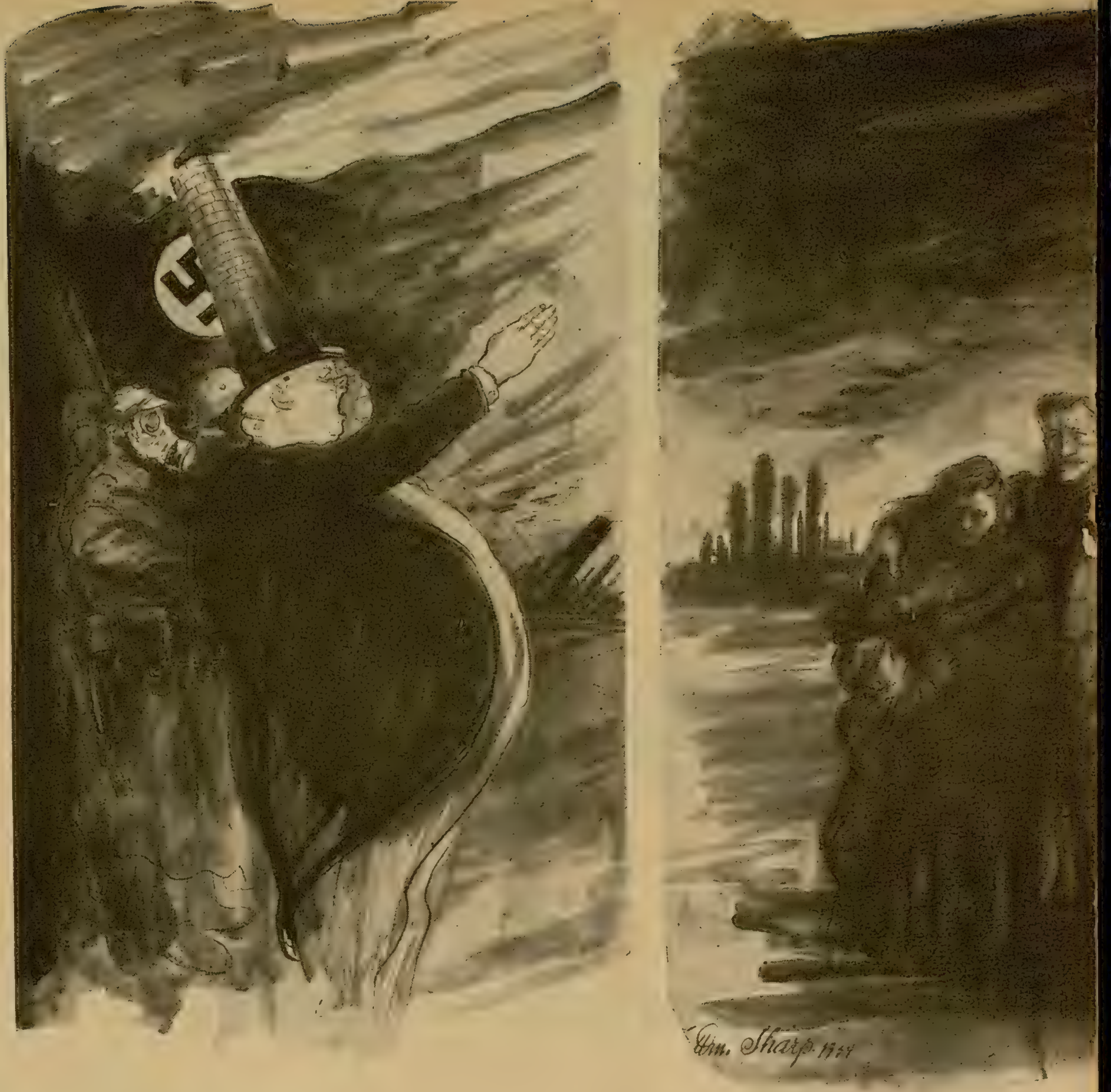
The only solution likely to assure peace is the restoration of the territory to the Reich with certain stipulations, protecting the rights of racial and religious minorities, and the economic interest of France in the coal mines in accordance with the arrangement recently made between France and Germany.

Nothing, as a great American statesman has said, is ever settled until it is settled right. The present difficulty would never have arisen if the problem had been settled right in the first place.

As a delegate to the Peace Conference of Versailles in 1918-19, I was one of those who agreed to postpone the settlement of the problem to a future date rather than to grapple with it then. That date is now upon us. Fifteen years have softened but little the feelings that came close to breaking up in bitter confusion the conference summoned to give the world the foundations for a permanent peace. It was a difficult task at best. It was rendered nearly hopeless by the intense sense of wrong felt by the peoples of the Allied countries. Peace was not, I fear, the main motive that dominated the negotiations. Revenge and rapacity played their parts. Today we know that every nation at war must bear some share of the war guilt. But when the Peace Treaty was written, the opinion prevailed among the victors that Germany was solely responsible for starting the war, and that she had prosecuted it with unnecessary cruelty. The valor of her troops was admitted, but the smoldering ruins of Belgium and of France made us forget her gallantry and remember only the destruction wrought by her leaders.

America, less cruelly injured and far removed from the conflict, looked upon the settlement more philosophically. To some of our associates the attitude of our delegates seemed somewhat callous. I tried where I could to please those who suffered most—the French, in particular. Clemenceau, alert, resourceful, and courageous, took us over some rough places, but when the French claimed the wholly German Saar Valley, President Wilson balked. So did Lloyd George. It was too much.

Wilson felt that the American delegates had best go home and make what peace they could of their own with Germany on the basis of the Fourteen Points. He ordered the steamship George Washington to Brest. This move, which was more than a dramatic gesture, brought something akin to a compromise. On March 17, 1919, I suggested a plan to create a buffer state, including the Saar, on the left bank of the Rhine for a period of five years. After five years the League of Nations should decide whether the buffer state should be permitted to determine its own allegiance or the tutelage of the League should be continued for five more years. It was never my intention to alienate the territory permanently from Germany without the consent of the population.



The Saar problem on the eve of the plebiscite as cartooned by "William Sharp," a Germa
chorus, "The Fatherland awaits you!" to the hopeless Saar minorities, who (center

I hoped that the plan would meet with the approval of the President, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George. In my talks with the President, he insisted upon simultaneous peace with all our opponents—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. It was his thought that these peace treaties should be interlinked, and should be tied up with the German settlement. Since both Austria-Hungary and Turkey were being dismembered, I was afraid that Wilson's idea would delay peace for an unconscionable time. My suggestion was made to expedite the peace negotiations. It seemed to me that an unsatisfactory peace was better than the chaos and delay. I was not then, and am not now, proud of the improvisation suggested.

Nine days after I made my suggestion the divergence between what France asked and what the Allies were willing to grant brought on the long-expected crisis. The principals in the duel were President Wilson and Clemenceau. The crisis might have occurred just as well between Lloyd George and the Tiger. Wilson and the French premier came near calling each other names.

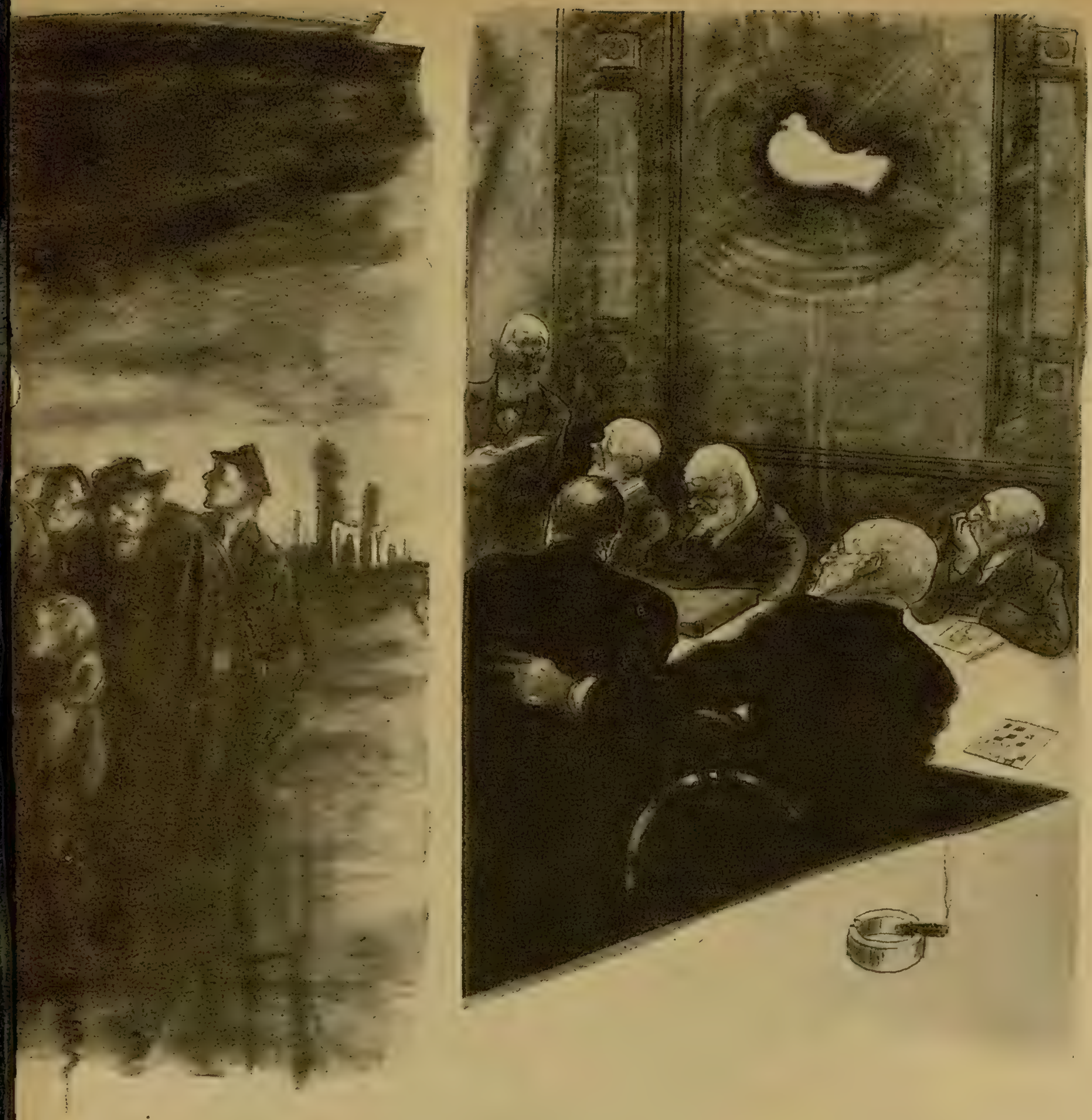
The western boundaries and the Saar Valley were the bone of contention. The President accused Clemenceau of bringing up territorial questions that had nothing to do with the clearly formulated war aims of the Allies, and pointed out that the French had never declared their intention of annexing the Saar Valley until after the Armistice had been signed.

Clemenceau became angry at this, and accused the President of favoring the Germans. The President replied that such a statement was not only untrue but that Clemenceau knew that it was untrue. Clemenceau retorted that if France did not receive the Saar Valley she would refuse to sign the Peace Treaty. Wilson said, "If France will not get what she wishes, she will refuse to act with us? In that event, do you wish me to return home?" Clemenceau equally angrily said, "I do not wish you to go home, but I wish to do so myself," and left the house.

I WAS not present at this scene, but Clemenceau came to me afterward and told me that Wilson was very angry. The scene inspired the French with a new respect for the President. I augmented this feeling by telling them that Wilson was the most difficult man I ever knew when aroused. "His anger," I added, "is not like Lloyd George's or mine, quick to come and quick to go, but it remains permanently. He will never get over this morning's scene."

In lunching with Lloyd George that day, we examined the map delineating the contemplated western boundary. The British and the American delegates were prepared to make some concessions to France. I advised the President to yield a little in order to deny the charge that he was unreasonable.

On March 29 I called in experts to see what could be done to straighten out the situation between the President and Clemenceau. Our experts thought the President was too severe and the French claims to the



rtist whose view of it differs from Colonel House's. Germany's industrial magnates (left) sk what is to become of them, while the League of Nations (right) mumbles about peace.

Saar Valley were not unreasonable. We all were agreed that the French were entitled to receive the coal mines in return for the French mines destroyed by the Germans.

Some of the French delegates now told me that they would be satisfied if France occupied the Saar Valley for ten or fifteen years, with a plebiscite at the end of the period. I was inclined to accept this compromise. I did not like the proposal to give the ownership of the mines to France while the territory remained in German hands. I thought such a situation would lead to trouble.

On March 31 the President tried to force the admission from me that the solution which our experts indorsed and which might satisfy Clemenceau was inconsistent with the Fourteen Points. I replied that there were many who thought otherwise.

ON the other hand, I told the French that they had not appreciated our efforts in their behalf. I said I disliked to recount our services but they compelled me to do so. I disliked even more to dwell upon our unselfish purpose, but was constrained to point out that we demanded nothing for ourselves. We were merely trying to hold to the principles upon which the Armistice had been made with the compliance of all belligerents.

The French demand for the Saar, I insisted, injected an entirely new element. I reminded them that Clemenceau himself had agreed not to put forth the proposal if I thought it unreasonable. It seemed fair to give the Saar coal to France, to compensate her for the destruction of the coal mines around Lens. I said that the President was in sympathy with this demand and was willing to give France the coal mines in fee simple, but he was entirely unwilling to place under French sovereignty an absolutely German population. In our opinion, such a transfer was not only flagrantly at variance with the Fourteen Points, but was sure to breed discord and trouble for France in the future. If we yielded on this point, Italy would immediately demand Dalmatia and other enemy territory to which she had no just claim.

Then came a startling revelation. I was told that Foch threatened to resign unless France insisted upon the permanent occupation of the Rhine and the annexation of its left bank. Clemenceau did not go that far. In looking through my diary I find that the original proponent of the segregation of the Saar from Germany was not Clemenceau. It was Marshal Foch. Foch wished to impose upon Germany terms far more drastic than anything that we were prepared to concede. It was the wise old Tiger who thwarted the marshal. The upshot of our conversation was the compromise finally adopted.

If France had stood firm on the original proposal for annexation or control, the conference would have split asunder. We realized that the decision reached might come to plague us some day. Wilson would never have agreed to it except for his faith in the League of Nations. This faith would have been fully justified if we had played the part he and I had planned. Almost every foreign statesman believes that the League failed to function as we had hoped because America refused a seat at its council table. Be that as it may, we did many things at Versailles which we would not have done if we had not believed that the Covenant of the League marked the dawn of a new day for all nations.

France accepted the Saar compromise because she expected that fifteen years of League domination would alienate the people of the Saar from Germany and make it French in sympathy. This expectation has not been realized. The compromise to which we agreed has hung like a millstone around the neck of peace. The plebiscite now confronts us and, in spite of the Franco-German adjustment so happily reached, a sorely troubled world looks with concern upon the Saar Valley.

The hope for world peace will be dimmed if those charged with responsibility fail to carry out clearly and unmistakably, in spirit as well as in letter, the verdict of the Saar.

THE END

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

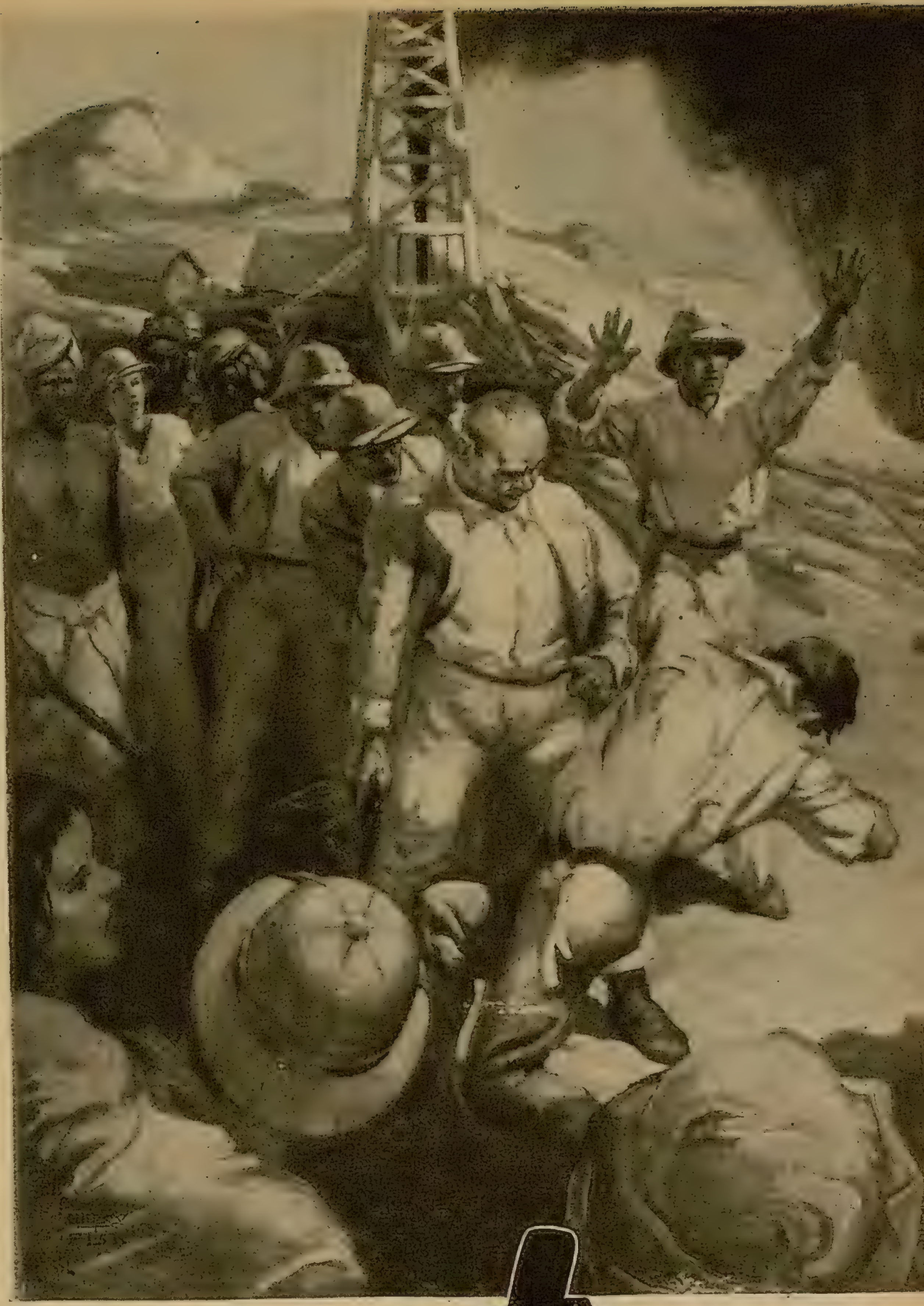
JOHN SARGENT, advertising copy writer with $3,200 saved, is thrown out of a job in New York. By gradual stages he travels to Yokohama, Hongkong, Singapore, and thence—for want of anything better—to Bengan.

There being no hotel at Bengan, he decides to go to one in Port Telik. Twice before he reaches the hotel he is called "McGuire," and in the hotel itself he meets Douglas Hambro, who, after learning his correct name, confesses that he had decided to shoot him, thinking him McGuire.

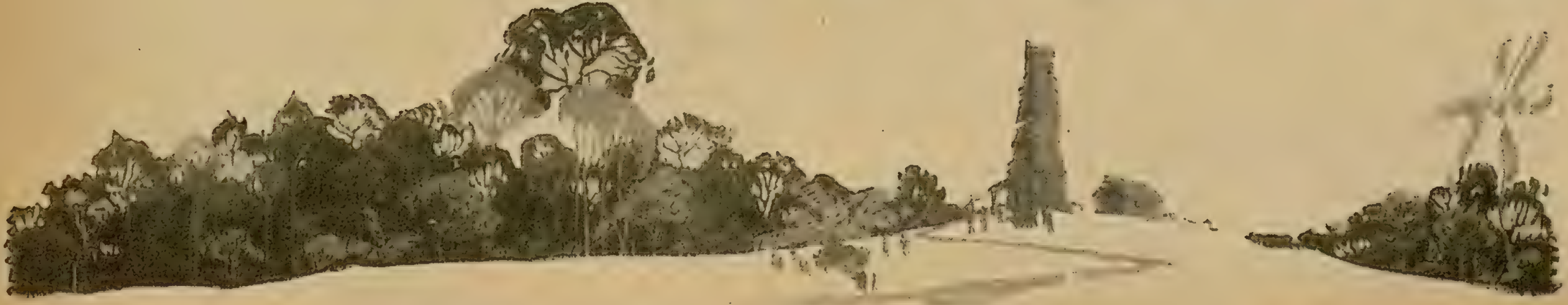
Hambro introduces Sargent to Phil Greystone, an engineer, with the information that the two of them are on the verge of discovering oil. Sargent also meets Doc Gerrity—ex-gunrunner—and Alayne Greystone, the engineer's sister. She tells him that King Furd, exiled from Urfa, is ruler of Telik and that the Urfa government is apprehensive of any travelers entering that territory from Bengan or Telik because of possible revolutionary plots. Then Sargent discovers that his passport has been stolen.

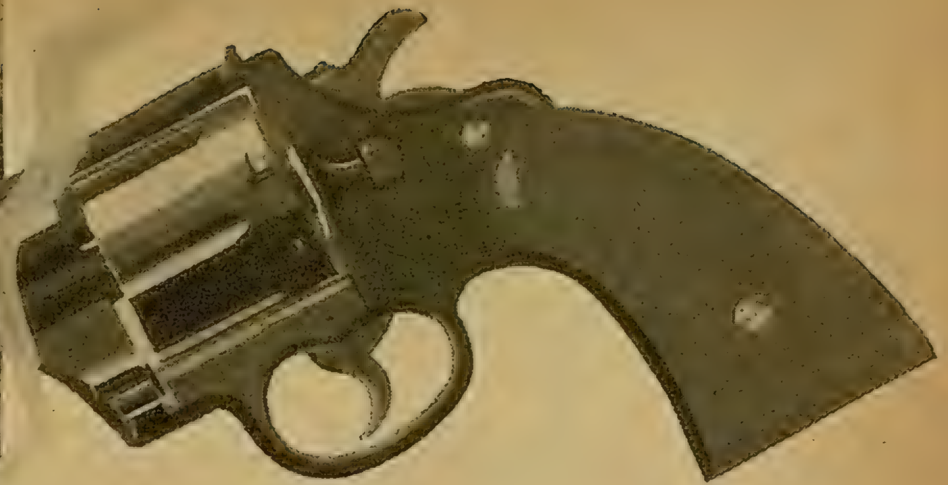
Later it develops that Gerrity and the bartender Joe have stolen the paper and mailed it to the absent McGuire, whom they have been trying to get to Telik to drill an oil well in opposition to that of Hambro and Greystone.

Sargent sets out with Hambro to see Telik, and the latter learns that King Furd is very sick—probably dead, which means that if oil *is* discovered might and not right will rule in Telik. The two men encounter Alayne Greystone, and Sargent divines that Hambro is in love with her. As the three are chatting Greystone shoots his well and brings in a gusher. They all realize that this means trouble—with Urfa, with Bengan (under English control), and with the cutthroats and gamblers left in Telik from more prosperous days.



Passport TO HELL

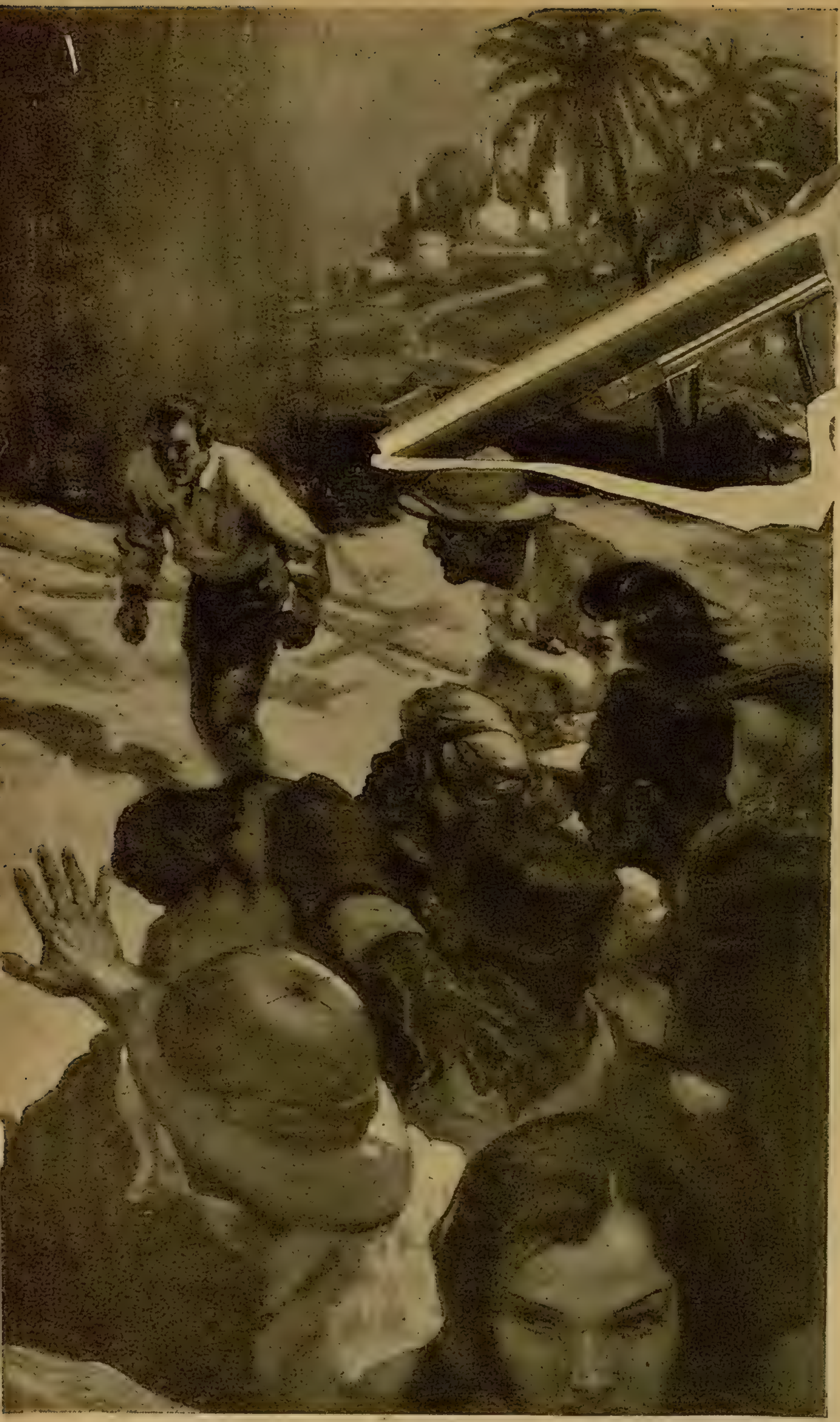




A Stirring Tale of Swift Adventure Tinged with the Glow of Romance—The Story of a Man Who Faced Death and Found Love in One of Earth's Far Corners

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK
DECORATIONS BY CARL PFEUFER



Gerrity's gun barked, and Frome spun around and crashed down on one knee.

PART TWO—DEATH AT THE WELL

DOUGLAS HAMBRO answered Gerrity.

"Greystone and I financed this well ourselves and got permission from Furd to sink it. That's legal and it'll hold."

"So what?"

"You can't eat an oil well, Gerrity. The real money lies in one big sale to Anglo Petroleum or to Royal Middle Eastern. Greystone and I have got a legal lease on these lands from Furd. That lease will be upheld in every court in Europe if it is properly presented. Telik is just as much of a country as England is, as far as national rights go. If it behaves like a country we make millions—if it doesn't we'll be run out like dogs. Do you and Joe want to stand up with Phil and me and make it behave like a country? Do you want a cut-in on this present well—or do you want to go it alone?"

Gerrity and Joe looked at each other. A gang from Sweeney's topped the rise and ran yelling toward us.

Hambro spoke: "Will you help us keep these lads in line—help us make them behave?"

"We'll throw in on this well," Gerrity said, "for a quarter interest apiece."

"Done," Hambro nodded. "Alayne," he said, "stand back of us, please. Gerrity—you and Joe face about. I'll do the talking. Phil, stand there. You, Sargent, where you are, please."

They came in chattering groups and formed up in a mob in front of us. White men and blacks; girls too, hard-faced and painted; riffraff of the Quarter. The news had spread like bush fire.

The five of us were drawn up in a line between them and the gusher with Greystone's drilling crew behind us.

Hambro beckoned to a fat man. I found out afterward that he owned the electric-light plant. "You know me, Sidi," Hambro said. "You know you can trust me. And so do you, Adgidi"—he singled out another native. "Nobody'll get a penny out of what you see here unless we organize to keep Urfa out of this."

Sidi and Adgidi whispered together, then Sidi spoke to the natives around him.

A white man, Bill Frome, pushed out of the crowd.

"I'm staking out my claim and I'd like to see anybody jump it. I'm getting a slice of land."

Doc Gerrity stepped up to Frome. "Come over here, you, and anybody else who has an idea of his own."

Frome looked at Doc and said, "What for?"

Doc's eyes narrowed a shade. "Because I said so!" he roared. His hand moved, and pointing at Bill Frome's stomach was the forty-some-odd that had pointed at me earlier in the morning.

"Put up the iron," Bill Frome said. "This is a white man's job and we'll whack it up equal."

Doc's voice was smooth. "We're runnin' this, and we'll whack up the way we say."

Frome raised his hands suddenly to the crowd. "These guys aim to corral the works for themselves!" he yelled.

A girl shrieked something unbelievably obscene.

Bill Frome turned and leered. "You fat bald-headed so-and-so," he shouted at Doc, "put up your gun! We ain't gonna stand fer no nonsense."

The gun barked, and Frome spun around and crashed down on one knee. He clawed at his lips. Blood trickled between his teeth. Then he flopped backward and lay still.

The crowd gasped and stiffened. Doc wiped his mouth and stuck the gun carefully back in his hip pocket.

"I'm afraid that was wrong," Hambro said quietly.

"Wrong?" Gerrity said. "Wrong—hell! That was done just at the right time. Go on—make your speech."

Now, it's not a pleasant thing to see a man killed. I saw plenty before I was finished with Telik; but somehow, when several people are killed at once, it's different. It gets you in an empty damp way, but it hasn't the starkness and the shock that the violent death of one man in a crowd has.

There Frome lay between us and the mob from town, and there we all stood staring at him with nothing to say.

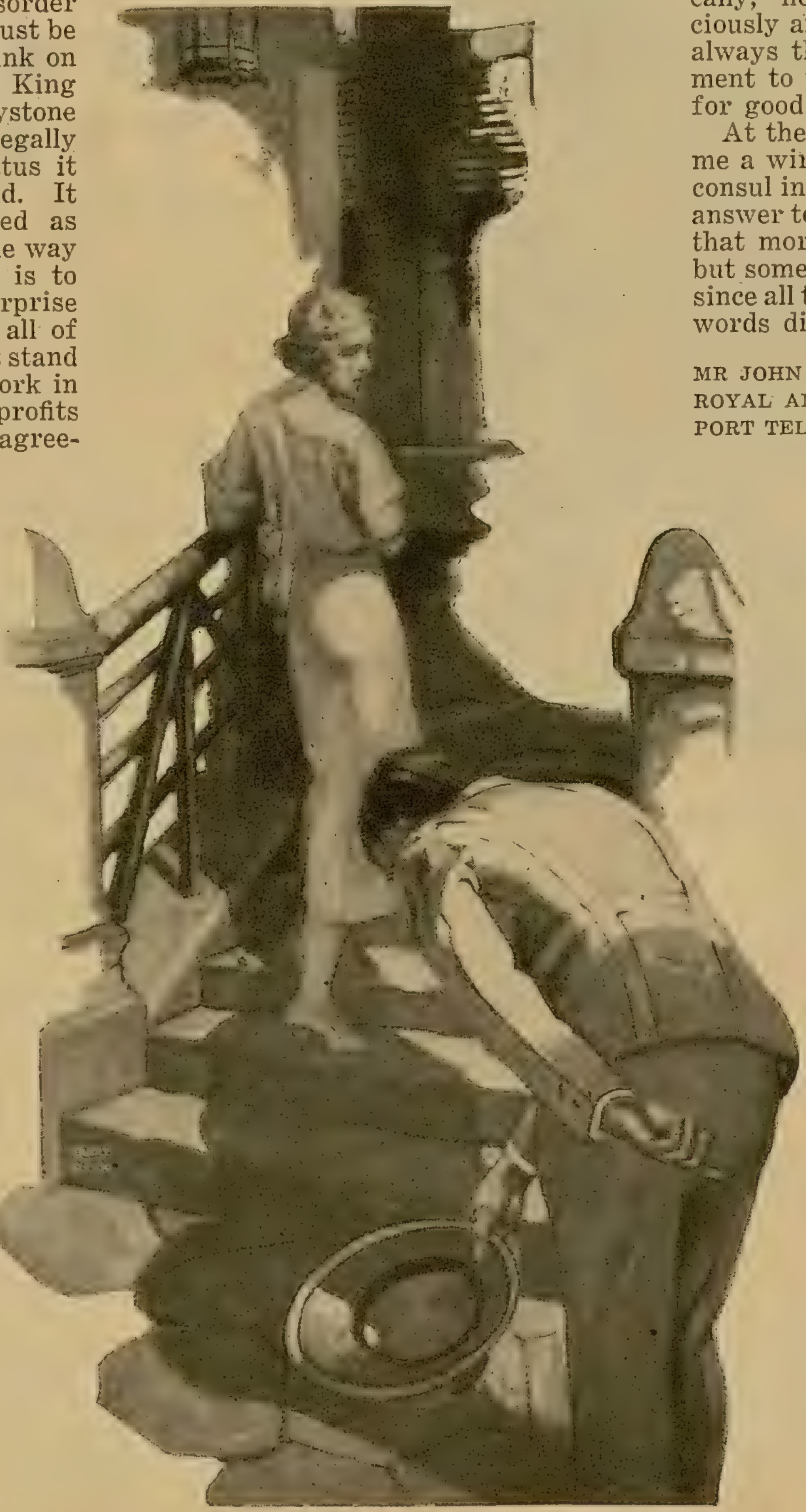
Douglas Hambro gave the scene a minute or so of silence—for it to sink into the crowd's minds—then he started to talk to them again in a conversational tone.

"You have one of two choices to make, my friends, and you haven't many hours in which to decide which choice it is to be. Either you all get behind this thing and treat it as a business enterprise, or you go at it individually and fight it out among yourselves and get nothing out of it. You are all citizens of Telik—local royal subjects of King Furd—but Urfa can run you all out of here if she gets the slightest excuse. Disorder will be that excuse. There must be no disorder. This well is sunk on crownlands by a lease from King Furd in the names of Greystone and Hambro. All of Telik is legally crownland. That is the status it has in the eyes of the world. It must continue to be treated as crownland. The only sensible way to present this oil for sale is to present it as a national enterprise of Telik. That means that all of you, as citizens of Telik, must stand behind it. Some basis of work in exchange for a share of the profits can be worked out, if you are agreeable. I hope that you understand me. As things stand, this enterprise is ours. If you want a part of it, you must play according to the rules we lay down. If you don't care to, we shall try to stop any other arrangement you try to force upon us."

THERE was a silence after he had finished speaking. Then Gilivray, one of the town mob, called out, "What guaranty you giving us either way? One way you run it—the other way we run it."

"You figure the guaranty out," Hambro said. "If you think you can handle a proposition as big as this, you try it. If you'd rather trust us—trust us."

The natives in the crowd were drawing in around Sidi and Adgidi. Their voices rose like the buzz of flies on meat.



"Douglas," she said, "you must have read some amusing books."

"But no matter what happens," Hambro said, "the last legal rights to this gusher rest with Greystone and with me. You can't steal it. I'll stay right where it is no matter what happens. If you want to play with us we shall be at the Royal and Chaldean to receive your delegation at any time they care to come." He turned casually to us—to Doc and Joe and Phil Greystone and Alayne and to me. "Tiffin, my friends?"

The crowd gave back before us silently, and let us pass through on our way down the hill.

I COULDN'T help looking down at Bill Frome's graying face as I passed. Already his body had that definite flat look of death. It hugged the ground—and it was no longer man.

The thing had me under the ribs, to be quite frank, and I believe that fact caused me to accept my situation for the first time. Other things would quite probably happen and, as Alayne Greystone put it, there were only your two hands to stop them. The thought came slowly and brought a wake of cunning in its train. I might be the next one. Not, if you please, if I knew it! Cozy and close to the vest.

Doc Gerrity's voice beside me startled me.

"However you look at it, killing ain't so bad philosophically," he said. "If it's done judiciously and not just carelessly, it's always the best kind of an argument to win; for it settles things for good."

At the hotel, Mrs. Mumatz gave me a wire from the United States consul in Douglasstown. It was an answer to the one Hambro had sent that morning about my passport; but somehow it seemed so long ago since all that had happened that the words didn't mean much to me.

MR JOHN SARGENT
ROYAL AND CHALDEAN HOTEL
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TELEGRAM RECEIVED WILL INVESTIGATE STOP ADVISE YOU REMAIN TELIK UNTIL NOTIFIED

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U S CONSUL
DOUGLASSTOWN

We were standing in the lobby when I ripped it open and read it—Gerrity, Joe, Hambro, Phil, and the girl. I don't know what they thought it was, but I told them what it was and that broke the tension—for Doc and Joe at least.

Doc said, "Now then, Hambro, we'll just get that little verbal agreement of ours down on paper—that four-way split on the gusher that you offered Joe and me up yonder."

"Right you are—draw it up. Write it yourself. Make it simple. Wait a minute." Hambro stepped back to the street entrance. A car was rattling up the Ronda from the direction of Sweeney's. Sidi was on the running board. He bounced off and his momentum carried him through the hotel doorway and into Hambro's arms.

"Listen," Sidi gasped. "*Queeck!* Somesing mus' be done."

The car stopped and the other four natives in it piled out and gathered around outside the doorway. "*T'e king is dead! Furd—he is dead! You understan'?*"

"The hell you say!" Gerrity stepped toward him.

"Yes—it ees true!" one of the other men said, and the rest of them nodded their heads violently.

"But you do not know what thees means to us!" Sidi spluttered. "It means all of t'e business of Telik is gone. It mean t'e business men, my friends here—me—are ruin' men. It means Urfa will take over Telik again and make it part of t'e republic because of t'e oil here—and t'ey will take all we have too, because we have been loyal to Furd."

Douglas Hambro said, "When did he die?"

"Last night," Sidi told him.

"Who knows it besides you, Sidi?"

"T'e old men only—and you now."

Hambro said, "This boy of his, he is still here in Telik?"

"Oh, yes," Sidi said. "But he is only a leetle boy."

"But in the old days he would be king now?"

"He *is* king now." Sidi said it with a certain solemn dignity.

"Of course," Hambro nodded. "Of course. But people will have to be made to understand that."

"Yes—but they will not understand it."

There was something wild in Hambro's eyes for a moment. Alayne Greystone caught it and I caught it before it died under a quick twinkle of amusement. He snorted and faced us.

"Will you people help me make this boy king?"

"How the hell can you do that?" Joe asked him.

"It doesn't make any difference *how* I do it. If I *don't* do it—you go to Douglasstown to be tried; Doc goes to Townsend; Phil goes home to the States to face Carmichael; Sidi loses his business; and we all lose the oil."

GERRITY said, "This is the first time I've ever had a close look at a million dollars, and somebody else is going to get it! Shoot, Hambro—what's on your mind?"

"Yeah—spill it," Joe said.

Greystone, Alayne, Sidi, and I just looked at him.

Hambro said, "Barring Sidi and his friends here, we're the only six people in Telik who have any sense."

"What do you mean six?" Joe growled.

"Six, I said." Hambro turned on him quickly. "I can trust Greystone and Miss Greystone. But I can only trust you and Doc Gerrity when I'm sure you know I'm working to make money for you. There may be times when I'm not sure you know it. The minute you two doubt me, you'll sell me out to the next highest bidder—therefore Mr. Sargent's going to be cut in. I've got to have another white man I can trust."

He turned to Sidi. "You understand me, Sidi—I trust you and you trust me. I stand for these people here—you stand for as many natives as you can get to back you up."

Sidi nodded.

"I trus' you, Mr. Hambro. And t'e people trust you."

"Good! Then you listen to everything I have to say, and you tell it to your people when the time is ready for it." He faced us again.

"Here's a game with millions on the table. In twenty-four hours the Independents in Urfa will be outside the town. In thirty-six Anglo Petroleum will bring pressure to bear on the House of Commons to have Telik declared a free port on a par with Douglasstown and Bengan. If Telik goes free it'll no longer have immunity." He looked from Phil to Joe and the Doc. "If the Independents take it over against the Edict of April, they'll grab what's rightfully ours. If the crowd here loses its head and starts fighting for the stuff, anybody can grab it. Now—how far will you people back me?"

"Back you in what?" Joe slumped into a chair and wiped his mouth nervously.

"In the funniest thing in the world. Never heard of a funnier. By George, I never did! The regency of Telik!" Hambro snapped his fingers. "Do you get it—all of you? Furd's dead—but he's got a son right here in

. . . can't do a thing with it?

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Telik. Telik is still a kingdom—a mandated kingdom under the protection of Great Britain. The six of us are going to see that the divine right of kings is not infringed!" He laughed. "You'll never live a moment like this in your lives again! This, gentlemen, is the first star-chamber session of the regency of Telik—a regency established by bona-fide local royal subjects of the deceased king in favor of his son, King Furd III, God bless him. It's funny, devilish funny, but it's true. Good Lord, can't any of you laugh?"

Doc said, "It sounds all right, but what does it mean?"

"Yes—that's what I'd like to know," Joe said.

Phil Greystone sat down on a table top. "Go on, Doug. You know the words, and it's your idea—you tell 'em."

"It means this, my friends." Hambro tugged at the corner of his mustache. "We'll get down to cases presently—there'll be a lot of getting down, but the general idea is this: We've made Telik badly wanted, but the world won't know it wants it for a few more hours. By that time it will be too late, for Telik will be ours. The Edict of April gave it to Furd and his heirs forever. His eldest son is eleven or twelve. Anybody can override a boy. But we simply step in and back the boy up as a regency and don't let him be overridden."

"And who do you think is going to let you get away with this? There are three hundred people in Telik," Doc said, "counting everybody."

"Gerrity"—Hambro shook his head—"Rome ruled the world with one hundred and fifty thousand regular soldiers. You disappoint me at times."

"Six against three hundred," Joe growled.

"What do you want," Hambro snapped at him—"odds and a stacked deck too? Gerrity, why do you think I cut you in at all?"

"I don't get it." The Doc looked puzzled.

Douglas Hambro leaned over him. "Twelve little Thompkins machine guns, my fat friend. You brought 'em here to sell 'em to the Independents—but they only got this far. Well, Gerrity, that's your stake in the game—twelve little machine guns."

Alayne stood up.

"Douglas," she said, "you must have read some very amusing books in your lifetime." She went up the passage to her room.

Hambro stared after her and there was a blank look on his face—the look of a man who has been slapped smartly across the eyes. He wet his lips with his tongue and he didn't seem to hear any of the things that were said to him for the next two or three minutes. The wind was gone out of his sails—completely out.

The clock from Salem struck one o'clock. Greystone looked at it. "The hell with tiffin," he said. "I'm going back to the operation."

SIDI and his four natives looked at us. Then suddenly Sidi crossed to Hambro and took his left hand in both of his. It was a simple gesture of faith.

Hambro said, "Yes—yes, quite, Sidi. Keep this whole thing quiet for a few hours—keep me informed of what happens." And he went quickly out of the lobby.

Sidi made a place for Greystone in the car and it rattled off down the Ronda. Joe jerked his head toward Gerrity and toward the bar, and those two went out.

I stood there alone, and I don't know what I thought exactly. I was stuck in the place for a time, for better or for worse, so there wasn't much use of thinking anything about it, one way or another. The fact that I was stuck, however, wasn't so very appalling, and I knew why it wasn't. It wasn't, because Alayne Greystone was there. And that was quite definitely that. I went behind the teakwood screen and up the stairs to the second floor of the hotel and on up to the flat roof.

She was there at the far parapet under an awning of rush lattice, staring off toward the gusher. I could see it quite plainly, bending against the brazen sky like a dark feather stuck in the hillside.

Alayne turned as I stepped up to her.

"Now do you believe what I tried to tell you about Telik this morning?"

"I believed it when you told me," I said; "it didn't have to be proven to me."

She said, "There is madness in this place—the air vibrates with it—"

"Oh, come!" I said. "Don't let this morning get you too far down."

"It isn't this morning," she said. "I've seen men killed before—it's this afternoon—it's now—it's this evening. It's what will happen next. What Douglas Hambro will do—what he will drag my brother into."

I said, "Perhaps he won't, Miss Greystone. There are two ways of knocking a man off his horse. One is to hit him and the other is to laugh at him."

"Douglas Hambro," she said quietly, "has nothing to do with his life but to spend it away from England. He is paid by his family to do that. To do it graciously, he must amuse himself. I can't quite stand by and see him amuse himself at the expense of my brother and me and the other people here in Telik."

"It didn't seem to me that that was what he was doing," I told her. "He appeared to be in earnest about it."

"He was," she said—"as much in earnest as he ever can be. Earnestness with him is a sort of effervescent enthusiasm which carries him along like the taste in sparkling wine. When it goes flat, his interest dies with it. That's why I can't believe in the things he said downstairs—that's why I left."

I WANTED to say what I was thinking. I wanted to tell her that Hambro was in love with her—for he was, if any man ever was. So deeply in love that he was inarticulate about it, even to himself. The things he had said and the things he planned were prizes to be laid before her. God knows what desperate smash-up his life had had—what depths of rottenness had cast him out from the things that should have been his and placed him among the missing men of England. But whatever they were, they hadn't taken all honor and decency from him and Alayne was his focal point for what was left.

It seemed to me, for my own peace of mind, my own sense of decency, that I should tell her this and show her how she had hurt him when she left the lobby. But I couldn't. I could only stand there and look at her. And presently I could say this to her:

"Miss Greystone, I have only known you since this morning, but I know you well enough to tell you that you and I aren't a part of all this. Whatever happens, nothing can quite suck us into it. We have nothing to lose and I don't think we particularly want a million dollars. Suppose we have a little agreement on the side—just between us two. If anything comes up that you want to do—if you want to get out of here, for instance—anything that would not meet with your brother's approval or Hambro's—tell it to me, and whatever it is, I promise to help you."

"I believe you mean that," she said.

"Thank you for believing it. I do."

There was the sound of voices in the street below, and the sound of footsteps and of Gerrity's voice.

Doc said, "He'll be all right."

I looked over the parapet. They were carrying Greystone in on a ladder, four natives very solemn-faced and quiet. His coat was rolled up for a pillow, and his right arm, blood-soaked, lay across his chest.

"Don't touch me," he said. "It's cut through an artery—damn it!" He tried to sit up, and slumped suddenly half off the ladder in a dead faint.

When Alayne and I got down the stairs, they were easing him into his room and putting him on his bed.

"Bill Frome's woman done it," Joe growled. "That Greek one, it was. She come out to the operation, and hung around for a while waitin' for her chance, and then she just sorta dove at Phil like a snake."

Alayne knelt down beside the bed while Doc Gerrity poured out a bumper of brandy. She unbuttoned Phil's shirt. He had a nasty one, all right. The knife had struck his collar bone and laid the flesh open across his chest. He had thrown up his arm to save himself and caught it again at the crook of the elbow. It had gone right through to the bone, then jumped again and scratched across his stomach.

"I gave her a baste in the jaw she won't forget, the lousy little bum!" Joe grumbled to himself behind us.

Phil had come around. "Oh, leave it alone," he said. "It'll be all right in a day or so."

Alayne was making little puffs of cotton and laying them out on a clean towel for swabs.

We swabbed him clean, sloshed the cuts with iodine while he writhed under our hands with the burning, and then, in place of stitches, we laid gauze over the wounds and caught the lips together with bridges of adhesive tape.

PHIL said, "While I think of it, somebody's got to get the drill points and the plugs for my gas engine. No use letting the stuff lie around for anybody to hook."

I went down the stairs.

Douglas Hambro was pacing up and down the lobby, smoking furiously at the stub of a cigarette. He saw me and stopped. He stared at me for a moment; then he threw away the cigarette and stepped over in front of me, hands in his pockets, legs spread.

"How much is any of this amusing you, Sargent?"

"I don't know," I told him; "but none of it is amusing Miss Greystone, if that helps you."

"It doesn't help and it doesn't hinder. The whole thing has gone too far to let a woman's feeling or advice into it now. I've just been talking to Sidi again. Sweeney and Papanasstassiou have gone to Urfa. And Gilivray has got a crowd down the street in some kind of a meeting. Sidi says they're not going to play with us. Now then, if Sweeney and the Greek have gone to Urfa, they've gone to tip some one off in the government, and that means trouble. And if trouble comes, we've all got to face it."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"I want you to laugh, Sargent."

"You want me to—what?"

"Laugh, you ass! I'm going into this with all four feet. I've got to—there is no other way out. But I've got to have a court jester. I've got to have some one at my elbow all the time, to stop it when it gets too serious—to stop it just long enough for me to get a good laugh out of it—say three laughs a day. Read that." He shoved a telegram carbon under my nose.

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE URFA YOUR EXCELLENCY IS ADVISED HEREWITH THAT A REGENCY HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED IN TELIK IN FAVOR OF HIS MAJESTY KING FURD III UNTIL HIS COMING OF AGE AND THAT THE REPUBLIC IS HELD BY THAT REGENCY TO ITS EDICT OF APRIL GRANTING IMMUNITY AND INVIOLABILITY TO THE REALM OF TELIK WITHOUT ANY RESERVATION HAMBRO PRIME MINISTER

I read it and laughed.

Hambro said, "Good—you're the man. You *can* laugh! Come on—we'll get the king now!"

I said, "What do you mean we'll get the king?"

"How long," he asked me, "do you think any regency can last *without* a king?"

"I don't know; I've never played this game before."

"You'll find a car out in back that belongs to Mrs. Mumatz. Will you bring it around front for me? Having a room here entitles you to use it."

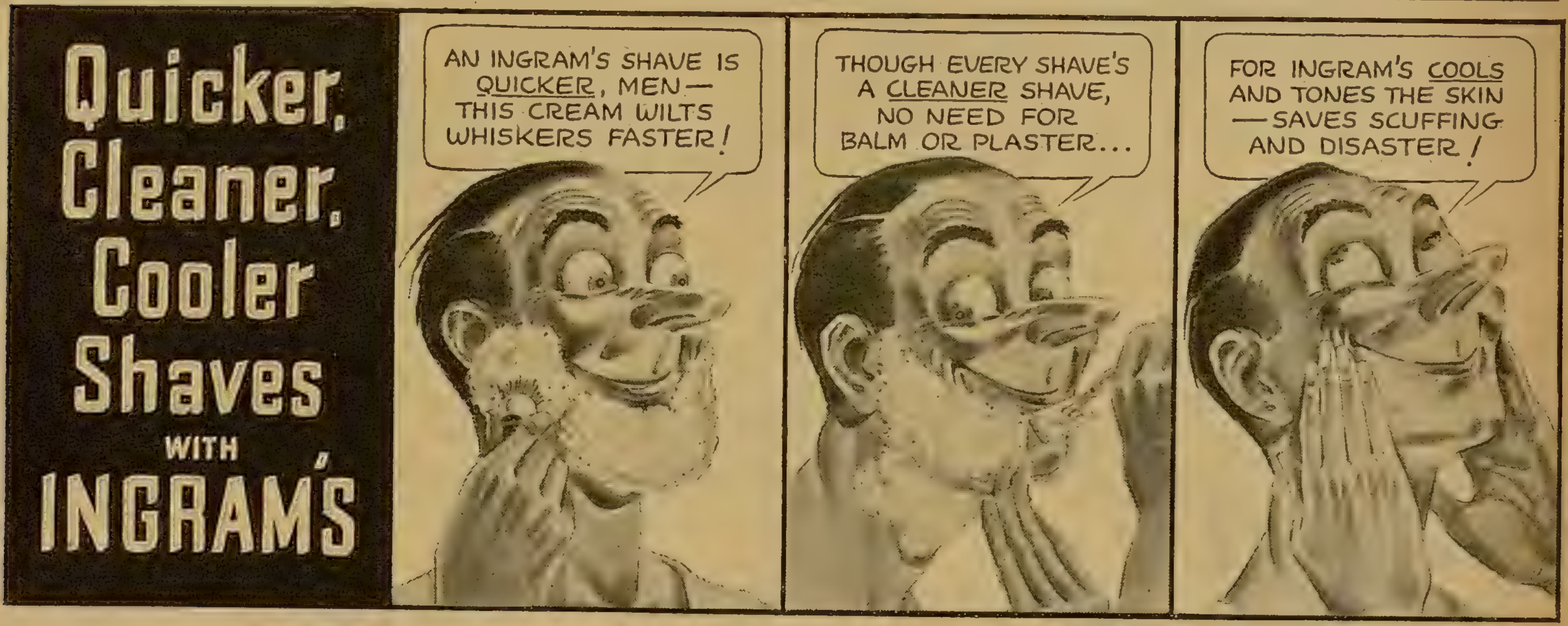
I said, "Have you actually sent that telegram to Urfa—about the regency?"

"Naturally—or I shouldn't have been able to show you a copy."

"What telegram?" Alayne Greystone was on the landing of the stairs above us.

HAMBRO bowed slightly to her and that amused smile of his sliced his face.

"Quite an insolent telegram, fair person—dictated from my reading of light romantic literature. I have informed the government in Urfa that we are prepared to stand behind His Majesty King Furd III to the utmost of our resources. You see"—he spread his hands—"there was really nothing else to do. Sweeney and Papanasstassiou have already left for Urfa to approach the Independents with an offer of some kind of a deal. As soon as they get there, both Royal Middle Eastern and Anglo Petroleum will know of the oil stake here and start cutting each other's throats to get in on it. They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will also know of Furd's death. That simplifies everything for them—only not quite. For just about then they get my wire about the regency and temporarily all their clocks are stopped by this new government."

Alayne came down the steps and faced him.

"Douglas," she said, "is it decent of you to amuse yourself with the lives of other people?"

"No—I don't suppose it is. Why?" He stared at her.

"You may not know it, but that is what you are doing," she said.

For a moment he looked at her without speaking. When he did speak, his voice was low:

"I'm rather sorry you put it just that way, Alayne. I'm sorry Phil has been hurt—but, after all, I didn't hurt him and nothing I did personally caused him to be hurt. Naturally it upsets you."

"It disgusts me to have you take a sordid situation like this seriously."

He responded:

"Alayne—is there anything about me that might lead you to believe I am anything but a sordid individual who ought to be in a sordid situation like this?"

She said: "Don't you see what you're doing? You are only putting a temporary obstacle in the way of things. You are raising false hopes in these natives—in Gerrity and Joe and my brother. You are holding out the hope of something that cannot possibly come to pass—and you know it. You know that no individual can buck the oil game out here in the East."

"Alayne," he said quietly, "men go to women for encouragement, and sometimes they get it. Sometimes when they *don't* get it, they go on with their enterprises in spite of women. I have never been more serious about anything in my life than I am about the regency of Telik."

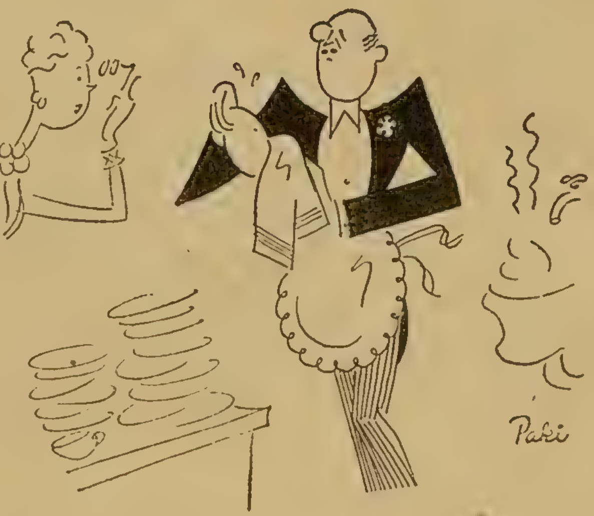
HE bowed to her solemnly, and for a moment it seemed to me that there was a jingle of spurs and of a saber in that little grubby lobby, and that a plume from his hat swept the floor. And I am not generally given to that sort of thing.

Here's a tense situation. A regular hell's hothouse is preparing to burst into full bloom over the oil. And the renegade Hambro's repulsive love for Alayne Greystone threatens more trouble. What will happen now?

Next week's installment shows Sargent facing a doubly perilous situation.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



TRY IT ON MOTHER

Do not try to be too helpful—
Stacking dishes is not done
When you're dining out in company,
Though at home it may be fun.

Oh, yeah?

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the correct way to display the Stars and Stripes *inside* a building?

2—Was any President of the United States a native of Pennsylvania?

3—Into how many states, etc., is Mexico divided?

4—By what treaty was Canada transferred from the French to the British?

5—Who wrote "I am monarch of all I survey"?

6—What is the only institution in the world giving a college education to the deaf?

7—Where is the highest bridge in the United States?

8—What unique characters have American writers introduced to world literature?

9—To what political party did George Washington belong?

10—Who was Jean Baptiste Talon?

11—Is it definitely proved that an apple was the "forbidden fruit" in the Garden of Eden?

12—Who was Margaret Gertrude Zeller?

13—Could any one telephone from New York, around the world, to another person in New York?

14—Who was the first Governor-General of Canada?

15—Who wrote "What though the field be lost? All is not lost"?

16—Is the Vatican represented by an ambassador or minister in Washington?

17—When and where did Richard Wagner, the composer, die?

18—Where occurs the passage "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose"?

19—Who wrote the words of the Canadian national song, O Canada?

20—A trichina is what?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

And Romance Fifty Miles Away

A Short Short Story

by PARKE F. HANLEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN a worldful of years and days this had to happen to her, Alice Naverly reflected with luxuriant self-pity, on the day fixed for her elopement. Just fifty miles away her trunks and those of Alton Adams Treynor were being put aboard the Roma, and here, outside her window, a New England blizzard was raging.

Her bitterness was no whit diminished by the thought that somewhere in Texas her husband was toiling in semi-tropical warmth in his endless quest for new sulphur deposits.

Her husband never had compromised the instinctive dislike resulting from his first meeting with Alton.

"If Treynor was passing a burning building," Tom told her some time later, "and learned there was a susceptible woman within he would crash through the fire lines to make love to her."

How unjust that was, and as contemptible and ill-considered as his other judgments of the man he never recognized as a rival for her love.

The matter of the susceptible woman she ignored. Didn't that lie destroy itself because Alton was eager to forfeit everything to flee with her? To Amalfi! Amalfi, where in his secluded villa they would tarry while the stupid laws—

"The range ain't working"—Alice turned. It was Hannah—"and the radio's quit and the clock in the kitchen's stopped."

"The wires must be down," Alice said sharply. "Hasn't Mr. Naverly told you time and time again to be practical in an emergency? Telephone to the electric company— Oh, don't bother. I'll do it myself."

Not even the irritating buzzing could be heard. Panic seized Alice. She rushed to the garage but the doors were walled in by banks of snow.

"I've got to get that six-o'clock train to New York," she charged Hannah. Dinner, the theater, and then the Roma—and after that endless romance.

"I don't see how," Hannah said simply.

Alice took a grip on herself. Alton, she was confident, would sense her plight and come for her. In the hour that followed, the storm seemed to refresh its fury. Then sleigh bells sounded above the clamor.

Happily she ran to her bedroom to gather up her passport and letter of credit. When she returned the living room was empty.

"Where is he?" she called into the kitchen.

"He just left," Hannah announced surlily.

"He left! Get him back at once. Hurry!"

"Who, ma'am? The laundryman?"

"Whoever he is, get him back!"

The maid poked her head outside the door and half-heartedly called, "Oh, Pete." Her mistress screamed into the storm, "Come back here!" Pete heard and returned.

"I want you to take me to the station, Pete," Alice commanded.

"Aw, gee, Mrs. Naverly," Pete demurred, "I can't do that. For ten years we haven't missed service, and if I go out of my way now the record will be broken."

Unheeding, Alice tossed her bags into the sleigh.

"And," Pete continued, "there's the NRA, and there's my union and the boss—and—"

"And here," Alice interrupted, "is twenty dollars, and there," waving, "is the railroad station. Move over."

"Okay, ma'am," Pete yielded; "but you've got to square me for this." He whipped up his tired horses. "It's one sweetheart of a storm, isn't it?"

Alice didn't answer. Her face was turned toward Amalfi.

"Trains all blocked," the station agent informed her. "The milk train was the last one through on the east tracks, and the snow closed in on Seventy-two coming up. You see—"

She saw Alton, just entering. He stopped to shake snow out of his rubber boots. A moist and shapeless hat drooped over one eye. His patrician nose was wrinkled with an ineffectual effort to control sniffles as he approached her.

She made her commitment. "Alton, dear," she said, "my life henceforth is in your hands."

"What's that?" he asked blankly. "Oh, yes, your life. Surely." His voice took on spirit. "I'll certainly be glad to get away from this blasted climate."

Alice had no way of knowing that a head cold stops all warm heart action in a man, that passion is dormant in one whose nose is running. "And far away it is," she said. "You will have to do something to get us there."

"What is there to do?" he demanded sullenly. "Take a taxi as far as Norwalk?"

"At least, it's an idea," she assented. In less than ten minutes he was back.

"No go," he reported. "I even offered to buy one, but it's a matter of franchises or licenses or something like that. Now what?"

"Think and act," she said. "I'll make my own researches." She went out into the storm. When she returned an hour later, steam rising from Alton's clothing betrayed an extended dalliance with the station stove.

"Have you done anything?" she demanded.

"Well—er—yes, I got word through on the railroad telegraph to cancel the passages."

"Oh, so you canceled the passages," she repeated acidly.

"Why, yes. Now what have you been about?"

"I've been to the lunch room among other places," she informed him. "My husband"—he winced at the inappropriate reference—"says if you want to learn anything about a place, ask the lunch-room man. So I found out the Interurban cars are running to Norwalk, and the state busses are keeping schedule on the Boston Post Road—"

"Is that so?"

"And, because I married a man who never quits, I got the name of a farmer who would take a chance of getting us to the junction."

"Then we're all set," he responded with forced enthusiasm.

"The telephone is working again," the station agent broadcast.

"I have a call to make," said Alice.

After she came out of the booth they stood together wordlessly until the sleigh of the Elite Laundry drew up to the station. "Here we are, Alton," she said sweetly.

"Pete," she said to the driver, "I want you to take a very, very silly woman back to her lovely home."

"How about that feller back there?"

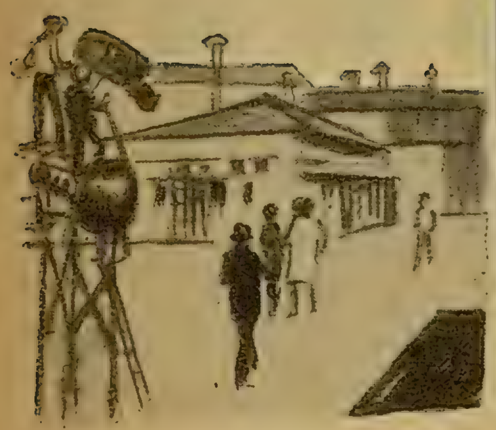
"As you go toward my house, stop at Mr. Treynor's place. We will drop off some wet wash that needs more starch."

"Giddy-ap," said Pete. "Say," he offered conversationally, "it's one sweetheart of a storm, isn't it?"

"It is, Pete," Alice replied, "one sweetheart of a storm."

THE END

IS HOLLYWOOD



The late Marie Dressler. "Her faith was universal."

Cecil De Mille. "Today he has deep religious faith."

Lillian Gish. "Her religion is constructive, practical."

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A Revelation of Changing Times— of Stars Who Have Found

by CLARA

HOLLYWOOD and religion may sound like a paradox. You were probably just about to exclaim: "How absurd! Every one knows that Hollywood has no religion!"

And you couldn't be blamed much if that's what you were thinking, because heretofore when the spotlight of publicity has played over motion-picture stars it has revealed their most intimate habits, hobbies, and tastes, blazed ruthlessly over their romances, marriages, and divorces, but carefully—and deliberately—focused its glare away from their religion.

Hollywood has not printed stories about the religious beliefs of its people possibly because it was afraid that a materialistic public might have misunderstood or scoffed.

Now the public is no longer so materialistic. The cataclysm of 1929 hurled the gods of wealth and power and success from their arrogant pedestals. When possessions were swept away, the nervous bewildered people of the world began to feel a need for new ideals, new sources of life and power.

They are finding it in religion. And Hollywood is no different from the rest of the world.

The aftermath of the economic depression was a universal restlessness, a dissatisfaction with chaos and misery, and a corresponding longing for something that might lead to true happiness. Without knowing exactly what they wanted, men and women the world over began to thirst for spiritual truth and realization. The churches, half empty in prosperity days, began to fill again. Societies of New Thought and Mental Science drew many who had never known religion or who disliked rites and ceremonials but who felt the need of direct personal union between themselves and the great cosmic spirit. The teaching that the "kingdom of God is within," that every human soul is an individualization of the universal Spirit we call God, has brought joy and hope and peace into the lives of thousands of victims of the economic upheaval and given them courage to go on living.

The late Lilyan Tashman and her husband, Eddie Lowe. His church afforded him solace and courage after her death

In my many years of work in Hollywood I have known most of the picture stars and have heard them talk about intimate personal matters. Yet until the past year I have seldom heard open confessions of religious faith. It was not because they were all without religion, but rather because like the rest of the world they were under the shadow of a materialism which minimized if it did not actually ignore religion as a living force. Now the stars are no longer ashamed to say that they believe in God, nor to admit that religion helps them in their life and work.

Eddie Lowe found great solace in his church after the death of his dearly loved wife, Lilyan Tashman. The "hard-boiled hero of the screen" was making a personal-appearance tour when he got word from Lil's doctor that her illness was fatal and that she would probably be gone before a month had passed. "But do not come home," the doctor wrote. "It would only frighten her. Your job is to write cheerful letters and do everything in your power to keep up her morale."

The hardest thing Eddie ever had to do in his life was to go on with his work. Chicago audiences, watching him night after night as he flipped gay wise cracks across the footlights, had no idea that beneath the actor's grease paint was a devoted husband whose heart was torn and bleeding.

So great was Eddie's love for the gallant sophisticate known to the world as the "best dressed woman in pictures" that he had suffered the disapproval of his church in order to marry her. When he got his divorce he was automatically excluded from Communion.

Yet, in all of the sixteen years he was married to Lil, he never missed Mass. No matter how late they would come home from Saturday-night parties, Lil would be up in time to wake him for the early Sunday-morning

GETTING RELIGION?

Esther Ralston. Faith has helped her to be fearless.

Norma Shearer's religion is broader than any one creed.

Mary Pickford says, "Right thinking tunes in to God."

Consider These Open Confessions Solace and Happiness in Faith

BERANGER

service. "Time to go to church," she would call, and Eddie would tumble out of bed, take a cold shower to get wide awake, and be off. Although not a Catholic herself, Lil had the greatest respect for her husband's religion and always regretted that their marriage had barred him from full participation.

During the difficult period in Chicago when Eddie wanted so much to be with his wife but was prohibited by orders from her doctor, he confided in a sympathetic young priest. "These will bring you peace and rest," said the priest, handing him two little rosaries.

One lies buried with Lil: Eddie slipped it around her wrist when he said his last farewell. The other he keeps with him always—in love and remembrance.

He had need of courage, of all the help and faith he could muster. And he found it again in the church to which he returned with full privileges.

OTHER picture folk who never miss Sunday Mass are Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien, Dolores del Rio, Nancy Carroll, the Gleasons, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay.

Barbara Stanwyck, who is grateful to Frank for many things in her life, is perhaps most grateful to him for teaching her the value of faith.

"Frank was reared a Catholic," she told me, "but he has studied the best in every faith and is deeply religious. I had no interest in religion till he taught me. From him I have learned how to think, to work, to live. We say our prayers together every night. We have had many proofs of Christ's words: 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'

"We have faith in each other, in human nature, in the future. We have no doubts and no fears, because we *know* that things will work out right for us, if not in this world, in the next." No wonder that the Fays are known as "Hollywood's happiest couple"!

Newspapers all over the country recently carried a story about an ordained Episcopal minister who had been found at the Paramount studios as a gag-man—a professional coiner of jokes and funny songs for Joe Penner. The story is true. "Hal Raynor," as he is known in Hollywood, is the Rev. Henry Scott Rubel, who took a picture job in order to pay off a mortgage on his church. He believes that the primary function of religion is to bring health and happiness.

"I do not hold with those who feel that fear is the best weapon of religion," he said. "I believe that if you can get people in a happy jovial mood you can teach them much more, because then they are more receptive.

"I know I have been criticized," he continued, "because I have put aside my church cloth temporarily to write what are known as gags. But in my heart I know I am doing the right thing. I feel that I am a missionary of health and happiness. The medium of expression is not important; it doesn't matter if it is a church or a theater, as long as I can help people live a happier, cleaner life.

"After all, if a minister lectures to an empty church, he does no good to any one but himself. Motion pictures can increase our church to include the world. And I, for one, intend to take advantage of this great congregation."

The late Marie Dressler regarded her picture work in the same noble spirit. She was deeply religious, with a faith that was universal and all-embracing. She fought death because she felt that the depression-ridden world needed the relief of laughter that was hers to give. "I don't want to die yet," she said; "I want to live and to make people laugh." And she did live for a year after the doctors said that her time had come.

Marie was a true Christian in her life, although she did not go regularly to any church. She lived up to her philosophy of love and service. She believed in the sacredness and efficacy of prayer, and she learned to receive spiritual energy any place where she happened to be—in her home, in the studio, in the streets. "The sum of what we are, what we have done and been," she said once, "is all written down for Christ to see in the

Barbara Stanwyck and her husband, Frank Fay, who taught her religion's value, are "Hollywood's happiest couple."

thoughts others have of us. I guess He'll take us in, all right. The only prayer we need is: 'Teach me to love.'"

Flowers filled the "Wee Kirk o' the Heather"—dreadfully sentimental name, of course—in Pasadena when Marie was laid to rest. Flowers, load after load of them, were massed on the lawn outside. Giving love liberally, Marie received it liberally. The tears that were shed when the organ played "Going home—going home—I'm just going home" were tears from the hearts of friends.

Mary Pickford has made no secret of her religion nor of the consolation it brought her through the dark days of her marital trouble. It has been published before—she herself wrote of it in Liberty for August 26, 1933—but I think part of it will stand restatement here.

"I found out . . . that right thinking is a power, the power with which you tune in to God, and that it can actually change conditions of every kind. And even if it does not change them exactly the way you want them changed, still it will give you strength to be happy under all circumstances, and courage to look ahead with joy and expectancy."

Of her separation from Douglas, Mary said: "I can see it as a broken romance, the end of a beautiful marriage. I can weep over mistakes on both sides and rail against circumstances which seemed unjust and unfair.

"Or I can see it as something which may benefit us both, a letting go of something that perhaps it was too late to work out when I found out about this great power. I can see it as a new beginning rather than a sad ending. I can fill my thoughts with work and play and helping others. And I can know, absolutely, that nothing but good can come to either of us from it, no matter what line that good may take. . . .

"But I do know this: Take care of your thinking and your thinking will take care of you."

These were not idle words. Mary's friends, who knew how deeply she was in love with her husband, were amazed at the fortitude with which she met the dissolution of their marriage. She never wept, never gave expression to her unhappiness. She was able through her radiant faith to stick unwaveringly to her ideal and to say: "God's will be done."

Esther Ralston is another Hollywood actress who was helped by faith through deep waters of discouragement.

As a very young girl she performed a sensational trapeze act. One night there was an accident. For weeks her poor bruised body was racked with pain. Only by holding fast to the belief that "perfect love casteth out fear" could she bear her suffering and cling to life.

Years later, when she was happily married to George Webb, her one great hope was to have a child. "You will never be able to bear one," said a great obstetrician. She was crushed. But only for a short time. She went to a Christian Science practitioner, who told her that if God intended her to have a baby she would.

IN time a baby girl was born to her. Since then there have been long periods without work in pictures, long months of distressing emotional upheaval, and a final bitter disappointment when she realized that her marriage was a failure. Yet she never lost her inner happiness. Through her religious faith she could face life fearlessly and confidently.

The calm and serenity that has been so much noticed and admired in Lillian Gish is the result of persistent and determined mind control. I do not know what Lillian calls her religion but it is essentially constructive and practical. In times of storm and stress in her outer world, she will go off quietly to commune with her inner self or to absorb wisdom from some book of religious philosophy. The look of strain passes from her face, giving place to her usual serene expression.

I have never known her to say an unkind word about any one. She puts bitter or malicious thoughts in the same category as deadly disease.

Norma Shearer was raised in the Christian church. She fell in love with Irving Thalberg and found that his parents, deeply religious Jews of the old prophetic strain, objected to his marriage with a Gentile.

So true was Norma's love, so broad her faith, that she could honestly say to herself, "The God of the Jews and the Christians is the same God. The truth that underlies all religions is the same. And as long as I adhere to that truth, it does not matter what outward form it takes."

To please the elder Thalbergs, she studied the tenets of the Jewish religion with a rabbi. And whether she worships in a synagogue, a church, or in the open air, she demonstrates in her life and her work that she has true faith.

When my brother-in-law, Cecil De Mille, announced some seven or eight years ago that he was going to picturize the life of Christ, there was much derision and chaffing in Hollywood. "The supreme master of sex turning preacher!" "How's he going to get a bathtub into the story of the New Testament?" These are only examples of the comments that were made.

H. B. Warner played the part of the Christ with humility and sincerity. One day early in the picture, some smart-Aleck slapped him on the back and said, "Jesus Christ, is that you?"

Cecil De Mille heard it. He said nothing at the time. But a rigid order went out that any one who joked or made sacrilegious comments would be immediately discharged. After that there was outward respect in the studio, although professional wags still continued to enliven many a dinner party with their jokes.

YET, when The King of Kings was released, Hollywood was ready to admit with the outside world that the picture had great beauty and spiritual power. And no one doubted Cecil's sincerity in wanting to give to the world the most appealing story of all times.

In the enormous library in his home are hundreds of books that deal with the history of religion, with the lives and beliefs of the great mystics. Cecil has read them all. Whether his own beliefs were the cause of his determination to make religious pictures, or the effect of the research he had to make, I do not know. But today he has deep religious faith. "I feel that in every one of us is an urge to find that inexplicable something we call soul or spirit," he said to me recently. "We discover God much as an electrical contact is made. We are like a compass or a metal which will always respond to the great Spirit toward which we are constantly and inevitably drawn."

Cecil De Mille is not unique in Hollywood. There are many other directors who have true religious faith and who could, if they were permitted, be spiritual leaders.

Thousands of people struggling in the wilderness of lost hopes, lost jobs, lost savings are crying for the manna of religion. The organized churches, the various cults such as New Thought, the Oxford Movement, Christian and other Mental Sciences, and mystics like Shri Meher Baba and Krishnamurti are making a brave effort to revitalize religious thought, to spread true philosophy into every phase of life.

Hollywood can reach a vaster multitude than all of the churches and cults put together. The millions of people who daily go into picture theaters would form the mightiest congregation ever assembled.

What an opportunity! I do not mean that Hollywood should make religious pictures. Its everyday business is to produce drama. And drama, which was born of the Church, is concerned not with nations or creeds or races as such, but with the elemental human emotions common to them all. Love and hate, pleasure and pain, hope and despair, compassion and cruelty are the same in every country. An American mother is no different from a German or French or Chinese mother.

They may think differently and have different temperaments and external customs; but the basic feelings, the spiritual essence that is the "I am" in each of them is the same.

Hollywood could use its tremendous energy, so often misapplied, to help the churches in their work of giving to a weary world new hope, new courage, and a new spiritual impulse.

Through its limitless resources for making and distributing drama it could help bridge the gulf of social and national differences and spread over the world the ideal of all religions—love and the brotherhood of man.

THE END

Gripping, Ghostly, Gaudy

A Splendid Cast Does Well by a Powerful Wartime Film; a Tale of Gold Recalls the Days of '49, and Music Adorns a Lavish Picture of the Broadway '90s

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill, Baby Jane, Henry Armetta, Wallace Ford, Lawrence Grant. Directed by Edward Ludwig. From the play by Jean Bart.

FRANKLY pacifist propaganda, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head is a somber humorless picture of much power and emotion. Opening with some startling scenes of an air raid over wartime Paris, the film captures a mood of hidden horror and suspense when a French soldier, heeding neither the bombs nor warning sirens, is seen stolidly marching through the deserted streets carrying a child in his arms.

Claude Rains plays the soldier. And his story—a story of broken ideals, corrupt opportunists, and a ghastly murder, told by him to a lawyer during the air raid—is the body of the film. Shot in a long flash-back, his tale has interest and timeliness of itself and is given an added dose of strength by the impending shock of its climax.

Rains, a poor editorialist on a small radical paper, is offered a large salary to ghost-write pacifist propaganda for a scheming politician who has the appearance and cunning needed for success but not the brains. An ardent peace lover, Rains, sensing his wife's need of luxury, takes the position and soon builds the politician to national prominence as a foe of war.

But when the war clouds gather, the politician denounces pacifism in favor of the profits to be made with ammunitions, and stays at home to become rich while the disillusioned writer goes to the front. While in the muck and terror of the trenches, rumors seep through to him that the politician, having already stolen his brains, is now after his wife.

Then, in a fit of fury, he deserts to Paris to reclaim his wife and to reclaim his head.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head is strong meat. It blithely ignores all precepts for cinema success, yet by its passion and honesty it becomes a film of vigor and singular beauty.

Joan Bennett, Claude Rains, and Lionel Atwill are splendid in leading rôles, though their parts are drawn to show them not as individuals but as symbols.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture from stage play of same name. . . . With a typical Laemmle cast, sparkling with not only one of the finest actors on the American stage but with most of the finest in Hollywood, it will probably coin plenty—the cast pay roll coming to very little, thanks to the clever Laemmle quickie methods. I hazard picture costs around $200,000, associate producer Henry Henigson supposedly making the picture $25,000 under budget approximations. Curiously, the Laemmles generally clean up on pictures with foreign backgrounds, probably because they have a knack for picking writers and actors who can give the Continental fillip to the proceedings, thus making them salable abroad as well as at home. . . . Claude Rains starred for the first film time in The Invisible Man, in which he showed none of his body, and now reclaims his head. Will his next film be Body and Soul? (Catch on?) Is a Theatre Guild actor of finish and skill. . . . Joan Bennett is considered the sweetest of the much-kicked-about Bennetts. Has twice wedded in good Bennett tradition, and has a child by each of her husbands, the second arriving recently to herself and husband Gene Markey, writer and illustrator. . . . Lionel Atwill was Julius Cæsar to Helen Hayes's Cleopatra in the Shavian version, and manages to keep mighty busy among the kliegs. . . . Though Universal may not put any of the big names in the cast under contract, it has awarded a long-termer to Baby Jane, three-year-older and reputedly the youngest screen mite speaking lines.

Joan Bennett and Claude Rains in The Man Who Reclaimed His Head.

★ ★ ½ HELLDORADO

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Madge Evans, Ralph Bellamy, James Gleason, Henry B. Walthall, Helen Jerome Eddy, Gertrude Short, Patricia Farr, Stanley Fields, Lucky Hurlic, Stepin Fetchit. Directed by James Cruze. Story by Frank Dazey.

SPRINKLED through the West are deserted

At left: Richard Arlen and Madge Evans in Helldorado.

Irene Dunne and Louis Calhern in Sweet Adeline.

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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
Dept. L 1-19, 1926 Broadway, New York City

mining villages, abandoned overnight when the lode ran out or at the rumor of richer fields elsewhere. In Helldorado, Dick Arlen's latest and best picture in some time, one of these ghost towns is used for the background of a story that starts out so well that even its rather faltering finish doesn't keep it from being a highly enjoyable and novel film.

Caught in a sudden furious cloudburst, some travelers abandon their marooned cars to seek shelter in a deserted hotel. Cut off from civilization by the flood, they establish themselves in the town. Arlen, exploring for food, discovers that the town has an inhabitant, a crazed old man who believes that Arlen is his partner returning to mine their secret cache.

Arlen, it turns out, is grandson of the old man's partner; and Madge Evans, in going through some old letters, learns the location of the mine. Up to this point the picture is swift in action, frequently humorous and of sustained interest. The stranded people are well drawn and competently played. The scenes where they pretend to be forty-niners, so as not to fail the crazy old miner, are taut with a frightening sort of comedy.

But later, when the outside world learns of the gold discovery and rushes to the ghost town, and when Miss Evans for no apparent reason deserts her millionaire fiancé for Arlen, the film's excitement becomes synthetic. However, it has a good share of commendable features, mainly its expertly photographed and well imagined background; while Arlen, Ralph Bellamy, Jimmie Gleason, and H. B. Walthall are consistently believable in this unusual little picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: I can remember when the hideous profanity suggested in the film's title would have brought the women's clubs down on the producers like tons of feminine brick. Today Hellder Hays ignores it. . . . Helldorado was produced by pince-nezed ex-trombone-playing Jesse Lasky, who with Samuel Goldwyn and Cecil B. De Mille blazed the Hollywood trail over twenty years ago by renting an old barn and manufacturing The Squaw Man, the barn serving as studio, offices, and exteriors. Jesse is married happily and has one son, himself a screen writer and sort of poet. . . . Richard Arlen recently completed an eleven-years association with Paramount. His first job in Hollywood was as a delivery boy for a film laboratory. While delivering he was accidentally knocked down by one of the film company's autos, out of which, deviously, he became an extra and eventually a member of Paramount's stock company. . . . Madge Evans was the Shirley Temple of a generation ago, and if I tell you she was the Fairy Soap gal again I'll scream. . . . Some kids run away to join the circus—Ralph Bellamy ran away to join a Shakespearean repertory company at fifteen. He is thirty and it took him ten years to crash Broadway and the stage lead opposite Helen Hayes in Coquette. . . . You wouldn't believe it but James Gleason lied about his age and served in the Spanish-American War. He later fought in the World War. He has a contract with Fox, for whom he is a quadruple threat: either writing, directing, acting, or fashioning dialogue. . . . Stepin Fetchit believes in publicizing his already magical name. He totes tire covers on his car which read: "Stepin Fetchit—Famous Fox Star." . . . Lucky Hurlic is a pickaninny who has been in films for three years and now, at six, breaks into the big time at last.

★ ★ SWEET ADELINE

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Donald Woods, Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Phil Regan, Joseph Cawthorn, Louis Calhern, Noah Beery, Winifred Shaw, Nydia Westman. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Story by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II.

SWEET ADELINE, that lovely sentimental and nostalgic operetta of Hoboken beer gardens and Broadway of the '90s, is so dressed up with lavish chorus-girl routines that the time and mood of the story are completely submerged. Some of the haunting Kern music remains, and Irene Dunne, more beautiful than ever, dispenses it in charming fashion. She alone, and possibly Louis Calhern as the villain, seem to have any idea of what the picture is about.

Warner Brothers seem to think that it is just another backstage story. Perhaps it is.

Flavored with spies and backstage jealousies, the principal thread of plot concerns a small-town song writer and his girl, daughter of a beer-garden proprietor. The boy's show is accepted for production, but during rehearsals his angel backs out. Miss Dunne then ups and gets a new backer, who not only finances the play but gives her a big rush with no good intentions.

This introduction is colored with grand music and is amusingly costumed and dressed. Though of halting pace and unbalanced by too broad a comedy technique, the film retains some of its basic appeal. But with the presentation of the show, supposedly a typical revue of the gaslit '90s, Sweet Adeline shoots the works and shoots itself. For the show is as lavish, preposterous, and gaudy as any of the spectacles which adorn the latest films. We have no objection to grandeur in stage presentations as such, but in Sweet Adeline they're out of place.

Phil Regan, Irene Dunne, Donald Woods, and Louis Calhern are right in the spirit of Sweet Adeline. Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, director Mervyn Le Roy, and adapter Erwin Gelsey are back on 42nd Street. It's too bad they didn't break up and make two good pictures in place of one spotty one.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sweet Adeline ran on Broadway for sixty-three weeks, Helen Morgan, its leading lighty, wearing out three piano tops sitting on them during the run. . . . Jerome Kern, our ace music maestro, did its tunes, and Oscar Hammerstein II, a member of our once ace impresario family, its book. . . . Irene Dunne, about whom no breath of scandal (wife of Dr. Francis Griffith), sings seven of the Kern tunes. She was bo'n in Louisville, Kaintuck, and started out to be a school-teacher, but some people heard her sing and she got a scholarship to study said art. Later went into musical comedy. Her first B'way hit was Irene; her biggest B'way hit: Show Boat. Sweet Adeline gives her her first real singing chance on celluloid. Has no temper. This piktsch gives her her sixth part as a beauty of the '90s. . . . Donald (Ralph Zink) Woods was born in Winnipeg in 1906. Went to school in Vancouver, then became U. S. cit and attended U. of Cal. at Berkeley. Started miming in college. Has stocked it in Salt Lake City, San Antonio, Houston, Toledo, Indianapolis, and Washington; toured country in Dracula; has been in two B'way shows; and got a Warner Bros. contract while in Ellitch Gardens stock in Denver. . . . Hugh Herbert writes, acts, directs. Worked on first talking picture, The Lights of New York. Has writ over 150 plays, playlets, sketches, acts, etc. Is expert pantomimist. Laughs at his own face. Calls it rubber-face, mush-mug. Has been in the grease-paint line for over thirty years. . . . Phil Regan is former Singing Cop of radio. Admits his good fortune has been the luck of the Irish, series of good breaks having won him advancement on police force, radio, and screen. Was born a bouncing broth of a bhoy in Brooklyn. . . . Joe Cawthorn is a real old-timer who has decorated some of B'way's most historic hits. Specializes in dialect comedy. Has been in Hollywood for the past five years and has made good all over again, the stage having begun to forget him when he went West. . . . Winifred Shaw was born in the Hawaiian Islands and her real name is Winifred Lei Momi, explained by her English-Irish-Hawaiian parentage. . . . Mervyn Le Roy, still called the Boy Director, is married and soon to be a pappy. His wife, Doris Warner, is daughter of H. M. Warner, president of Warner Bros. Pictures. . . . Noah Beery sings bass and looks it. He also runs a bass business outside Hollywood, a come-up-catch-fish-and-pay fishing ranch.

★ ★ GRAND OLD GIRL

THE PLAYERS: May Robson, Mary Carlisle, Fred MacMurray, Alan Hale, Etienne Girardot, William Burress, Hale Hamilton, Gavin Gordon. Directed by John Robertson. Story by Wanda Tuchock.

GRAND OLD GIRL finds the energetic May Robson as a modern Carry Nation, a school principal who goes busily about cleaning up conditions in her high-school neighborhood. Learning that the boys hang out at a place which features gambling and drinking in the rear, the sprightly Miss Robson ties the building to a truck and pulls off the wall. When that fails to keep her students out of mischief, she goes in for the soda-fountain racket herself.

As might be expected, she runs into trouble when she comes against crooked politicians and high-pressure boys. But in the end she emerges triumphant in her drive for purity, just as she is successful in capturing what has come to be her standard quota of heart throbs and laughs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story an original by Wanda Tuchock, who studied to be a schoolmarm herself at the U. of Col. and the U. of Cal. She ditched a sure M. A. degree because it occurred to her that teaching didn't have enough kick. After a crack at writing advertising copy she became a film studio stenog at twenty-two dollars a week, her idea of breaking into the klieg big time. In time she became a script clerk, and thence on to writing stardom and handling one of the three women director megaphones in Hollywood. She collaborated with George Nicholls, Jr., in directing Finishing School. . . . May Robson recently celebrated fifty-one years of thespian service to the folk of two continents. She never rests between pictures, preferring to visit with her friends, who include not only other stars, directors or featured players, but electricians, prop boys, and grips. Loves to help embryonic and struggling actors. Is terribly young herself. . . . Mary Carlisle was born in Beantown, Massachusetts, and was brought to Hollywood when six months old by her maw and paw, for aging in the celluloid. Was tutored by Peggy Goodrich, a private teacher, and studied dancing at the Belcher School and with Theo Kosloff. She started her movie career in the chorus at fifteen, but lasted a dance month, when she was picked from the dance line to do a small part. Knitting is her hobby—as whose isn't it? . . . The veteran Alan Hale was born in Washington, D. C., and educated at the U. of Penn. He has been in films since 1911. Has directed for Fox and De Mille. He is six feet two, weighs 220, has blond hair and blue eyes. Science is his hobby and he has money in several of his own inventions. His best known rôles were the menace in The Covered Wagon, Little John in Robin Hood, and the father in the Four Horsemen of Rex Ingram. He can play any part offered him, but curiously he has never been made a matinée idol. Why not a good husky intelligent he-mannish part in which he wrestles the Garbo to a standstill? . . . A complete new town was erected for the picture and meant to represent a typical Middleton, U. S. A. . . . So many free sodas and other carbonated confections were drunk on the high-school fountain set, it was found necessary to install colic insurance, allowing each of the extras six per day.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies. The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ FEBRUARY HILL by Victoria Lincoln. Farrar & Rinehart.

Fiction justifies itself: people you'll never forget portrayed with rich understanding and deep humor.

★ ★ ★ THE WORLD OUTSIDE by Hans Fallada. Simon & Schuster.

Willi Kufalt served five years in prison, now outside he tries hard to be respectable. Circumstances and people force him to steal, lie, cheat. He cannot adjust himself to the world outside, only when he is again in prison does he feel comfortable and at peace. Well told, intensely interesting study of an ex-convict.

★ ★ SUMMER LEAVES by Denis Mackail. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A very light story of Ursula visiting her sister-in-law—a long line of lovers—much too long. A bit tiresome.

★ ★ THE CASE OF SUSAN DARE by Mignon G. Eberhart. The Crime Club, Inc.

Susan Dare, who wrote mystery stories, visits a friend, Christabel Frame. Here a real murder takes place—which Susan solves. Not spellbinding.

★ ★ UNFINISHED PORTRAIT by Mary Westmacott. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

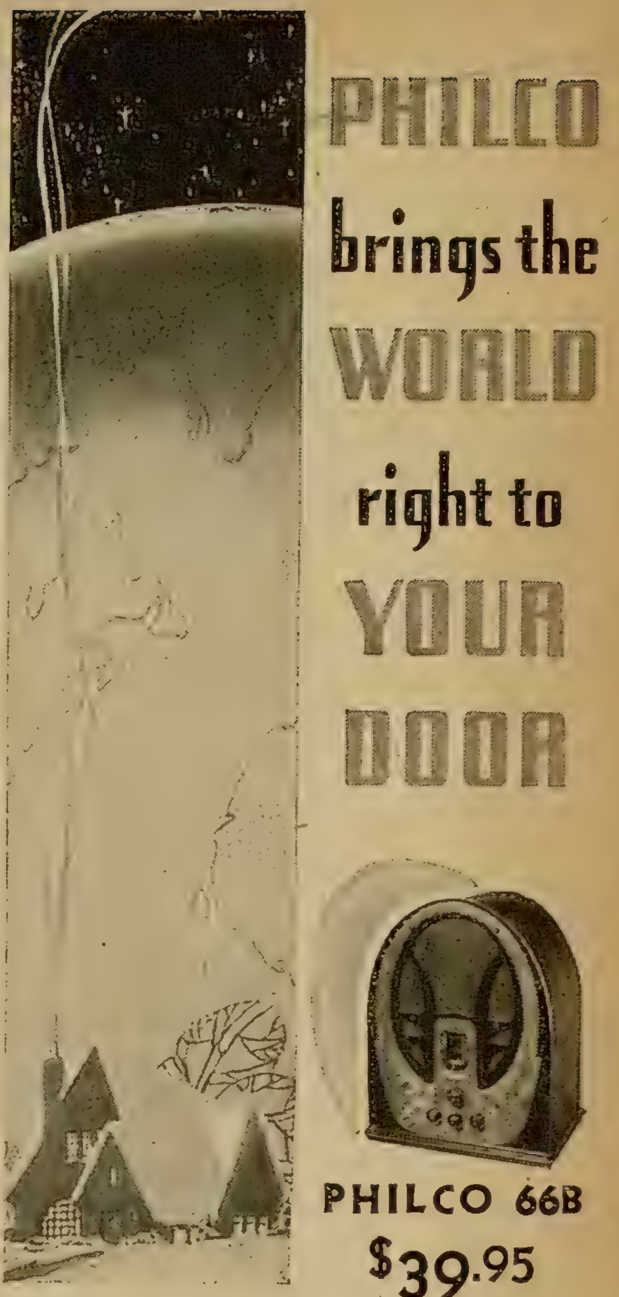
This is the life story of Celia. Celia from her childhood was a bit too serious and is now unhappy with her daughter, a silent matter-of-fact person like her father. We find Celia about to end it all when a young man talks her out of it. Not too interesting. Not much value.

★ ★ FOLLY FARM by Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Historical story for girls from twelve to fifteen, with vivid pictures of life on the Great Lakes frontier of girl heroine protected through the war of 1812 by Mohawk Indian and patriotic white settlers.

★ ★ ASEFF THE SPY by Boris Nikolajewsky. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

An interesting but involved history of the scoundrel who served, and was paid by, two masters. He headed the terrorist movement of the Social Revolutionary Party and at the same time sold its secrets to the Imperial Russian Police.



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New-type Mola Steel Front Springs and New Scientific Weight Distribution give amazing "Floating Ride."

Sidesway Eliminator keeps car on "even keel"—new safety on curves.

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THIS WEEK, Plymouth announces a revolutionary new high-speed safety car. A new kind of automobile, engineered from the ground up, to meet modern traffic conditions.

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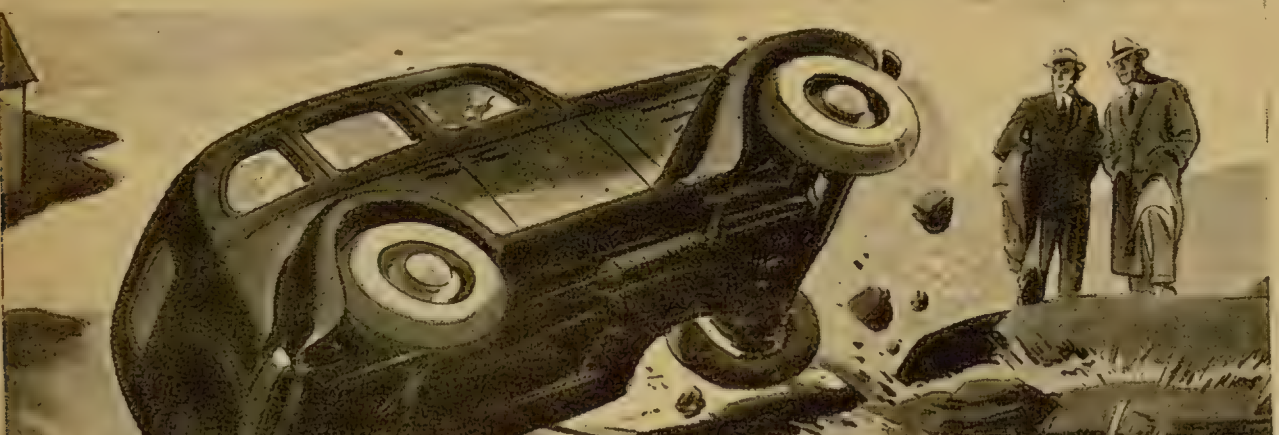

Over and over, down a steep hill. For years Plymouth engineers have used this dramatic way of testing Plymouth's rugged All-Steel Bodies. This year's Plymouth Body is stronger than its predecessors.

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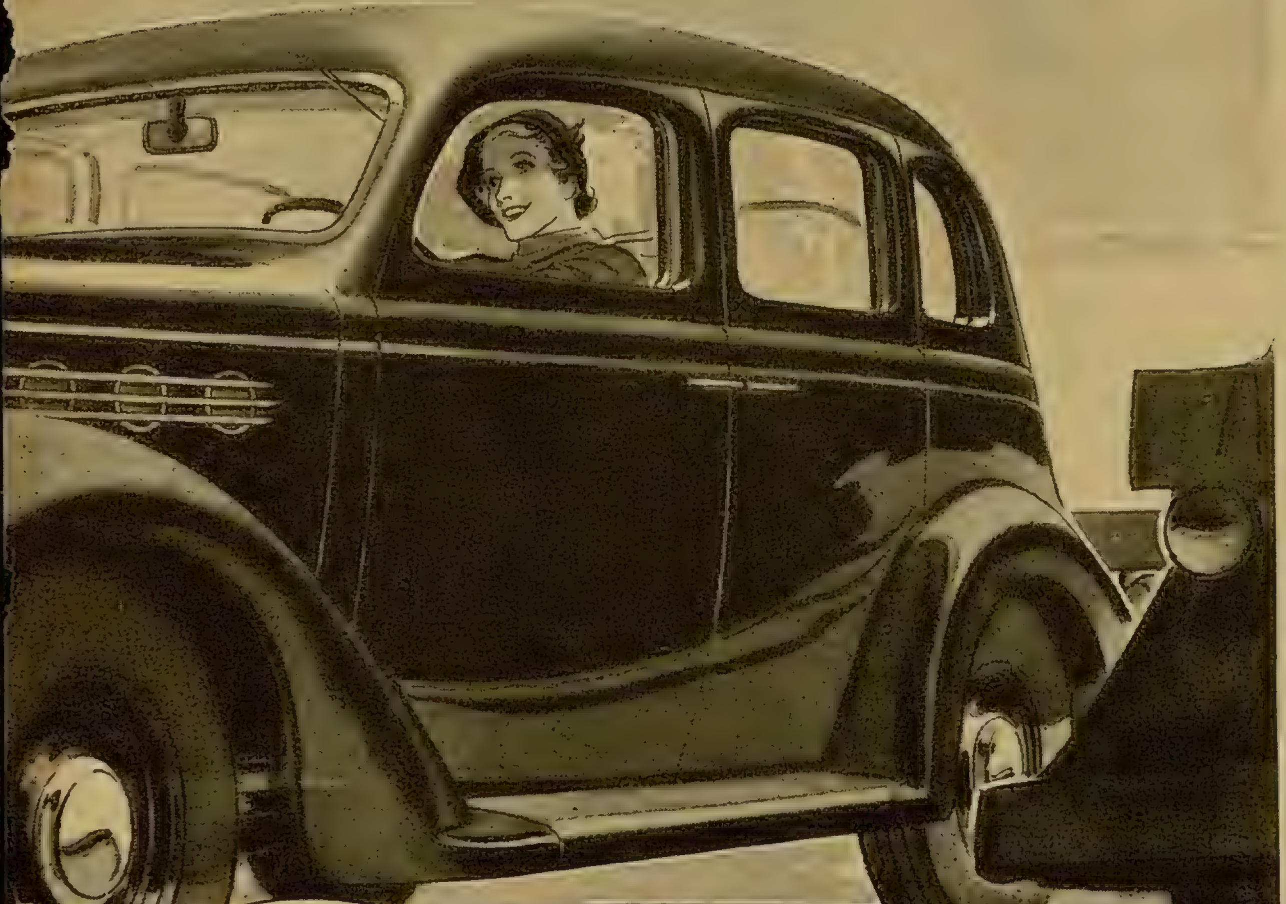
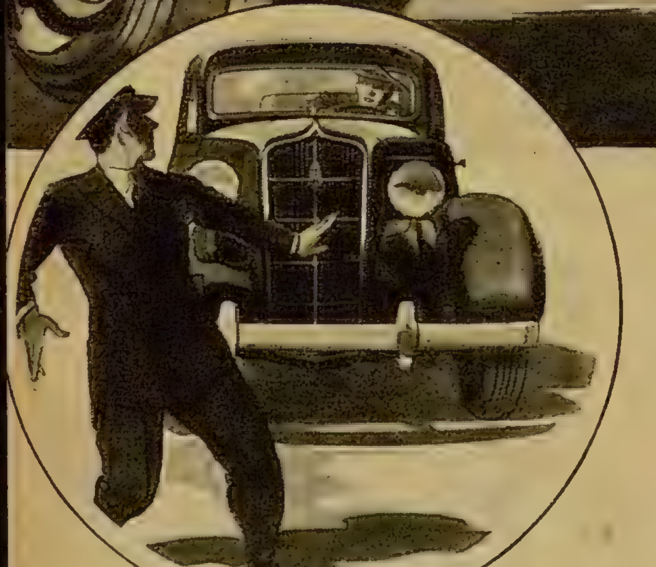
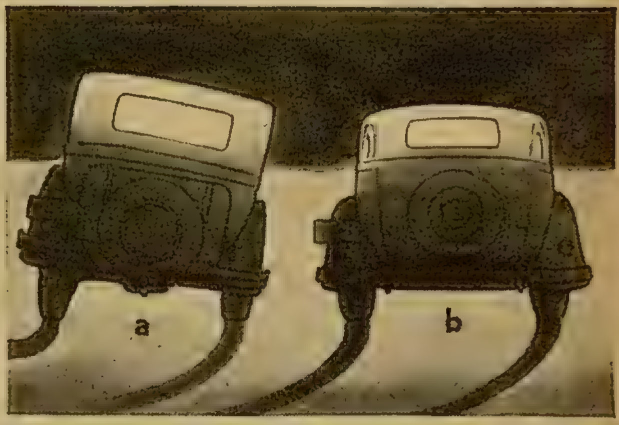


Above: Here it comes . . . the new 1935 Plymouth.



Left: Improved Hydraulic Brakes stop this new high-speed safety car with instant, even action.



Conventional car (a) sways on curve. New Plymouth (b) on same curve, without swaying.

gine has the highest compression ratio of any car—without penalty of premium gasoline. Yet, due to directional water circulation, calibrated ignition and full-length water jackets, gas and oil consumption is reduced 12% to 20%.

Shift the gears and notice the startling smoothness of Syncro-Silent Transmission. Step on the brakes and "feel" the instant, even, Hydraulic action on all four wheels.

No wonder this sensational new 1935 Plymouth is being called "The World's Safest Low-Priced Car."

A Real Work of Art

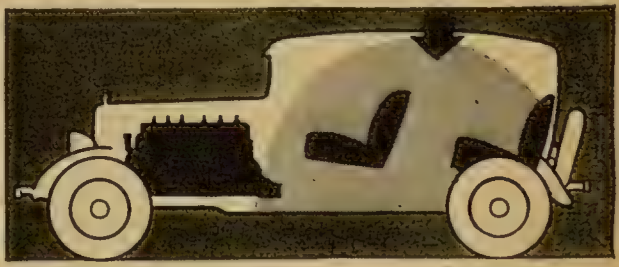
And now for the great climax of this story. The above picture of the new Plymouth gives only a hint of its true beauty. Never before has a low-priced car been so strikingly beautiful. The whole car is streamlined . . . smartly so. It has long, graceful lines . . . and Airplane-type Fenders.

The body is torpedo-shaped . . . a symphony of beauty. It hurtles through the air like a projectile . . . producing the minimum of wind resistance.

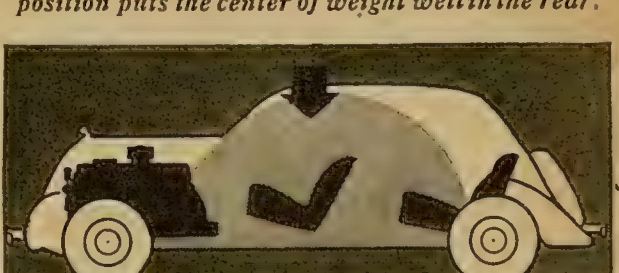
The entire body is made of Safety-Steel . . . for your 100% safety . . . and the body fits down over the frame instead of merely sitting on it, as it does in ordinary cars.

Go see this new Plymouth "with your own eyes." Drive this history-making car. Experience its new kind of ride.

The new 1935 Plymouth is now on display by all Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers everywhere. Don't miss it!



Above: Ordinary car, showing how the engine position puts the center of weight well in the rear.



Above: 1935 Plymouth. Note how the axle loads . . . in front and rear . . . have been equalized.

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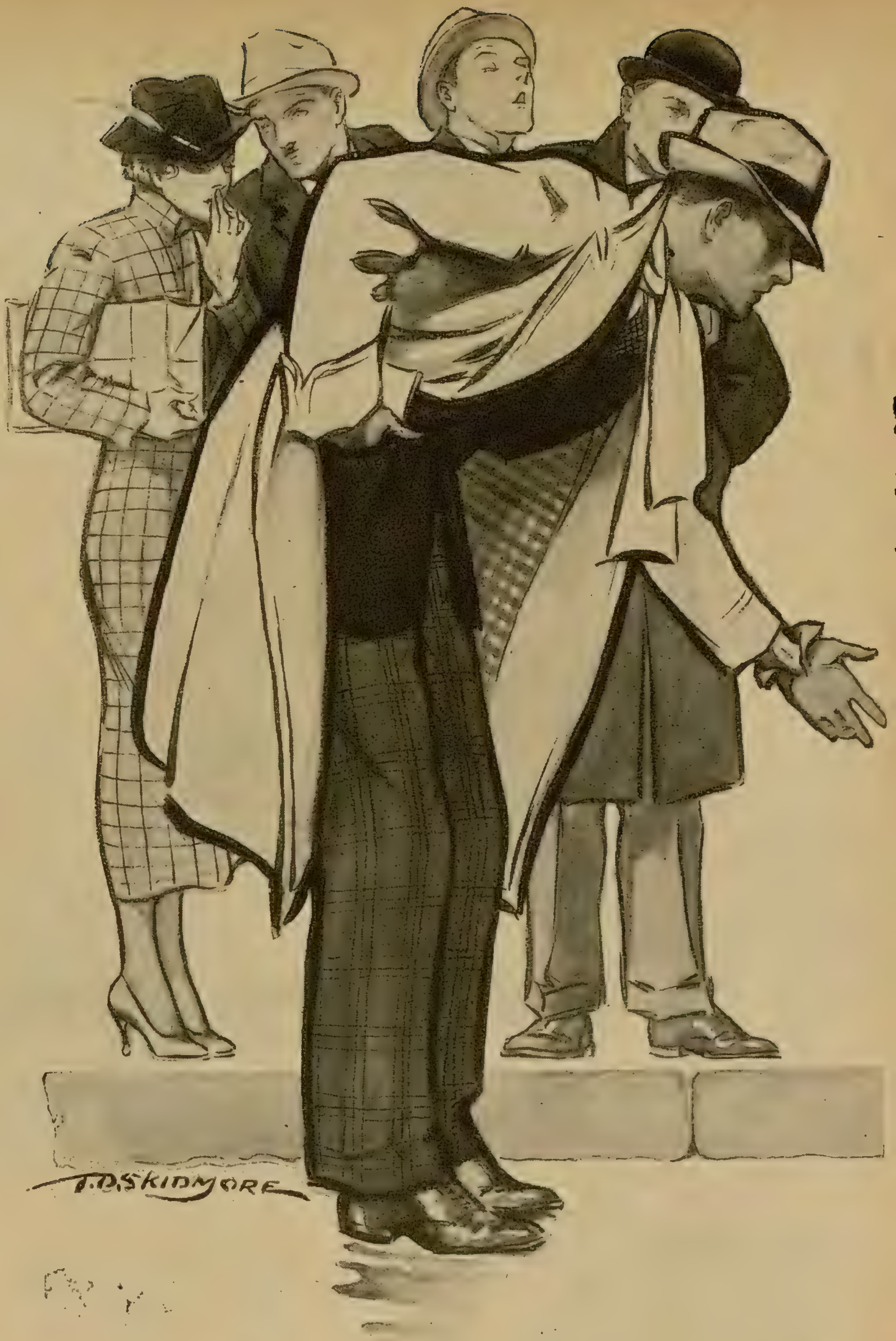


Pul-lease! Lawyer SUE

MISS SUSANNE CARPENTER was in the eyes of many a very fortunate young lady, being a member of the Philadelphia bar in good, nay, excellent standing. Every time the bar considered her hair like honeyed light, the blue flames she wore in her eyes, and her slim silken ankles, her standing improved tenfold. At first, however, to the younger members of the bar she had been a real source of lamentation, for she connected herself with the office of old Farlow, who was, after all, pushing eighty. Such a waste of good material! they sighed. At the same time it presented definite proof, to any who cared about such matters, that the girl had brains. Old Farlow was nobody's fool, and had never been known to err on his young uns' potentialities.

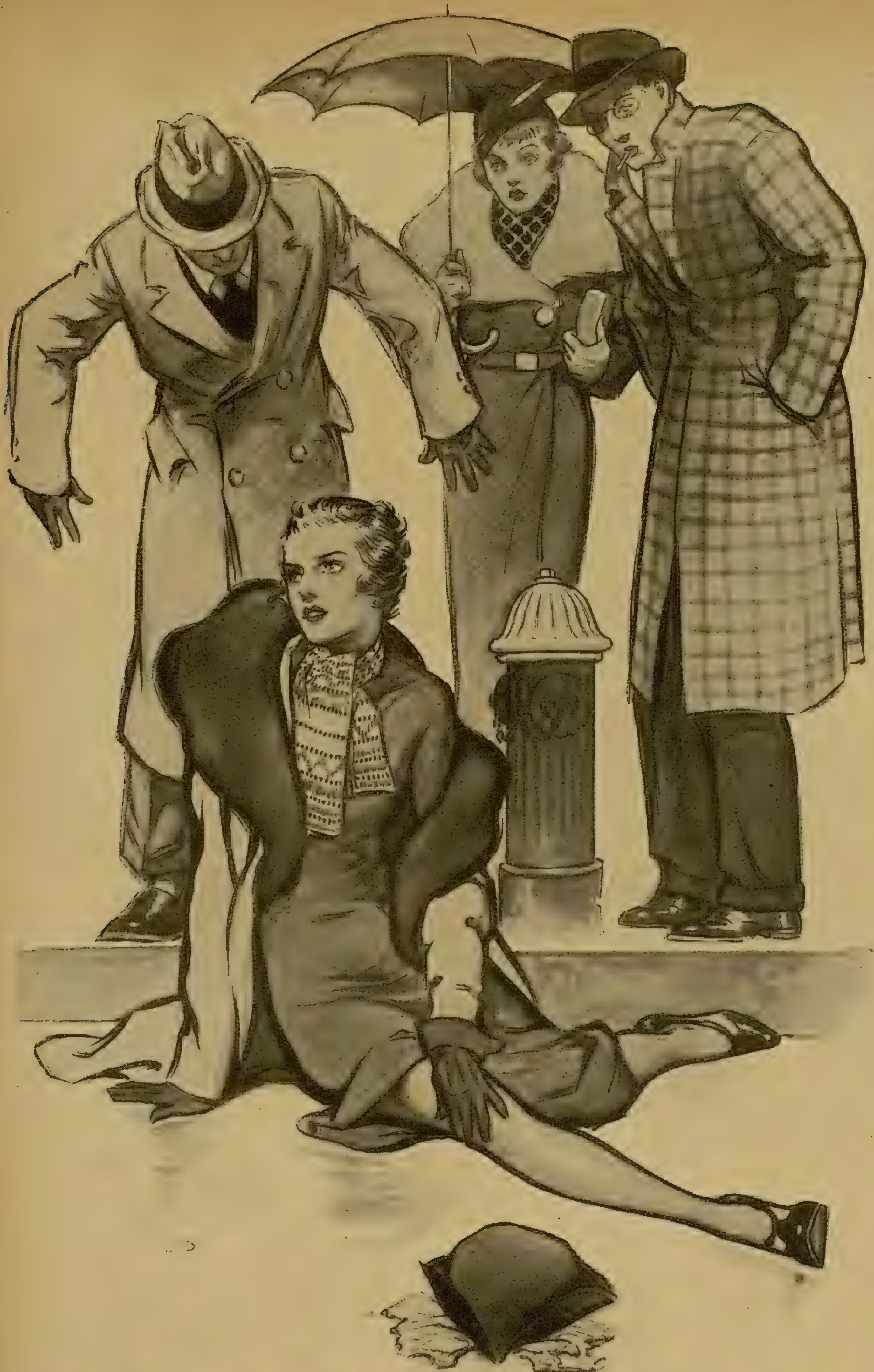
But Sue had more than brains: she had tradition. She was Judge Pat's daughter. She had learned the names of the five major crimes before she was able to understand the meaning of the words. As a baby she slept with phrases like "free alienation of property," "prima-facie cases," and "presumption of guilt."

Oh, there had never been the slightest doubt about her career, even after the judge's untimely death. Never until one strange morning when the slick routine of Sue's life became suddenly unbearable. Pictures of beautiful maidens suspended in space on skis, all blue woolly scarfs flying and soft gloves clutching those thingumajigs, left her sick with longing. She took to examining her figure with a view to its possibilities in pants. Girls with long bronze limbs sunning under bland Southern skies left her suddenly chilled and lonely. Presently, too, she wanted a slinky gown with a train and a fox scarf thrown over one shoulder carelessly.

This morning was only a climax to this growing nostalgia. Typewriters clacked outside her office, the telephone board buzzed sibilantly. Familiar sounds all, but no longer dear! Irksome, if anything. Even the weather irritated. It was snowing. White powder puffs grew on the window sills and against the chimneys of the adjoining building. Suddenly the warm room with its hissing radiator became unbearable. She wanted to be cold. She wanted to feel snow blowing in her face. She grabbed her hat and coat and went out. The streets were polished ice. Sue joined the bustling crowd, running a little. She threw back her head and laughed at nothing.

She darted across the street, dodging cars—all but one, a large black roadster, which bore down on her, its brakes screeching, its horn blowing wildly. A woman screamed. Crowds shocked to immobility gaped. The fender hit Sue, pushed her ingloriously to the gutter, while the car skidded sickeningly away, swayed dangerously, then settled to a stop at the curb.

Sue didn't know whether she was hurt or not. She was mad. Such an ignoble end to that lovely adventurous spirit she had felt! She wanted to commit mayhem on that driver—sever his ears or disconnect a couple of teeth at the very least. With masterful power and polish she described her attacker and his ancestors. Then, "When dangerous toys are put in



The fender hit Sue, pushed her ingloriously to the gutter. The driver of the car bent over her.

by CONSTANCE HALL

A Sparkling Story of a "Sawdust Soul," and the Way of a Man with a Maid

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

the infantile hands of morons there should be a law," she concluded violently.

The driver of the car bent over her. He was very tall and had a long way to bend. Angry eyes prominent against a lot of out-of-season sunburn belied any solicitude on his part. He picked her up with the emotion one might extend to a flour sack and gravely retrieved her hat.

"One hat," he said, and drawing forth a pencil and a little book, he wrote.

"What are you doing?" she exploded. "Give me my hat at once."

"One lost temper," he pronounced with maddening calm and wrote again in the little book. "Just what price do you place on your temper, Miss—ah—" He smiled knowingly, which was very exasperating. "And one fibula, I'm sure," he added. "No? Think twice, miss—broken legs come high."

SHE was so surprised she said only, "You're insulting."

"Not at all. Not at all. Just helpful. I should hate to see you cheated when all the others reaped such a lusty harvest."

"Others?" she said dazedly. Her left stocking had sprung darting runs which were traveling almost audibly to her ankles.

"You didn't think you were the first, surely. Let's see." He flipped the pages of his little book in mock search. "The last one got ten thousand. But then, you're probably not a dancer. Your fibula wouldn't be worth more than two thousand."

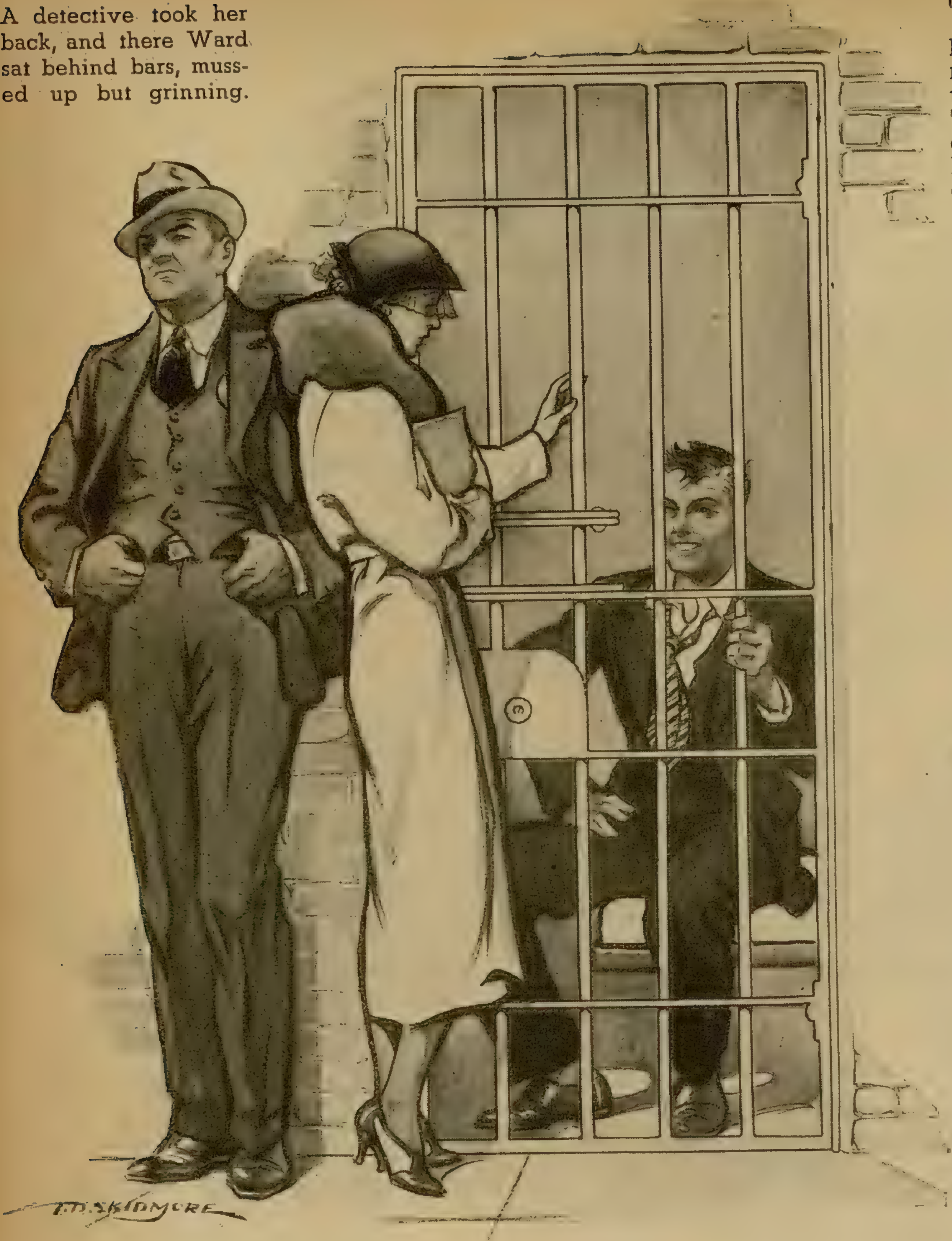
"This is hardly the place for cheap humor," said Sue spiritedly, and felt better. That approached a more proper legal dignity.

"Humor! Humor! My gosh! Young lady"—he shook his little book under her nose—"there have been three suits in the courts against me in the last six months. I tell you I'm nuts. Now I suppose you'll tell me you didn't know I was Ward Calhoun. You had no idea! You just felt the seductive charm of my fenders and walked right into them. Ugh!"

Sue's eyes blazed. She snatched her hat from under his arm, she jammed it over her right eye, and completely forgot that a good lawyer is never angry—he may only simulate anger for courtroom purposes. "Mr. Ward, your egotism is—is—"

"Colossal," he supplied with mock courtesy, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"Revolting! Nauseating! Let me tell you I know I jaywalked into your car. Furthermore, I am not hurt. Furthermore, further, I shall be glad to put it in writing so that by no chance will it be necessary for me to look at you or your obnoxious lawyers."



A detective took her back, and there Ward sat behind bars, mussed up but grinning.

"That's a good one! But of course you didn't mean it." He snapped the little book shut and, returning it to his pocket, started back to the car.

"Give me that ridiculous book." She commanded it so imperiously that he handed it over automatically. "I'll write you a release so air-tight, the case will probably gasp to death."

A slow bewilderment spread across Ward Calhoun's countenance.

"What's more," she added while she wrote rapidly, "I hadn't an idea who you were. You're simply a rotogravure face to me, a rather horsy face I find very hard to distinguish from your ubiquitous ponies. Only *they're* probably thoroughbreds!"

Whereupon she shoved the book into his inert hand, glared into his unbelieving eyes, and attempted, minus a heel, to strut haughtily away.

FOR two whole hours Susanne seethed in a very unlegal-like manner. She smacked her desk with books, which made a great deal of soul-satisfying noise, until she ran out of books. She delivered belated excoriations to young wastrels who run down the lady workers of the world, studded with phrases like "overweening vanity," "alarming megalomania," and "general irresponsibility." Then she hurled her heelless shoe at the bookcase. For the first time in her overdisciplined life she let down her hair, so to speak.

There was no way for her to know that, even as she scrubbed mud from her skirt, machinations against her hurried apace. They started with a telephone call. She carefully arranged her voice and picked up the receiver.

"Let's have lobster," a masculine voice said, "and ice cream, to celebrate."

"I beg your pardon?" said Sue.

"No! Positively it's an exploded theory. They mix splendidly."

"Who is speaking, please? And I might add, you are not very funny."

"It's me, celebrating the discovery of an honest woman," the voice continued. "You remember me? Old Horse-Face. And see here, young lady. When you write a release see that the releasor's address is prominent. I've wasted two directory-leafing hours and I didn't like it—at all. You might have made another date in that time."

SUSANNE smiled like a crocodile about to swallow whatever crocodiles swallow. "Young man—" she began.

"Oh, not so young," he interrupted; "thirty-ish!"

"Young man," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "your manners reveal an inordinate supply of overweening vanity and—ah—an alarming megalomania." She felt much better. Altogether a most presentable performance. "As for luncheon, I have an engagement. I always have an engagement. Not that you could possibly understand, but I work for a living. Good-by!" She hung up the receiver and enjoyed a surge of triumph.

For the next few days life took on new zest. Preparedness is a battle won. Knowledge is power and all that sort of thing, Sue told herself. Hence would she learn more about Ward Calhoun; everything she could, so that when he made further efforts to—ah—to annoy her—that is, in case he made further efforts—she could readily destroy him.

It wasn't difficult. The popular decision seemed to be for a slight insanity tinged with harmlessness. His insanities had run a weird gamut, from attempt to establish a betel-nut industry at his preparatory school (from which he was expelled when the young students thereof broke out with an epidemic of scarlet teeth) to his present rôle of employer of "miscellany." The word was his own, meaning practically anybody that couldn't get a job and needed one. Rumor had it that his ancestral lawns were divided now into myriads of little squares, each with its own gardener clipping—clipping. Every pony had four grooms—one for each leg.

That was the extent of Sue's research on the day he was announced to her quite formally with a card. He followed the card right in, however, dressed impeccably in spats, cane, and gray gloves. He bowed and smiled stiffly. When she nodded only, he pantomimed a gracious reception, shaking imaginary hands.

She wouldn't laugh. She wouldn't! she told herself. He wasn't funny; it was just the way he had of wrinkling his eyes, closing up little white lines at their corners where the sunburn wasn't, that got you, or maybe his easy smile. At any rate she wasn't going to laugh. So she spoke sharply: “What are you doing here?”

“Tut! Tut! Is that any way to receive an important client? A potential gold mine to any lawyer. I have business I wish to discuss over the luncheon table.”

“Here,” she said briefly—“we'll discuss it here, if at all.”

He sighed. Carefully placing his hat, overcoat, and gloves on her desk, he sat down. “Very well. But I must say you're a very trying person. It's apples.”

“What?”

“When one considers the shameless way the apple appetites of the populace have been deliberately cultivated and expanded for the sake of our unemployed, one is outraged. On every street corner where formerly dwelt the jobless apple vender are now collected large groups of apple-starved inhabitants.”

She laughed, and could have kicked herself for it, because suddenly he joined her, and there is something about communal laughter. He'd think everything was fine now. Well, it wasn't. She stopped laughing. He who never did a stroke of work, skiing through life with girls in flying woolly scarfs while she slaved, ruining her eyes over law tomes—he thought he could mount his car on her back, insult her with libelous insinuations, and clown his way right out of it. He was wrong. She removed the smile which was the tail end of the laugh and said, “I fail to see what this—this drivel has to do with me. Kindly come to the point, if any.”

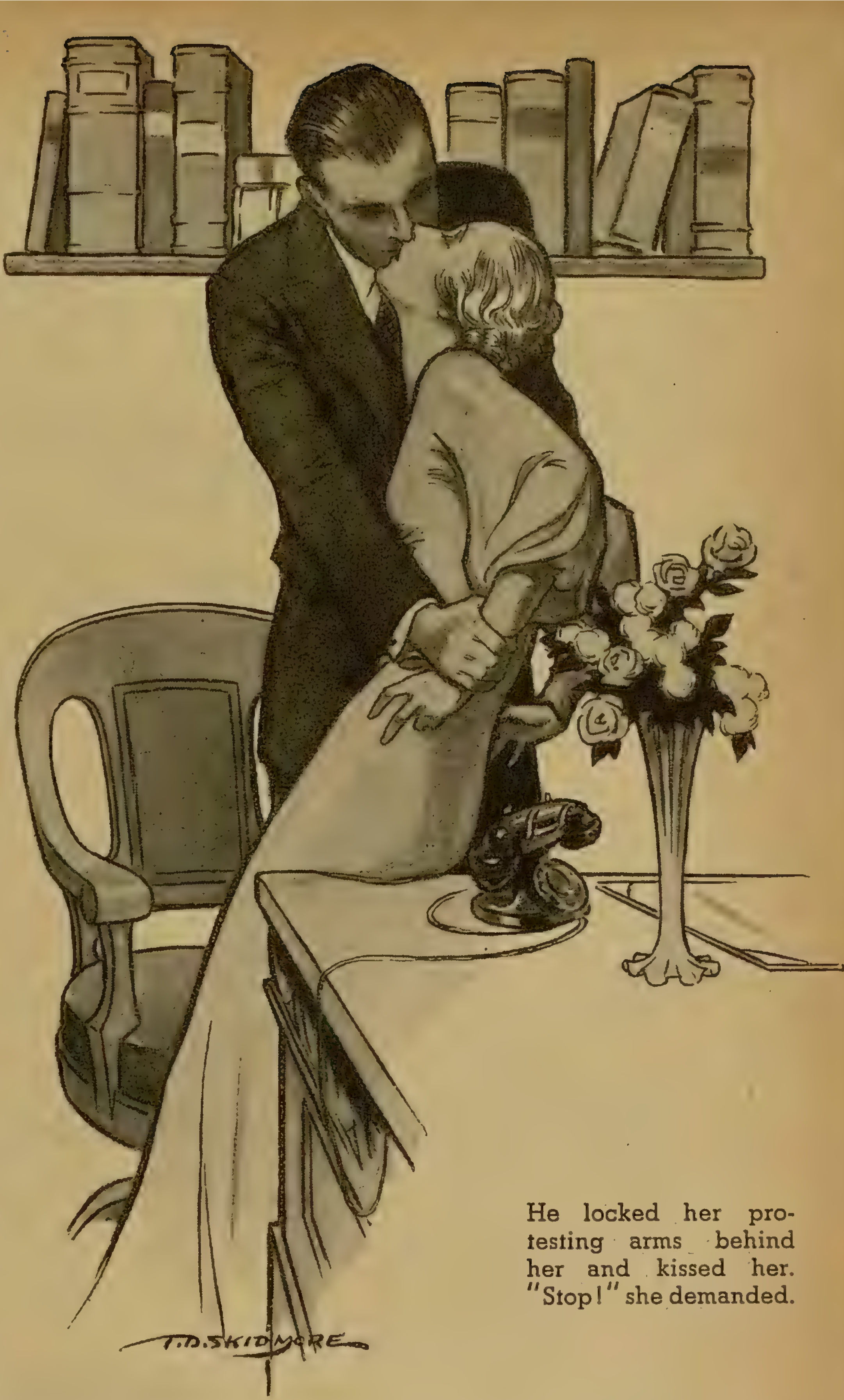
“Br-r-r!” said he more or less. “Some day you'll freeze into position. Well, I think there's a chance to make a killing and I'm going to buy an apple farm. I want you to represent me—title and all that sort of thing.”

He didn't smile and she didn't know whether he was serious or not.

“It's in Lancaster County,” he said finally. “Thought we might drive up there and have a little look-see this afternoon.”

“I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I never practice realty law.”

“You don't!” He seemed flabbergasted; all the pose departed. “Well, I think that's damn' inconsiderate of you. It took me three whole days to think up that one, and now I suppose I'll have to go out and commit a murder.”



He locked her protesting arms behind her and kissed her. "Stop!" she demanded.

“Why not experiment with a little suicide first?” Sue said—rather niftily, if she did say so herself. “Good day, Mr. Calhoun.” Looking slapped, he departed.

And that was that. It was all over and she could forget all about him. Get some work done. Every once in a while between writs of summons and statements of claims, she laughed. She'd laugh at how completely she had forgotten about the way his hair grew at the back of his neck—swirled a little. Some girls meeting a man like Ward Calhoun would have been fascinated, she knew; so it was a great source of satisfaction to her to realize that she was above such things.

That went on for three days.

Then a strange call came in from the police station. “Send Miss Carpenter at once,” some one said. “A client of hers in trouble.”

It wasn't quite murder. A detective took her back, and there Ward sat behind bars, mussed up but grinning. His hair stood at angles from his forehead, his collar and tie inextricably entwined rested somewhere under his left ear.

“What have you done?” she asked in a businesslike tone, while the detective looked into space.

“Driving while intoxicated, resisting an officer, and smashing a plate-glass window with the back end of the car.” He looked very happy with accomplishment.

“First charge dropped,” said the detective.

“What?” Ward Calhoun sprang to his feet and shook the bars. “How dare you drop a charge? I *was* intoxicated, I tell you! Thoroughly intoxicated. I couldn't walk that chalk line, could I? Fell all over my feet, didn't I? I demand to have that charge returned.”

The detective looked down at Sue and made the universal motion with his hands to indicate Ward's probable goofiness. And Sue laughed. She couldn't help it. Ward was such a fool; he looked so thoroughly, so ridiculously crestfallen.

WARD grew calm and stared at her. “It's even better than I expected,” he said.

“What?”

“Like silver bells, rippling waters. Like birds in the night— Laugh again, Sue darling, please.”

She was going to say something squelching—very squelching. But before she could think of it an officer in uniform arrived and removed Ward from the cell. “Come along,” he said. “The captain wants to talk to you. You're sitting pretty, fella.”

“I refuse. I won't go.”

But he went, dragged by the burly detective on one side, the officer on the other, and Sue trailing behind.

“Sit down. Sit down, Mr. Calhoun,” said the captain. “Why didn't you tell me who you were? Listen, Mr. Calhoun. I have been wantin' to meet you for a long time.”

Ward looked dazed. Sue was having a grand time. "You have? What for?" asked Ward, refusing the cigar the captain was urging upon him.

"For taking my wife's family off my hands. Joe, my brother-in-law, is the groom to the left hind hoof of Paxon. My father-in-law curries your strawberry patch."

"Oh!" said Ward, looking wretchedly at Sue, who smiled maliciously.

"Yes, sir, that's a great work you're doin', Mr. Calhoun," said the captain. Then, "O'Brien!" he bellowed. An officer appeared. "What you mean Mr. Calhoun resisted arrest?"

"The defendant," droned O'Brien in his best courtroom manner, "drove into my semaphore, stopped, and yelled, 'You big baboon, get the hell out of my way!' I jumps ten feet and says, 'See here, young fellow, you can't do that.' And he says, 'I can't, huh?' and backs his car right into Carter's plate-glass window. So I brings him in."

"Case dropped," said the captain. "Mr. Calhoun, see Carter about damages. Good-by. It's been a pleasure to—"

But the defendant went suddenly crazy. "You can't do this to me!" he said. "Here I've built up a case with a great deal of thought. On what grounds, I ask you, have you a right to drop this case after I've brought my lawyer all the way down here to take care of me? On what grounds, I demand?"

The captain looked him over, shrugged his shoulders, then turned his attention to Sue, who wore a little white collar that was very becoming indeed. He smiled knowingly. "On the grounds that Officer O'Brien is, after all, a kind of baboon. Turn the defendant over to his lawyer for removal," he said finally, and everybody laughed.

They walked to the pavement together, Sue Carpenter and Ward Calhoun. "Consider yourself removed," she said unsmilingly. "And, Mr. Calhoun, please don't keep popping up this way. My time is—"

"By gad, I won't!" he shouted. "Your time! Your awful efficiency! Your cold, hard eyes. Your soul of sawdust. Your humorless honesty! I'll let you alone, believe me. May all the women I run over in the future be thoroughly corrupt. Good-by!" He strode angrily down the street, yanking his tie into position.

SUE went back to the office. It was all there. The typewriters clacking, the telephone board with the operator's timeless "H. M. Farlow's office. Good morning." It wasn't snowing any more and the powder puffs looked a little used, but they were there. But they didn't irritate. She didn't even see them. She was examining her eyes in the mirror. "Cold, hard eyes," she said.

Later, months later, it was spring, and Sue, a little thinner, a little savage sometimes, still went to the office daily. If she talked less about the textbook of human conduct, if she smiled faintly when some one congratulated her on her success in the profession, if she laughed humorlessly when any one referred to the march of civilization, it was not too obviously and she did her work.

Occasionally rumors of Ward Calhoun reached her ears. He was in Palm Beach. He was infatuated with Lily Dare, a woman of the theater. He had lost the Calhoun fortune. He had doubled it. He had received a broken neck on the polo field. She bought a paper every half hour until the broken neck degenerated into a sprained ankle and she breathed again.

Then, into Sue's office came Lily Dare. She was very beautiful. She didn't walk; she seemed to flow as the sea flows. She sat—elaborately. Her eyes were deep, not cold and hard; her lips were very red. Any one could see that Lily Dare had a lot of soul—no sawdust there! No, sir!

She said, "I'm the swan."

"What?" said Sue, startled out of herself.

"The girl next to me—the peacock, you know—though God knows how she got it, being a little cross-eyed, unless Sam's fallen for her. Sam's our stage director, you know."

"Oh, yes," Sue gasped.

"She told me about you. Said you were a swell lawyer. Well, so here's the letters, and I thought maybe we'd get twenty-five thousand for 'em."

"I DON'T understand exactly," said Sue.

"This Ward Calhoun wrote them. A lot of fool letters, and here they are, so now we can go ahead. What? As the English say," said the girl.

Did this person, that the Calhoun man evidently admired so greatly, did she think that Susanne Carpenter would handle such a foul case? Did she for one moment think—

Sue boiled. She rose, the better to deliver her little speech. "Miss Dare," she said, "I wouldn't handle a breach-of-pro—" And then she stopped, because she had a thought. A ripe thought. It made her pale a little. Deliberately and with forethought, she decided to wreck her whole career, shatter it into little bits.

And she felt fine. She even laughed.

She picked up the package of letters, put them in her desk drawer and locked it. "For safe-keeping," she said to Lily Dare. Then, "If you'll pardon me a moment, we'll talk further."

She disappeared into the outer office, issued a brief command for somebody to get Ward Calhoun to this office in fifteen minutes. It was a case of life and death.

Lily, her ear pressed to the closed door, smiled into her fox neckpiece. "Nice kid," she said. "Too damn' good for him, probably, but that's none of my business." She was shrugging her slender shoulders when Sue returned.

"Now about Ward—ah—Mr. Calhoun. He has refused to marry you?" asked Sue. "Of course there is no breach of contract unless he refuses to carry out his end of the bargain. The letters are worthless, you understand." She talked on and on. She delivered a lecture on breach of contract, its origin, its evolution, and its present state, as she watched through her open door for the arrival of Ward Calhoun. When he finally appeared she was breathless. "You ass!" she muttered into his ear. "You silly ass!"

Lily Dare sprang to her feet.

"What does this mean?" said Lily.

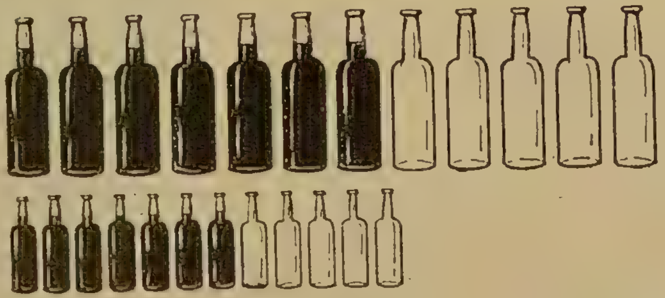
Sue went to her desk, unlocked the drawer, and drew forth the letters, which she presented to Ward Calhoun. "There are your letters, Mr. Calhoun. Try to resist the impulse to write any more if you must associate with the riffraff—"

Lily Dare screamed.

"What is this?" said Ward. "I refuse utterly. After all, is there no justice? Miss Dare has been humiliated

Beggars and Bottles

By F. Gregory Hartswick



It is reliably reported that the cellarer of a certain ancient monastery decanted a cask of wine into bottles of two sizes, one of which held just twice as much as the other. He bottled a dozen of each size. When five of each had been emptied the monastery received a new cask, and the cellarer was instructed to give the old wine, bottles and all, to any beggars that might happen along.

One morning three beggars appeared. The cellarer, who was a person of eminent fairness, managed to give them the two dozen bottles, full and empty, in such a way that each beggar received the same number of bottles of each size, and also the same quantity of wine.

The records are silent as to just how he did it; perhaps you can figure it out. Our illustration shows the bottles. Can you divide them into three groups, each containing the same number of bottles of equal sizes and the same quantity of wine? No pourings allowed—the wine stays in the bottles in which it already is.

(The answer will be found on page 45)

CONSTANCE HALL

abandoned a promising business career she despised and after ten months of travel enrolled as a student at the University of Pennsylvania. Worked her way through college, married an economist and began writing stories which sell.

among her fellows. A bruised spirit, a crushed dove fallen to the cold, hard earth—with broken wing. I demand to be sued." He threw the letters to the desk with such force that one envelope split open, revealing a blank sheet of paper within.

Sue was too amazed to speak.

"Yes," said Lily in an injured voice. "My life is ruined like he says. Give me my letters! I'll have you disbarred for this! A breach of —a breach of something—"

"Ethics," pronounced Ward sonorously, "breach of ethics. Believe me, you'd better take back those letters, Miss Carpenter, and sue—sue me plenty."

But Sue had found herself. She stared at one and then the other. Without a word, then, she sat down and wrote rapidly.

Finally she said, "You are both insane. I don't know what it's all about, but I tell you I won't sue and I won't be disbarred. Here—you see that, both of you? That is my resignation from the bar."

Lily Dare and Ward Calhoun exchanged glances. Hers questioned, and he put his finger to his lips in a command for silence.

"Now," said Sue, "get out of here, both of you—get out, I say!" Her voice rose.

She was going to cry any moment now. She was even going to be hysterical. She felt very queer indeed. Presently she dashed disgusting tears away angrily.

WARD motioned Lily to the door. "Come to the office tomorrow and I'll pay you," he whispered. "Swell performance, Lil."

"It was nothing, really," Lily smiled. "Glad to be some help."

"You too!" said Sue chokingly, "You go too. Get out! I don't—"

He anchored her against the desk, locked her protesting arms behind her, and kissed her. "Stop!" she demanded. "It was all a put-up job. Just to make me look foolish—just to—"

"Yes. No."

"There weren't any letters to that —that person at all."

"No."

He kissed her again.

"Now, you listen, you little eel. I had to do something, didn't I? And even I reach the end of my virile imagination in time. Outside of arson, I couldn't think of another—"

But he didn't have to finish, because something not hard and cold about her eyes, something revealing the demise of a sawdust soul, stopped him.

The coöperation improved.

Presently Ward was slowly tearing up something behind Sue's back.

"What's that?" asked Sue of his left lapel.

"Your resignation from the bar. After all, darling, you can't resign now. With my newly acquired criminal habits, we'll be needing a lawyer in the family."

THE END

SHE: "What a grand meal, Bob; you certainly know how to pick places."

HE: "Righto! They have the best food here of any place in town."

SHE: "The only trouble is my tummy is so full I'm afraid I'll have acid indigestion."

HE: "Not on your life, Sally. I always keep a roll of TUMS in my pocket. They prevent, as well as quickly relieve, heartburn."

The Better the Food The More You Need TUMS..

They Relieve Acid Indigestion .. Heartburn .. Sour Stomach So Quickly!

BELIEVE it, for it's true—in many cases the better the quality of the food the more you need TUMS. And the reason is very simple. Tempting dishes whet your appetite. You eat more than customary. Very often some favored food is the one that makes your stomach fussy.

So don't be surprised the next time you have a gassy fullness or heartburn, just after your host has provided you with a particularly excellent meal. Be prepared. Carry a roll of TUMS in your pocket. Munch three or four of them, just as you would after-dinner mints, and you will usually find that the excess acid in your stomach is quickly corrected.

Millions now use TUMS, not only because they relieve acid indigestion so quickly, but also because they contain no soda or any water-soluble alkalies. Instead TUMS contain an antacid compound soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is corrected, the action of TUMS stops. So much better than taking harsh, household alkalies—which have to be eliminated through the blood and kidneys when there is excess.

A roll of TUMS in your pocket insures quick relief from acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas or heartburn whenever these aggravating symptoms occur. You'll find TUMS make many a good meal a success—by quickly ending the discomfort that often occurs afterwards. Get a roll today at any drug store. They are only 10c.

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OUR NEW CIVIL WAR

How the Law Hunted Down Its Number-One Enemy—Continuing the Chronicle of America's Most Sensational and Successful Attack on Organized Crime

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THIS is the third article in a series by Mr. Irwin on the United States government's "declaration of war" upon organized crime, and on the increasingly effective and successful campaigns by the Department of Justice and its Division of Criminal Investigation, whose agents the underworld now dreads. The first article dealt with the campaign against kidnapers; the second, in Liberty last week, with the earlier stages of the round-up of those new-style roving bank robbers of whom the Barrows were the pioneers and the Dillinger mob were the most infamous.

PART THREE—DILLINGER'S HOSTS AND HIDE-OUTS

THIS is how Uncle Sam's police—whom the underworld calls the "G-men"—cornered and killed that poisonous little rat John Dillinger, to the satisfaction of all:

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 22, J. Edgar Hoover, who directs the Division of Criminal Investigation, Department of Justice, sat in his Washington home, reading a frivolous novel and taking his rest after a hard week. The telephone rang. He had given instructions that he was to be disturbed only in case of really important business; and even before he lifted the receiver his mind said, "Dillinger." For three months the little force of federal agents had been pursuing that elusive killer through a maze of hard luck. Four times they had almost cornered him; and each time fate had played on his side. His hairbreadth escapes, his weird luck, had made him a symbol of defiance for law.

And Dillinger's name, disguised in a rough-and-ready code, was the first word to come over the wire. Agent M. H. Purvis was speaking from Chicago. "He is going to the movies tonight," said Purvis in code. "Either the Marboro Theater or the Biograph. He'll have two women with him. The boys are looking over the land right now. We'll get him when he goes in or when he comes out. Wish us luck, and good-by!" And Hoover settled down to the most anxious six hours of his life.

Purvis had to cover both theaters, but the Biograph more closely than the Marboro. For it was showing a gangster film, and they knew Dillinger's tastes. The human instinct was to fill the environs with plain-clothes men. But Dillinger, that creature of instincts, would take alarm if he saw an unusual number of men loafing about the theater. Moreover, shooting by a large posse might turn into a fusillade; and Purvis found himself more concerned with the lives of women and children crowding in and out of the theater than with his own life and that of his agents. Three or four men at each theater, dead shots all, would be enough. The police of East Chicago, Indiana, bent on avenging a comrade whom Dillinger had murdered in cold blood, were following his trail almost as closely as the federal men and had given invaluable help. They deserved a place in this operation. If Dillinger showed signs of resisting arrest, each man was to shoot only once—and to the spot.

So, when the crowds began entering the Biograph and the Marboro, four men loafed inconspicuously about each entrance. Purvis himself was at the Biograph. Neither he nor his associates had ever seen the enemy in the flesh. But Purvis had studied Dillinger's face in photographs and newsreels until he felt that he knew him like a brother.

A little man escorting two women stepped to the box office. He was in his shirt sleeves, for it was a hot night; but he wore a straw hat. Dillinger! Or was it? He was wearing spectacles, and the face seemed oddly changed. Then he spoke, and Purvis caught a characteristic expression which he had noted in the newsreels—caught it a tenth of a second too late. The Sunday night crowd pushed in close. Shooting would mean a massacre. Before an opening appeared, Dillinger and his two girls had entered the theater. A delay. (In Washington, Mr. Hoover was walking the floor, consulting his watch every five minutes.) They would get him when he came out.

A messenger brought over the force from the Marboro. Quietly Purvis deployed his troops: at the entrance, he and two other federal agents; at the curb, one federal agent and the East Chicago policemen. After an interminable wait the audience began to emerge. Purvis lighted a cigar. Here he was—Dillinger! Purvis dropped his cigar. That was the signal. Dillinger's animal intuition stayed with him to the end. The motion had occurred behind him—but he glanced nervously over his shoulder and his right hand shot to the automatic pistol in the pocket of his trousers. It caught in the vent of the pocket. He jammed it down to get it free—and three shots exploded almost as one. Staggering, glassy-eyed, bleeding, he ran down the street toward an alley. The squad at the curb closed in. But it would not be necessary to fire again. At the entrance of the alley he pitched forward on his face. In twenty minutes he was dead.

He had been hit three times in different spots. The federal men had thought out even that detail beforehand. Traditionally, the safest plan for a man in a life-and-death gun fight is to aim at the heart. Even if you miss a trifle, you've probably inflicted a fatal or disabling wound. The bulletproof vest has somewhat altered that rule. Dillinger might be wearing armor under his shirt. So one marksman had fired at his torso, one at his head, and one at his leg, so that he could not run away. All hit the mark. The woman bystander wounded in the fracas took a bullet which went clean through Dillinger. As for the men behind the guns—"Never mind," said Director Hoover at the time. "They have families." However, we know now that agents Hollis and Cowley, who four months later died heroically while ridding us of Baby-Face Nelson, were in the federal squad.

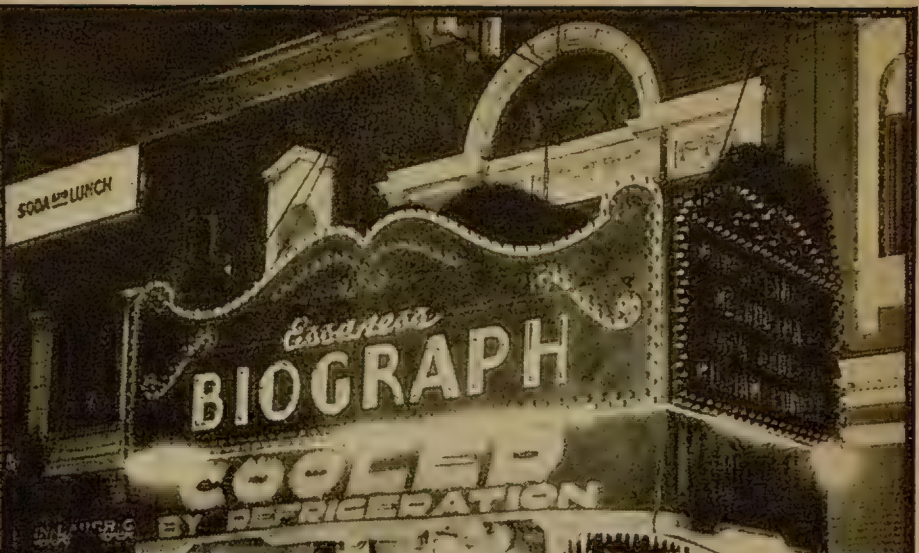
At half past ten Hoover's telephone rang again. Chicago was speaking: "We've got him—he's dead!"

"Any of our boys killed?"

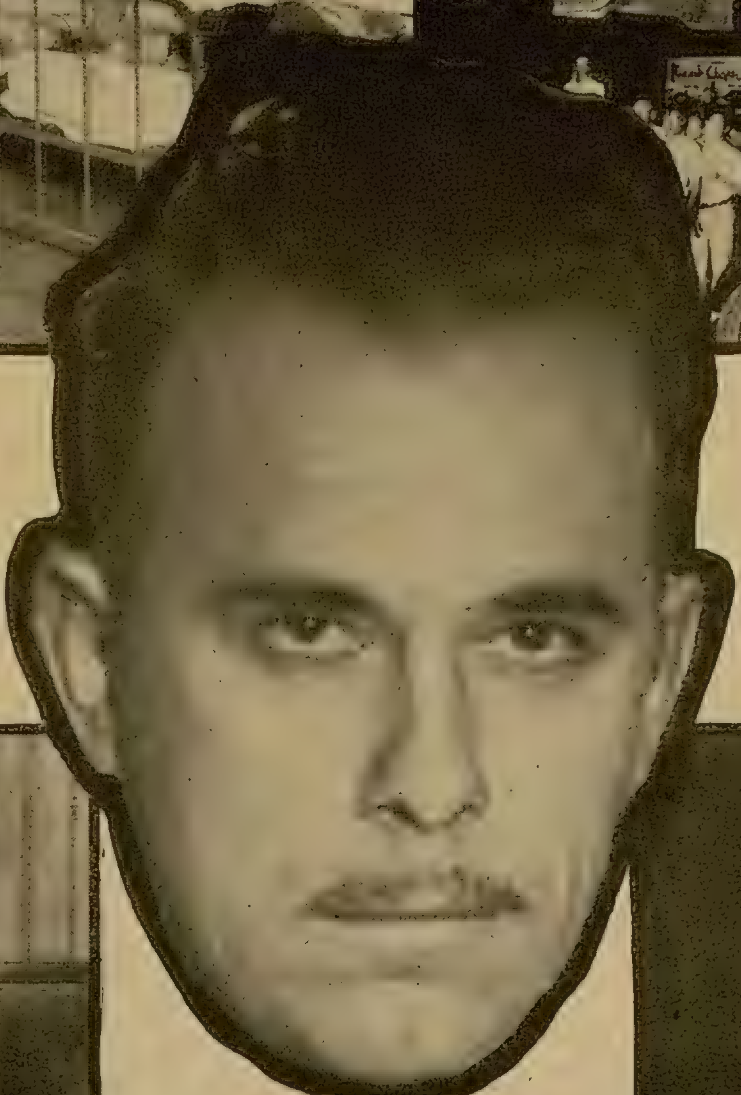
"Not one! A woman in the crowd wounded, but not badly, we think."

"Thank God! Anything new?"

His room, just as he left it, in the Little Bohemia Lodge.


SODA AND LUNCH
Essaness
BIOGRAPH
COOLED
BY REFRIGERATION

Where the law got him—the Biograph Theater, Chicago, after the shooting.



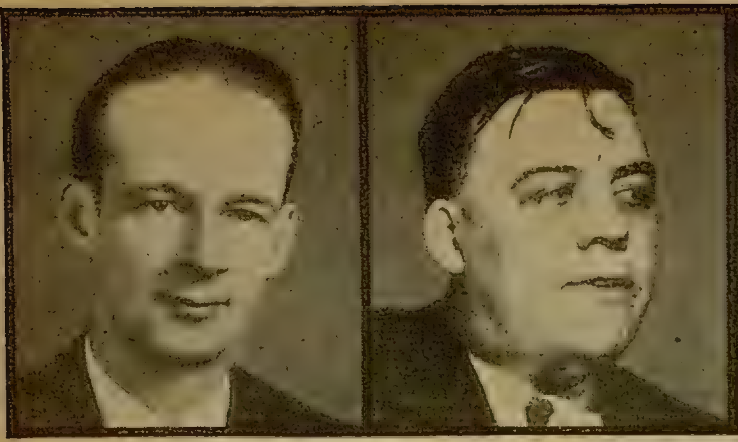
"That poisonous rat John Dillinger." His grim fate terrified his fellow rats.

Below: Evelyn Frechette, his favorite moll, now in prison.

The G-men and policemen who got him were led by Melvin H. Purvis (below).

Acme photos

Below: The arsenal he and Evelyn and John Hamilton had to leave in St. Paul.



Acme photos

Agents Herman E. Hollis and Samuel P. Cowley—G-men and heroes. They took part in shooting down Dillinger and later lost their lives in killing Baby-Face Nelson.

Baby-Face Nelson, really Lester M. Gillis. He was a runt—and a trigger man.

Mrs. Helen Gillis, widow of Baby-Face. She was with him in his last gun fight.

John Hamilton. Was he the companion of Baby-Face and Helen who made his escape?

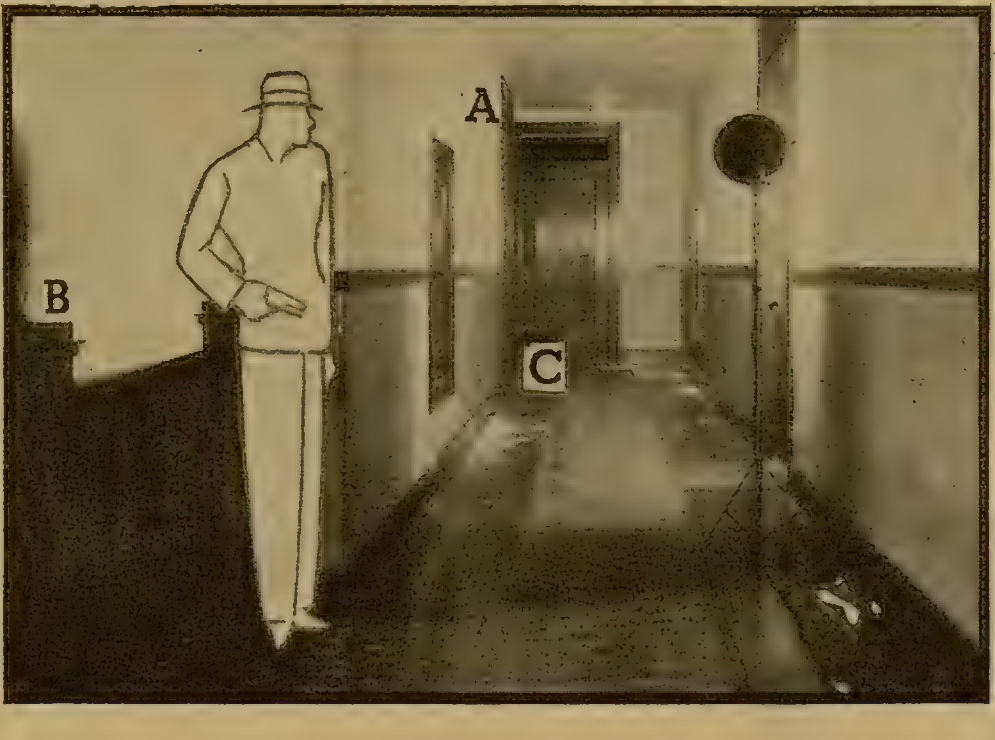
"Yes. He's had his face lifted—operated on." And there the Director stopped asking for details and plunged into future plans concerning that same Dillinger case. That night all the available federal forces, flanked by a squad of Chicago detectives, began combing the city for doctors who do business with the underworld.

During the search for the men who perpetrated the Kansas City massacre the Department of Justice had conceived a new method for dealing with that virulent species of criminal which Dillinger represented—the murderous roving expert bank robber. It was this: destroy his hide-outs. By steady pressure, render him an outcast in his own underworld.

Unhappily, the Kansas City massacre gave them only a slender opportunity to put this plan into practice. Before you can arrest a man for harboring a criminal, you must lay a charge against that criminal. And when the federal agents started on that blind case they were sure of only one man. Verne Miller, bank robber, murderer, drug addict, a machine-gunner in the war, had almost certainly figured in the raiding party. Their chase for Miller led them to New York, where they had reason to believe he lay concealed. Four or five leaders of the underworld probably knew where he was. The federal agents laid hands on these men; brought them, almost ostentatiously, to the office for questioning. They revealed nothing; but they did not like the process. When his henchmen and followers learn that a gang leader has faced questioning by the G-men, they suspect that he may have dropped something. He loses face; if suspicion grows strong enough, he may lose his life.

Word filtered through to the G-men that Miller had left New York—probably under orders. This pleased them almost as much as though they had taken their man. The trail led westward to Detroit. They began to apply pressure there. And one night the body of Verne Miller was heaved out of a car on to a roadside, with the rope which had taken his life still twisted round his neck. The underworld had cast out a Jonah.

The remedy was working. But at the time they were hard put to find justification for getting into the chase for an interstate crook. Even robbing a national bank or killing a government agent was then no crime under federal law. They had to use for an excuse such minor offenses as transporting a stolen automobile across a state line. But in 1934 Congress ratified Attorney-General Cummings's program of crime legislation. It included penalties for aiding or harboring, with guilty knowledge, a fugitive from federal justice. They were all set now and ready to go.



The St. Paul apartment hallway where Dillinger and others fought G-men and police. The figure shows where one officer stood as Dillinger fired a machine gun from the door A. The top of the stairs is marked B. At C a passage leads from the hall to back stairs.

Since the repeal of prohibition the roving criminal—who gains most of his precarious living by robbing banks—has been, if not our major problem in crime, at least our most notorious problem. He blows like the wind from state to state. He cannot linger long in one spot. The underworld, like the upper world, gossips. A Baby-Face Nelson or a Pretty-Boy Floyd lingers in a town. The news begins to get around; eventually it will fall upon the ear of a policeman or a stool pigeon. A week or ten days is customarily the limit. Then, paying a ruinous sum, he exchanges the stolen car in which he arrived for another stolen car, and is on his way.

NOW, when he arrives in a new town, he must find immediately a hide-out. And in every city frequented by criminals dwell men who live by furnishing relatively safe quarters. In some towns this agent keeps one of those sure-thing gambling houses in which gunmen squander their easy money. They play high; the "house" often lifts from one of them as much as $10,000 in a night. Such agents charge nothing for their services in finding secluded quarters. It is just a favor to customers. Sometimes, in especially crooked towns, the agent is a gang-politician who offers not only quarters but "protection," and receives his pay in graft or in popularity with the underworld. In other cases the agent charges a high fee; so does the landlord.

The "hot" criminal pays a premium of 1,000 per cent for everything. The parasites of the underworld charge fantastic prices for their services. When Dillinger and Van Meter had their faces lifted in Chicago, they recuperated in meager furnished rooms provided by J. J. Probasco. They asked his price. Probasco demanded fifty dollars a day apiece. In spite of several rich hauls since his escape from jail, Dillinger was feeling poor; and he had already agreed to pay $5,000, with incidentals, for the operation. So he haggled, and Probasco accepted thirty-five dollars a day. When Dillinger died, he had only seven dollars in the world.

But the hot criminal cannot follow this plan too long. To vary it, he calls in what we used to call a "gun moll." Nowadays she wields no gun. A silly unbalanced girl who regards these reptiles as romantic, or a natural criminal herself, she gives aid in the small crooked diplomacies necessary to his very existence. He and the girl enter town as a married couple on legitimate business and quietly rent a furnished apartment in a respectable district. It was an operation of this kind which brought the federal men to grips with John Dillinger.

The Division of Investigation, Department of Justice, had in the spring of 1934 a field force of only 400 men—about eight to each state of the Union. More than half of them were constantly at work on cases which, though important, never attract attention in the newspapers—fraudulent bankruptcies, stolen automobiles, thefts from interstate shipments, crime on the high seas. Only a limited number can be spared for any single investigation, no matter how important. The office of St. Paul was in March, 1934, up to the ears in the Bremer kidnaping case. It had already established to its own satisfaction that the Barker-Karpis gang did this job; it was looking for the culprits and for certain vital witnesses. The agents, as is their habit, were following every lead, no matter how slender.

Among these almost the least promising came from Mrs. D. S. Coffey, who managed an apartment house in a quiet respectable district. She had just rented a suite to a Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hellman. They looked very, very suspicious to her. Almost perfunctorily the agent in charge sent two men to look them over. The two stopped at a police station and called for help. The captain in charge could spare only one patrolman.

I NEED not review what happened; it is too new in mind. That apartment held Dillinger—supposed at the moment to be dodging through Illinois and Indiana—Evelyn Frechette, his harem favorite, and John Hamilton, alleged bank robber and murderer. And just in time to complicate matters, Homer Van Meter, Dillinger's special pal, dropped in from the outside for a call. The short confused battle which ensued was a case of three police pistols against a machine gun and two other pistols. Both sides were surprised; which is probably why the bandits, in their excitement, let the machine gun "throw high," so that the officers escaped unwounded.

Dillinger limped away with a bullet hole through his leg—but he escaped. The newspapers, taking it for granted that this was a planned raid to get Dillinger instead of an accidental encounter, poked fun and hurled sarcasm at the federal men. The division never answers criticism; that, usually, would mean showing its hand. But now it was in the Dillinger case up to its neck. He had dared attack a federal man. Moreover, here was an opportunity to apply the new policy regarding hide-outs and accomplices.

They began in St. Paul. The bandits had left behind them in the apartment an arsenal; but also something more valuable than that. On a "getaway map" for a bank job which he was planning appeared Dillinger's latent fingerprints; on the surface of a powder box, those of Evelyn Frechette. And eventually Evelyn Frechette went to prison for abetting Dillinger.

Various bits of evidence showed that a mysterious "Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Stevens," living in another quiet apartment, might well be investigated. Federal men, calling, found this couple "out." They concealed themselves and waited. A key scraped in the lock. Their hands went to their guns—and two frightened Negro women entered. These were, as it turned out later, Lucy Jackson and Leonia Goodman, who figured in the life story of Frank Nash, killed by his would-be rescuers in the Kansas City massacre. Thoroughly frightened, they spilled everything—except the real identity of "Mr. and Mrs. Stevens." This elusive couple had sent them to get their hand luggage, which included part of an arsenal. The Negresses were to carry it to their own house, where "Mr. Stevens" would call for it.

THE G-men let them make the transfer—and went along. Into the trap so laid walked Edward Green, associate of Dillinger, Hamilton, and Van Meter in at least one bank robbery. With him, impersonating "Mrs. Stevens," entered Bessie Skinner. The hidden agents let Green secure the baggage before they emerged and ordered him to put up his hands. He went to his gun, and took two fatal wounds. He did not die at once; and in the hospital he dropped useful information. Dillinger, wounded in his escape from the St. Paul apartment, already carried another new wound, acquired when he robbed a bank in Mason City, Iowa. Green and Evelyn Frechette had made contact with Dr. Clayton E. May of Minneapolis, who had harbored the fugitive, while under treatment, in a flat.

The agents arrested him. He went up for two years; the court in which he was tried gave Evelyn Frechette the same sentence. Bessie Skinner, who confessed to harboring and abetting Dillinger, received a sentence of fifteen months. Albert ("Pat") Reilly, indicted for trying to make contact with another physician, was missing. Later he glanced into the story again.

It would be almost monotonous to trace the known course of the dodging Dillinger for the next three months. Even while a federal squad was running down his hosts in St. Paul and Minneapolis, he held up a police station at Warsaw, Indiana, and replaced the arsenal left behind in St. Paul. As he dodged through the Middle West, with half of the police in six states looking for him, he became the nucleus for a loose gang of robbers, murderers, and escaped prisoners like himself.

Twice the federal men almost had their hands on him when his uncanny luck intervened in his favor. The first time, he went to a doctor in Louisville and made an appointment for a treatment on the following day

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—his two wounds were troubling him. The doctor recognized him from his photographs and notified the federal authorities through the local police. Next morning a select body of "patients" waited in the doctor's outer office, double-armed—waited all day. Toward night a disgusted messenger came in with a newspaper. Some one in the city government had "leaked" to a reporter; an advance notice of Dillinger's visit to the doctor streamed across the front page of an early edition. Of course he saw it, and of course immediately he shook the dust of Louisville from his feet.

History repeated itself a few weeks later. The federal men received a reliable tip that Dillinger had dropped down on Elkhart, Indiana. An adequate force repaired to a base at South Bend, fifteen miles away. And again a seven-column streamer across the front page of an evening newspaper carried the news that Dillinger had been seen and identified in the region.

Dillinger luck seemed to reach its climax in the famous or notorious affair at Little Bohemia. And yet there the federal agents attempted a job which the factors of time and distance seemed to render nearly impossible. And they almost succeeded, at that.

It was noon of Sunday, April 22, when the Chicago office received the tip that Dillinger and his temporary gang were hiding out at the Little Bohemia Lodge in the northeastern corner of Wisconsin. The informants were Henry Voss, brother-in-law of Emil Wanatka, who owns the resort, and Mrs. Voss. Wanatka and his working force stood virtually prisoners to the gunmen. "They're planning to leave just after dinner," said the message. Only eight hours, at most; and, except for some of the fastnesses of the Rockies or the Sierras, this is the most inaccessible spot in the United States. Transportation by car or automobile would be impossibly slow. The airplane was the only hope. The army has aviators and equipment at both Chicago and St. Paul; but our laws forbid the Department of Justice to use them. The federal men lost a valuable two hours in renting commercial planes.

So in the middle of the afternoon a squad of sixteen men assembled at Rhinelander, which has the nearest available landing field. There Mrs. Voss met them with the latest news. Fifty miles of almost impossible roads connect this town with Little Bohemia. And a cold sleety rain was turning dirt surfaces into swamps. All this time an agent left behind in St. Paul was telephoning to Rhinelander to secure fast cars. This on a Sunday afternoon was difficult. In the end the federal agents had virtually to commandeer three cars from the stock of a secondhand dealer. They dropped out two men—one to act as liaison officer, the other to telephone country constables and county deputies asking them to close the roads. This task also proved impossible of perfect accomplishment. Some of the authorities were taking Sunday afternoon off; some asked who was going to pay the deputies.

THE fourteen men of the raiding squad drove as fast as the roads would permit toward Little Bohemia. Two cars broke down; the whole force crowded into the other. A mile from Little Bohemia they halted in the darkness and met—by prearrangement—another informant who shall be nameless. The bandits were at dinner, he said. When they finished they intended to leave in a body. There was no one else in the place except the working force, who would seek safety at the first shot. The agents deployed near the front entrance. Two squads, one from each side, started to block the rear entrance.

But meantime three unsuspecting CCC workers had driven up to Little Bohemia and entered for a beer or so. They found themselves confronted with hard eyes and an arsenal. "Get the hell out of here!" said some one. They got out; started for their car just as the squad detailed for the frontal attack stood, nerves at tension, awaiting the signal that the rear entrances were secured. As one man the federal agents thought that these were the bandits departing; and the CCC workers, missing in their excitement the call to halt "in the name of the law," thought only that this was another bunch of hard citizens. They broke into a run. The agents fired; and Eugene Boissineau died, a victim to Dillinger luck. Immediately a machine gun and several automatics opened from the front of the resort. Fifteen seconds of blind firing from both parties; then silence. The squads told off to plug the back entrance were hung up on a maze of barbed wire, of which neither Mrs. Voss nor the other informant had thought to tell them.

Through that back entrance Dillinger, John Hamilton, Homer Van Meter, Tommy Carroll, and Lester Gillis, alias Baby-Face Nelson, escaped into the darkness. Like the rats they were, they left behind them three cowering women—the refining feminine touch in their little week-end party—Mrs. Gillis, legal wife of "Baby-Face," Jean Delaney, and Marie Conforti.

The bad luck of that night had not yet run its course. Central at the local switchboard sent a cryptic call to the effect that there was some trouble at Alvin Koerner's, two miles away. Agents J. C. Newman and W. Carter Baum drove over; with them went Carl Christensen, the local constable. A car filled with men stood in front of the Koerner house. The interior light was on, revealing faces. The agents stopped their car while Christensen called off the occupants of the other car; all were law-abiding citizens of the region.

HE had made one mistake. As the agents drew their car alongside for the purpose of asking questions, the man beside the driver opened fire with a twenty-shot automatic. A bullet creased Newman's skull, knocking him out; Christensen took a wound that kept him in the hospital for months; Baum died instantly. The murderer was Baby-Face Nelson, who had commandeered the car and was holding its occupants as hostages. When Newman came out of his temporary daze, he could only fire desperately at a car which was accelerating to a mile a minute.

Yet the foredoomed raid at Little Bohemia gave some results. In the first place, it established Tommy Carroll, public enemy in general, as a member of the Dillinger mob. A search as wide as the Middle West ended six weeks later. Two policemen of Waterloo, Iowa, caught him as he emerged from a restaurant, and killed him when he tried to draw his gun.

The bandits fled so rapidly from Little Bohemia that they abandoned part of their armament, including a machine gun. The federal man traced this to a dealer in Texas. At that time there was no federal law making it illegal to sell a machine gun without license. But Texas, happily, had such a law. The dealer was arrested and indicted; he is waiting trial. The rest of the arsenal gave valuable information on the individuals and firms which arm murderers.

The three women caught at Little Bohemia were indicted, convicted, and sentenced for harboring John Dillinger; but the judge suspended sentence. Probably no court will do that again. Jean Delaney, Mrs. Gillis, and Marie Conforti failed to report to the probation officer and rejoined their men. Jean Delaney was with Tommy Carroll when he died. She went back to jail. And I need scarcely add that Mrs. Gillis was crouching in a near-by ditch when Baby-Face got his death wound as he was murdering two more federal men. Two days later she was taken into custody in Chicago.

When the shooting started at Little Bohemia, "Pat" Reilly was just on the point of driving up to the door with Patricia Young. She had been one of the women guests at the week-end party. She needed medical attention; and Reilly, who is not himself a gunman but who did odd jobs for Dillinger and his associates, drove her to Minneapolis. He was returning to the Lodge when the shooting broke out. He escaped. Federal agents nailed him at St. Paul, got another indictment against him. In June the agents found Patricia Young in Chicago, keeping house with Opal Young, another woman wanted for harboring Dillinger. Taken back to St. Paul, they went up for two years and for six months respectively.

Finally, the Little Bohemia affair had large effects in rendering sterile that ground in which the noxious Dillinger was trying to live. He escaped from the jail at Crown Point on March 3. In the seven weeks which elapsed before the Little Bohemia raid he and his mob had perpetrated at least three bank robberies complicated by murder. From one operation they took away $52,000;

from another $49,000. After Little Bohemia, John Dillinger never won another dollar, honestly or dishonestly. A bank raid must be composed and rehearsed like a play. This takes a little leisure; affording such leisure is one use of the hide-out. But now all the hide-outs were being rushed.

Further, it is probable that none in the underworld except Homer Van Meter, who stuck to the last, dared undertake a job under a captain so "hot" as Dillinger. His old desperate associates were dropping away. I have told how Green and Carroll died. At about this time the murderous John Hamilton disappeared from ken. Rumor from the underworld holds that he is dead, and not in bed. Some say that an infection from a wound taken in the Little Bohemia raid carried him off; some, that the underworld removed him as an embarrassment. On the other hand, he may be the man who helped Nelson kill two G-men.

In the last six weeks of the hunt for Dillinger only Van Meter and Baby-Face Nelson remained certainly alive; and Van Meter died a month later at the hands of the St. Paul police. With him at the time was the wanted Marie Conforti. She went back to jail. Alone, Baby-Face Nelson, multi-murderer, was still dodging through the country—an underbrained little weasel, product of a city slum, who shot at the wink of an eyelash. But his doom was written.

On November 27, agents Hollis and Cowley were driving in a fast car to investigate a report that he had been seen in the country northeast of Chicago. A car passed them; they recognized Nelson and his wife, who had another man with them. No one will ever know the exact details of the sudden, confused battle that followed. It ended with one federal agent dead of machine-gun fire and the other dying. Nelson was desperately wounded. His companions stole the agents' car and carried him away. He died. In the night they left his naked body by a roadside and went their way.

The man who was one of them may have reached the end of the trail before these lines reach print. I hope so. In any event, be the trail long or short, Uncle Sam never stops.

Let us return to the clean-up after Dillinger's death. Within two or three days the federal agents laid hands on Dr. Wilhelm Loeser and Dr. Harold B. Cassidy of Chicago, charged with operating upon the faces of Dillinger and Van Meter, together with J. J. Probasco, who furnished them hospital quarters. Next day the federal men were questioning Probasco in their skyscraper quarters at Chicago. They turned their attention from him for a few seconds, and he jumped out of an open window to his death.

Both physicians pleaded guilty in court and, as I write, are awaiting the disposal of their cases. An attorney, indicted for acting as agent between Dillinger and the doctors, pleaded not guilty and is awaiting trial. Finally, the appearance of Van Meter in the story enabled the federal agents to go back over his trail; and five people are awaiting trial for harboring him in furnished rooms in Chicago and St. Paul.

Let us tot up the score of the Dillinger operation. Five dangerous public enemies killed while resisting arrest, two by the guns of the federal men and two by those of city policemen. One other possibly dead. And twenty-five men and women indicted for aiding and harboring Dillinger or Van Meter with guilty knowledge. Eleven of them, by November, 1934, convicted, sentenced, and sent to jail. In the law of chances, most of the remaining fourteen will go the same way. Nor have the federal men quite finished their job. Other arrests may follow.

Could the police of your city or mine apply similar methods? Most certainly. Two years of running the underworld ragged as the federal agents ran Dillinger and his gang might bring that violent crime which is the reproach of America down to the normal average of other civilized countries.

But, to do it, you would need a detective force immune to politics and graft, selected in the beginning by reason of individual suitability, each man as thoroughly educated in his job as a good physician or engineer. And at this moment the Division of Criminal Investigation, Department of Justice, is probably the only police force in the United States which satisfies all these conditions.

Five dangerous criminals killed; twenty-five alleged aiders and abetters indicted. This result is small considering the magnitude of the crime industry in the United States. But it stands for a working model. That is the real importance of the Dillinger case.

Another article in this series by Mr. Irwin will appear in an early issue. It will give an inside description of the scientific training which the G-men receive, and which, together with their equipment and the new laws that empower them, has been making their very name a terror to the American criminal.

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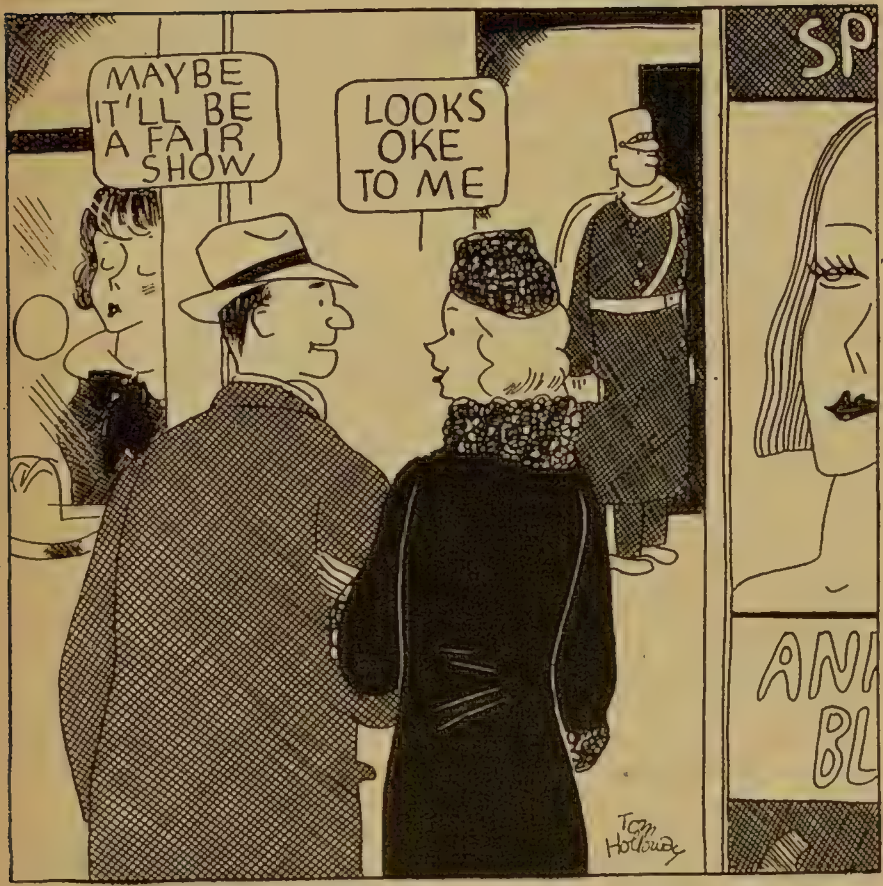

PICTURE NO. 9

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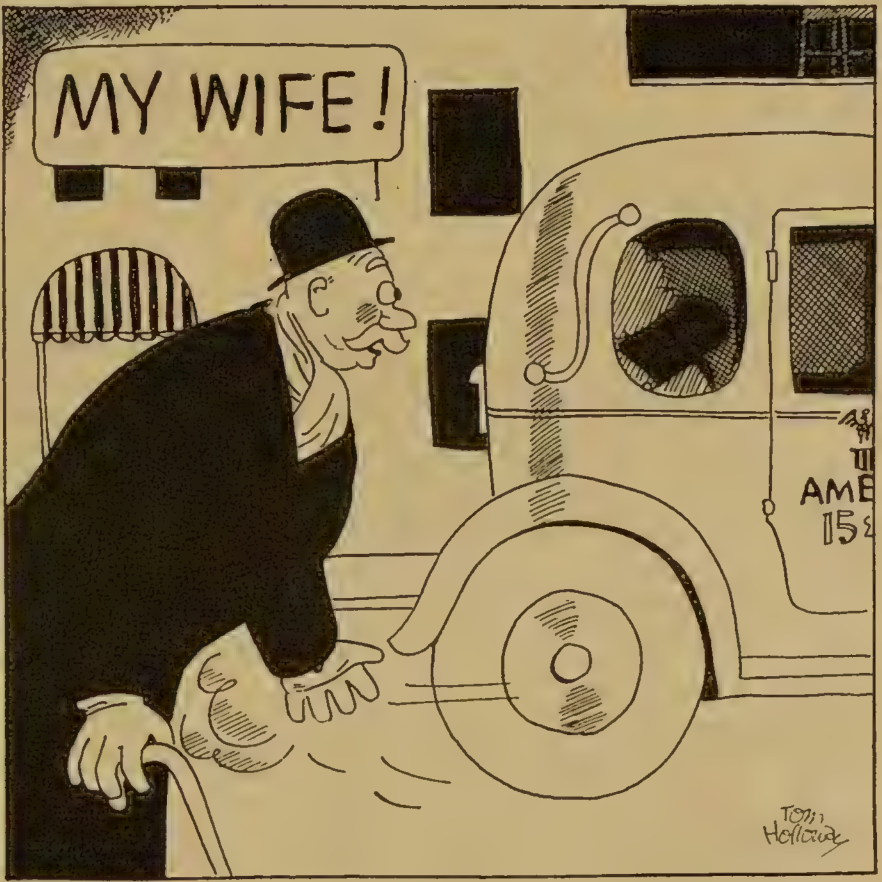
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.



PICTURE NO. 10

NAME OF CITY.................................

If you are already playing the Game of Cities you won't need to read these lines. They are an invitation to those who have not entered. If you are among those who plan to play the game but have delayed to enter, get busy now. Time is getting short. This week's drawings are Set No. 5, which brings the contest to the halfway mark. Soon it will be impossible to enter and catch up with the field. Read the rules over carefully and then search each drawing for the name of an American city or town. Then, if you have loaned or mislaid your copies of Liberty which contain the previous drawings, mail a request for reprints to the address in Rule 6. They will be furnished without charge.

TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS NEXT WEEK

Kidnapers' Contact

Here Is the Rest of the Mystery Story Which Began on Page 10, and a Check-List to Test Your Powers of Observation and Memory

SINCLAIR EDWARDS gazed helplessly at the paper which Rawlins handed him.

"But, my dear fellow," he protested, "I don't know a damned thing about this affair—I only have your word for it that Mrs. Sedgwick has been kidnaped."

"Berries of Hades!" the artist exploded. "Only my word, eh? Listen." Rawlins related everything that had happened since Nathan Sedgwick had called him.

"My God!" cried the district attorney. "This is bad! Why in the name of all that's ridiculous did you send Sedgwick to Washington? We'll need his help—"

"I sent him away for precisely the reason that I don't want his help!" rasped Rawlins. "Sedgwick is a bungler—he bungles everything except making money. He'd put hundreds of cops and private detectives on this case within ten minutes. I want only six or eight reliable officers—men you personally can trust. The kidnapers must not have the slightest inkling of what we are doing."

"You're pretty high-handed, Rawlins," sputtered Sinclair Edwards. "I'll go quite a way with you, but think of the risk—"

"There's damned little risk. If you'll read the evidence I've written on that paper, you'll see at once who furnished the brains for this kidnaping gang. All we have to do is let that person lead us to the place where Muriel Sedgwick is hidden."

Edwards reread the items Rawlins had recorded, his face becoming more and more bewildered as he read.

"It's clear as mud to me," he said. "You put down some irrelevant facts concerning four harmless people, including the kidnaped woman herself. Then you've noted a couple of fascinating little incidents that happened while you were held by this gang—intriguing and all that, but absolutely immaterial as far as I can see—"

"You need glasses, then," interrupted Rawlins grimly; "psychological spectacles. The fact that a certain individual appears harmless, or even the fact that some one is an apparent victim in the case, ought not to put blinkers on a district attorney. All you have to do is understand the personalities of the people involved—"

"You've kidded yourself with your own publicity," grinned Edwards. "I know you're America's great painter of personality, but in a criminal investigation—"

"—personality counts for even more than it does in portraits. Never mind. You can have the public glory of catching the kidnapers and I'll have the private satisfaction of beating a despicable racket. I came to you instead of the police commissioner, or some really intelligent person, for one reason. Your voice is very similar to mine—"

"You're just a great big boy playing detective," sneered Edwards. "Nobody's going to pay any attention to my voice when they see a chap half your size."

"The kidnapers won't see you. I'm supposed to take a room at this third-rate hotel—here's the name and address. I told them I could contact Sedgwick by telephone, and they will call me up at intervals until I report what Sedgwick says."

"I get your idea." Sinclair Edwards was actually a shrewd and experienced investigator. "You register at this hotel and go to your room. I'm hiding around there somewhere. I slip into your room and you slip out. Then I keep my door locked and do the telephoning. O. K.—that'll work. But what are you going to do while I act as your voice double—tail the higher-up in this gang?"

"Right. Precisely that. I'm going to drive a dilapidated taxicab and hang around where I can watch. Maybe the suspect will pick my cab in preference to more regular-looking taxis. If so, the job is done. But we can't count on that. You'll have to organize some reliable detectives to tail me and whomever I indicate. If I raise my left hand—so—your cops are to close in and rally round. There's bound to be some strong-arm work at the finish."

Edwards thought the plan over carefully. "It's crazy," he said finally. "But it might work. Your suspect will be looking for everybody but *you* on his tail, because he'll think *you* are safe in the hotel telephoning. I'll play with you on this idea—for just twenty-four hours."

"That's long enough," said Rawlins.

But when he had waited all day in his ancient taxicab before an exclusive apartment house on the fashionable East Side, Rawlins began to fear that he had been wrong.

Then the one thing he had not expected happened. He had been sure that no respectable person, on honest purpose bent, would seek to hire his villainous-looking cab. But such a person now approached from the house Rawlins was watching, and stepped unhesitatingly into the taxi. In the mirror Rawlins could see that his passenger was apparently a middle-aged man with iron-gray hair, a full, carefully trimmed beard, well tailored clothes.

"Drive west to Central Park," the passenger directed in a voice that struck a familiar note in Rawlins's ear. "I'll give you further instructions later."

Rawlins had dropped the flag of his cab, indicating that it was engaged. He had fully intended to eject the sedate middle-aged gentleman on this ground. But when he heard his voice he suddenly decided to drive this man wherever he wanted to go. They went first to the Bronx, pulling up at the corner of Mott Avenue and Grand Concourse. Out of the corner of his eye Rawlins saw a car full of detectives speed by, and turn in at a service station, where they began an elaborate inspection of their engine. But this performance evidently escaped the notice of Rawlins's elderly passenger, who presently inquired if the driver wanted to make a piece of change.

"Yeah," grunted Rawlins, in fair imitation of a Hell's Kitchen voice. "If youse don't want too much."

"Only to carry out a heavy trunk. There's a poor widow being ejected. Bit of charity, you know."

RAWLINS thought he knew the type of charity this philanthropist had in mind. But he also believed that he could count on assistance reaching him in time. So he agreed. Half an hour later the car drew up in front of a run-down seedy-looking tenement. Rawlins followed his dignified passenger up the steps. The door opened, and Rawlins, as he passed through, raised his left hand.

Then things began to happen. Two hoodlums hurled themselves at the seemingly unprepared taxi driver from either side of the narrow hallway. But Rawlins, for all his huge bulk, was quick as a cat. He stepped back a pace and swung a powerful right against his nearest assailant's jaw, knocking him against the other fellow's chest and upsetting his balance. Before either gangster could recover, Rawlins drew a gun and covered them.

"Reach fer de sky, youse guys," he growled, still in character. "I'm musclin' in on dis racket." Unobserved he unlatched the street door behind him with his left hand. "Come on, now—show me who yer got downstairs! I heard youse made a snatch last night. Must be big stuff if yer'd bump me off just fer drivin' yer boss here."

With the deft fingers of an artist Rawlins removed their guns, and compelled them, cursing foully, to precede him down the cellar steps. That was where he made a mistake. His respectable-looking former passenger sprang at him from behind, armed with that vicious silent weapon, the blackjack.

Locked together in a biting, punching bundle, the four men rolled down the cellar stairs.

In the halls above Rawlins heard pounding feet. At the same instant that half a dozen husky detectives pulled off his assailant, Rawlins snatched at the iron-gray hair of his benevolent ex-passenger. The wig came away easily, revealing a sleek black head beneath.

"That's a good make-up," remarked Rawlins appreciatively, "because it looks like H. C. Plaisted in disguise. Seeing him at the Ball and Shackle Club last night must have given you the inspiration."

"You got nothing on me, damn you!" said Dick Castelano. "Only charge you can hold me on is assault."

"I'll drop in at Mr. Edwards's office," said Rawlins, "as soon as I've taken Muriel home. By that time the boys will have gathered Mimi and the rest of your notorious Kid Killer gang. I rather imagine the fingerprints on that black-bordered envelope you put on Sedgwick's table last night will convict you of kidnaping, Castelano, even if none of your hoodlums squeal to save themselves. They'll talk, though." . . .

"I can see how you connected Mimi with the crime," said Sinclair Edwards, an hour later. "I just had a look at her. She has pin-point pupils—sure sign of a morphine addict. You wrote that down in your evidence, here, along with the facts that her eyes didn't change when you held a cigarette lighter in front of them and that all her movements and mental reactions were sluggish. Later, when Mrs. Sedgwick had hysterics, you heard the gang chief say that some moll of theirs always carried a hypodermic. Naturally that suggested Mimi. But how did you spot Cat the Snatcher? I'll admit that I thought H. C. Plaisted was the man you suspected."

"I'm afraid you're not much of a psychologist, Edwards," sighed Rawlins. "And even less of an art critic. This chap who called himself Dick Castelano pretended to be an art connoisseur, yet he had never heard of that incomparable painter of personality, Clyde Rawlins. I take my bow. Thank you! More important, however, was that Castelano had only one good eye, while the gang boss evidently suffered from the same deficiency."

"But you didn't write that in your selected evidence!"

"Oh, yes, I did. I said that Castelano set his glass down in his salad plate. It takes two eyes to judge depth or third dimension accurately. A man with one eye is always overestimating the distance between himself and any object, as for example the salad plate. The most frequent error one-eyed people make is when they go upstairs. They try to thrust a foot farther than it will go and so stumble. You remember the gang boss tripped himself on brightly lighted cellar steps, much to the wonderment of his hoodlum lieutenant. A one-eyed man and an opium-addict girl, linked together in two places, made too much of a coincidence for even a motion-picture producer to overlook."

"Rochester, my hat's off. You're a born detective!"

"Nonsense, Sinclair. I'm only a man with a memory who is sap enough to take his psychology seriously."

KEY TO AUSSAGE TEST

Facts learned by Rawlins about—

a. H. C. Plaisted

1 That he made millions
2 in Wall Street
3 during the depression
4 selling the market short.
5 That Sedgwick took his money away from him ("took him to the cleaners").
6 That Sedgwick was afraid of him.
7 That he was well known to the waiter who served Rawlins's drink (the waiter whispered intimately in Plaisted's ear).

b. Mimi Castelano

8 That she had been in the Follies
9 with Muriel Sedgwick.
10 That she married Dick Castelano.
11 That Rawlins was supposed to remember her.

c. Dick Castelano

12 That he was supposed to be old family,
13 an art connoisseur,
14 and all that sort of thing ("sort of nonsense").
15 That he had made money,
16 a great deal of it ("positively immoral lot"),
17 during the depression.
18 That he had two paintings by Rawlins in his art collection.
19 That these were portrait studies.
20 That he did not know Rawlins's reputation as a painter.

What certain persons did after the letter appeared.

a. Plaisted

21 Kept his eyes averted from Sedgwick's table
22 a little too carefully, Rawlins thought.
23 Rose suddenly.
24 Passed close to Sedgwick's table.

b. Muriel Sedgwick

25 Her lips trembled,
26 indicating approach of hysteria ("with more than a hint of hysteria").
27 She bit her lip
28 until it bled.
29 She tried to repress hysteria;
30 her effort to do so was "frantic."

c. Mimi

31 She gazed at the black-bordered envelope
32 fascinatedly
33 with pin-point pupils ("pin points of intensity").
34 She took out her cigarette case
35 slowly.
36 She stared at Rawlins
37 through the flame of his cigarette lighter
38 with eyes that did not change.
39 She tried to be nonchalant:
40 raised glass of wine;
41 her hand stopped halfway to her mouth.

d. Castelano

42 Set his glass down
43 hurriedly
44 in the middle of his salad plate
45 instead of in front of it.

What Rawlins heard after Muriel's gag was removed.

46 An unearthly shriek.
47 Sound of a blow.
48 Commands to be quiet—
49 brutal commands.
50 More shrieks.
51 Hysterical weeping.
52 Wild cries.
53 Sounds indicating Muriel was having hysterics.
54 The gang leader said (in essence)
55 that they must stop her;
56 what should they do?
57 Muttered replies.
58 The gang leader spoke again, saying (in essence)
59 that she had her hypo;
60 that she carried it with her always;
61 to tell her to give Muriel a shot,
62 a "good stiff" shot.
63 Muriel's shrieks gradually diminished
64 and finally ceased.

What Rawlins heard after repeating instructions.

65 The gang leader said (in essence)
66 that the boss better go upstairs;
67 that they would wait until he had gone;
68 that they would then bring Rawlins along;
69 that they would turn him loose where the boss said.
70 Footsteps moving away.
71 Footsteps ascending the stairs.
72 A loud thumping sound.
73 A noise like some one stumbling on steps.
74 A curse,
75 sharp,
76 rasping.
77 The gang leader spoke again, saying (in essence)
78 that the boss was falling up those stairs again;
79 that the light on the stairs was bright as day.
80 The gang leader's voice expressed amazement.

How to Score Yourself

If you remembered 10 of the items listed above, call your score 30. This is the passing mark. For each additional item remembered above 10, add 1 point to your score. Thus, 11 items remembered gives a score of 31; 12 items a score of 32; 13 items a score of 33; 20 items a score of 40; and so on up to 80 remembered items, which gives you a perfect score of 100. If you remember 30 items or more, giving you a score of 50 or above, you possess remarkably good powers of observation and memory.

Your accuracy score is obtained by dividing the number of items correctly remembered by the total number of items you set down in your list. Suppose you listed 20 items, 15 of which are correct: 15 divided by 20 gives you an accuracy score of 75 per cent. This is about average.

An accuracy score of 60 passes the test. An accuracy score of 90 or above is remarkably good—it shows you are very reliable in reporting what you have observed.

TO THE LADIES!

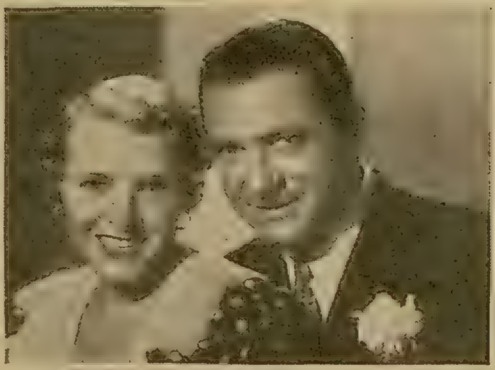
by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A HAPPY marriage for two hundred dollars' worth of Liberty bonds—that was the deal actor William Gaxton put over to wed Madeleine Cameron. They were in vaudeville, and in love. Then the war came. He found himself in a naval training station with no time off to get married. The commander offered two hours' leave to any man who would buy a fifty-dollar Liberty bond. Gaxton had two hundred dollars.

"I'll take eight hours," he said, "and four bonds."



Bill Gaxton and Madeleine Cameron (Mrs. Gaxton)

He and Madeleine were married during those eight hours. After which he spent his wedding night on guard duty.

Bill Gaxton and his Madeleine are famous now as stage stars who have made a success of their Broadway marriage—and who have *stayed married* through their Broadway success. Since his big hit in Of Thee I Sing, Bill and his comic partner, Victor Moore, have become nation-wide celebrities of the theater and radio.

On the stage Bill is supposed to resemble Jimmy Walker, but he doesn't look like Jimmy off the stage. Looks like what he is—a pure Spaniard—one of those Old California Spaniards. So it makes him smile when proud Hollywoodsmen tell him historic stories about the sunkist state. They should teach *him* California history! His real name is Arturo Antonio Gaxiola, and his folks were there when California history happened.

Madeleine used to be a Follies girl—one of the prettiest. Now she has quit the stage to keep house for William.

He likes that. Calls her Ma. She went to a haberdasher's with him while he ordered custom-made pyjamas. Clerk heard him call her Ma. Next week she received a letter: "Dear Madam, your son's pyjamas are ready."

TRICK lights are rigged around your windows on the outside. Should the day be dark and dreary you need but touch a button—whereupon your home will be flooded instantly with G. E. sunshine. Reach for another button if you want moonlight to spoon in. Magically the pale moonbeams do their romantic stuff.

I saw these modern wonders demonstrated at Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, where General Electric puts on a free and continuous side show of science. NELA means National Electric-Lamp Association. That was how the lighting people got together before they were General-Electrified. Nela Park is a great show. Gave me a big thrill. Experiments with electric advertising signs in changing pastel shades—all colors of the rainbow—promise unheard-of beauties for nocturnal cityscapes of the future. Nela Park aims to indicate what *can* be done with electricity when the time comes.

This story amused me. I heard it there:

An old lady returned to Cleveland after forty-five years away. She wanted to see all the new improvements and all the old landmarks. They showed her Lake Erie, Cleveland's tall buildings, Nela Park, etc. They asked her what impressed her most.

"Lake Erie," she said. "It hasn't changed a bit."

WATCH out for smooth-voiced gents who come around buying up old gold. Many of them offer unfair prices, particularly in small towns and through the country. Take your old gold to a reputable jeweler—it may be worth more than you think. A woman I know sold an old gold tooth the other day for enough to buy a new dress.

HAVE you heard these rather stylish slang expressions imported from London and Paris? I'm spelling the French ones as they are pronounced: *Tock-ay*, meaning slightly nutty. . . . A *sick-maker*, *mad-maker*, etc., meaning some one who makes you sick, mad, etc. . . . *Blag*, meaning the bunk.

WHAT defense can a grown-up person employ with dignity and decorum when attacked by a baby thug in the presence of its parents?"

The reader who asks this unusual etiquette question explains as follows:

"I visit a home where the small son, age five, insists upon playing with me. I submit out of politeness. The little boy laughs, so we are supposed to be having merry sport, but the truth of the matter is that he actually assaults me with thumps, kicks, pokes, and punches that hurt like the devil.

"Because his mama and papa think he's cute, I feel obliged to pretend I think so too. How can I protect myself against this infant bully?"

The situation is one that most of us have been through at times. It is always embarrassing, and I fear there is only one way out. If the child's parents haven't got sense enough to interfere voluntarily, you just tell them as sweetly as possible to make their darling imp *lay off* you.

AMONG the new books I have enjoyed is Shipmates, by Isabel Hopestill Carter. (Published by William R. Scott.)

THIS year Paris will greet the springtime dressed in blossom colors—the new dresses laced with contrasting cords and ribbons. A two-piece frock of hyacinth blue is laced with black ciré all down one sleeve. On the opposite side the lacing starts at the neck and stops below the shoulder, where the sleeve begins.

Silly, to be sure. But charming! A dress in honeysuckle tan (the newest shade) is laced at neck and cuffs with cords of maroon wool. The lacing goes over straight from one side to the other, not the old-style crisscross.

Murderer's Clock

A Short Short Story

by RAY CUMMINGS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

GRANT said, "You, Cochrane—bet you ten bucks I can do this whisky trick. Mr. Ebers is a witness."

Young Cochrane said, "It's a go."

The old man said, "You can make that whisky and that water change glasses without using any apparatus except that ace of spades?"

Grant had placed two identical little glasses on the window sill. One was filled with whisky and the other with water; and the playing card lay beside them. Clever trick—and Cochrane would be a witness. So neat an alibi for Grant that he could kill the old man.

Grant said, "The trick takes just thirty minutes."

They all noted the time. It was exactly 7 P. M.

And tomorrow Grant would be rich. Old man Ebers, his guardian—dead. Forty thousand dollars of inheritance coming to Grant, just from one little knife thrust. No more petty job to slave over. Just riches—and Vivian.

He said, "Watch me closely, friends." He placed the card on the tiny glass of water and inverted it. None of the water spilled. He lowered card and glass on to the glass of whisky, so that now the card had the glass of whisky under it, and the glass of water, bottom side up, on top.

Then he carefully slid the card aside, making a tiny crescent opening where the two liquids were in contact. The water was heavier in specific gravity, and it was on top. Gradually it would seep down through the tiny opening and force the lighter whisky upward. This whisky was one-hundred-proof. In thirty minutes at most it would have changed places with the water.

RAY CUMMINGS *was born in New York City. He was educated at Princeton University and specialized in physics. For four years he was one of Thomas A. Edison's assistants. For several years he has written scientific fiction. He is married and is a resident of Florida.*

Cochrane said, "Look at it starting!" He put on his hat. "Going around the corner for supper. I'll be back at seven thirty. You watch he doesn't touch those glasses, Mr. Ebers."

The old man smiled and went back to reading his paper.

He didn't see Grant pick up the paper knife from the desk; reach over the chair back. There was a low choking gurgling groan as the old man rose out of his chair, spun on buckling legs, and fell on his back, with the knife handle standing like a little cross from his chest where the blood was welling with a crimson stain.

With his handkerchief Grant wiped off the knife handle.

The water in the upper glass was so far stained only slightly by the rising whisky. Grant reversed the whole apparatus into the position the liquids would occupy at the finish of the trick—at seven thirty. But the time was only seven eight now.

He carefully knocked over the inverted glass of whisky on to the window sill. Some of the whisky spilled out into a little pool. And the tiny glass of almost pure water stood upright, undisturbed, with the card on top of it.

There was a fire escape outside the window. Grant left the sash partly up and the shade partly down. He put on his hat and left the apartment. It was seven ten.

. . . . .

Grant said, "Cochrane and I were here at seven o'clock, sergeant. He left ahead of me—six or eight minutes maybe. I went downstairs to make a phone call."

The sergeant said, "Cochrane came back at about seven thirty. You an' he came upstairs an' discovered the murder. You were here alone with Ebers from seven o'clock until seven ten. And you were downstairs from seven ten to seven thirty."

"That's right," Grant said. He and the sergeant were in the foyer.

The sergeant said, "Cochrane told us about your whisky trick. Looks like the murderer must have knocked over that little glass as he climbed out the window."

Grant thought, "Perfect! He dopes it out for himself"—and he said, "That was my idea of it. I'm sort of interested in science, sergeant. The glass that got knocked over was the one standing on top of the card. The whisky wouldn't have all risen to the top one until nearly seven thirty. The degree of purity tells the exact time the murderer went through that window. About seven twenty-five or seven thirty, wouldn't you say?"

Then from the living room a policeman called, "We got it figured out, sarge."

The sergeant went in. A policeman stayed with Grant. Ten minutes. Then the sergeant called Grant.

Grant went into the living room.

The sergeant said, "Cochrane remembers that you set up that trick with the ace of spades face up between the glasses. Now it's face down. Nobody's touched it."

Grant thought, "Good God! when I reversed the apparatus I forgot it turned the card over."

The sergeant was saying, "The murderer wouldn't have accidentally flipped the ace of spades from face up to face down. Looks like a planted clue, Grant."

Grant could only say, "Why—why, that's queer—"

"Yes, isn't it? That murderer's clock doesn't show us much," the sergeant said. "It got tampered with."

THE sergeant went on, "It happens, Grant, I'm interested in science, same as you are." He smiled at Grant. He said, "Capillary attraction is an interesting thing—a liquid will go against all the laws of gravity and climb upward into a fabric. Look at the spilled whisky doing that now. We've been timing its rise. It goes up half an inch every ten minutes."

He smiled at Grant. He said, "It's two minutes of eight o'clock now. That whisky has climbed a total of exactly two inches and a half. That's five halves.

"One half inch in ten minutes makes fifty minutes total. So we know it started climbing at seven eight. Simple arithmetic. We've got you, Grant."

He smiled so damnably. The whole thing was such a damnable mischance. Grant had drawn down the window shade just after he spilled the whisky. The little curtain cord had dangled into the pool. He thought, "God, they've got me!"

He thought he was only thinking it, but he was stammering it aloud.

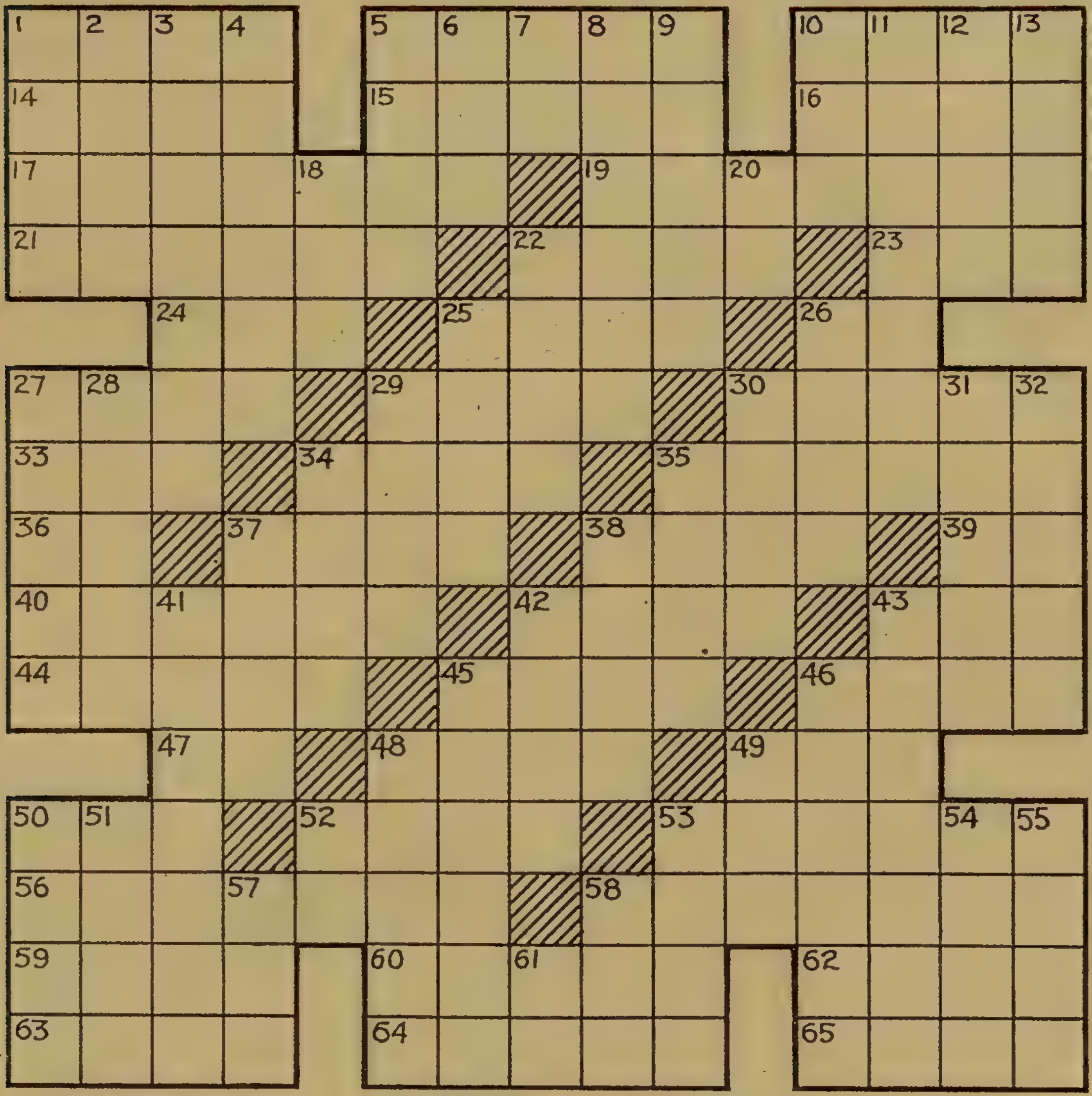
Damnable murderer's clock! He stood numbly staring at the little white curtain cord with the red-brown stain of the whisky climbing up it.

THE END

Puzzle # 16 1/12/35

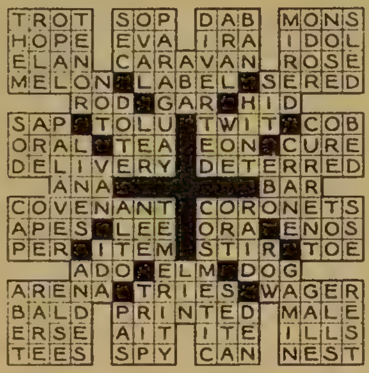
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Cackleberries
5 Earnest's roommate
10 Kitty food
14 Red and juicy
15 Has a load on
16 An old port of the East
17 What every husband is entitled to but rarely gets away with in matrimonial debates
19 Had the devil of a time
21 This is an old one
22 This held in the girls of the gay '90s
23 The alphabet country
24 She's a deer
25 Snitched
26 This can fill in that moment of hesitation
27 Doe boy
29 A sort of underworld character
30 This is the weigh of all flesh
33 A loan to Mark Antony
34 Bossy animals
35 What the knit-wits did during the war
36 'Arry's brain case
37 The queen with the legs
38 A man with a dark past and just as dark a future
39 Punko
40 What the tower of Pisa did back in 1903
42 Gyp
43 Replenished the inner man
44 Tricky
45 Egg plant
46 Something little puppies love to leave
47 Automatic tote wagon (abbr.)
48 To make pants creasy
49 A bloody business
50 A shady thing about Connecticut
52 The man that Eve was
53 Platform



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TROT SOP DAB MONS
HOPE EVA IRA IDOL
ELAN CARAVAN ROSE
MELON■LABEL■SERED
   ROD■GAR■HID
SAP■TOLU■TWIT■COB
ORAL■TEA■EON■CURE
DELIVERY■DETERRED
  ANA■■■■■■■BAR
COVENANT■CORONETS
APES■LEE■ORA■ENOS
PER■ITEM■STIR■TOE
   ADO■ELM■DOG
ARENA■TRIES■WAGER
BALD PRINTED MALE
ERSE AIT ITE ILLS
TEES SPY CAN NEST
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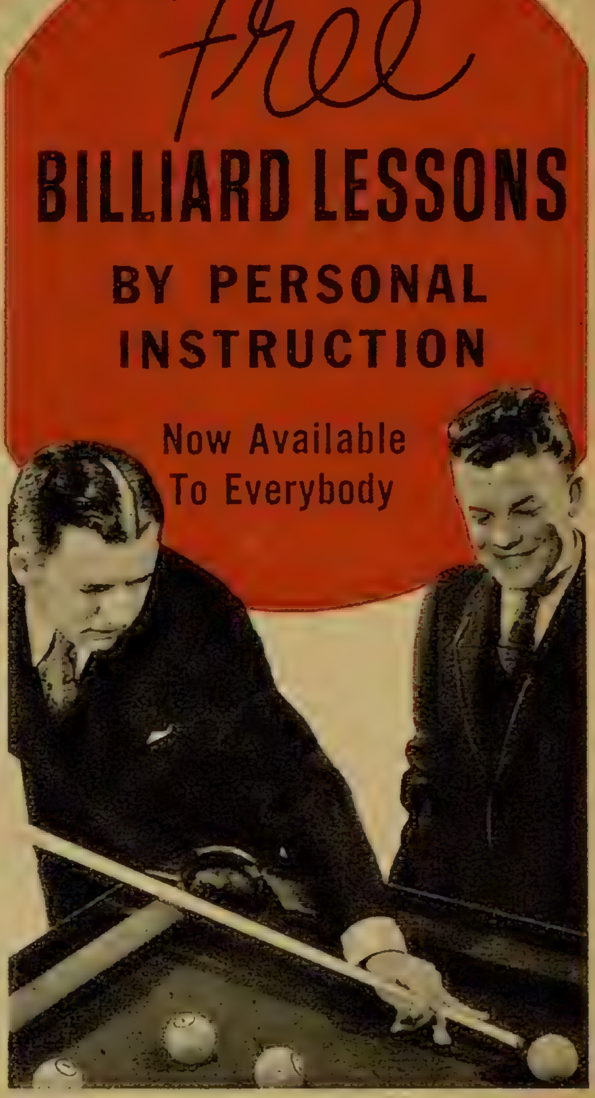
Answer to last week's puzzle

56 Dog tied
58 These always break off at the most exciting times
59 What the medieval knights bought at the chain store
60 What another name for the rose would be
62 What colored singers always are
63 Lone
64 Slow time for a musician
65 Employer

VERTICAL

1 If you spell this forward it's a lovely word, but backward it's painful
2 To gaze with an open mouth and a shut mind
3 He monkeys around with an organ
4 Supersophomore
5 Frigid-air ice cubes
6 Managed
7 This always says buy-buy
8 Get in the hair of
9 Bakers are funny fellows.. Why? They always sell what they—
10 Cleopatra's exit
11 7 or 11
12 Gravy catchers
13 Ice-cold reading matter
18 —— de France
20 You don't so say!
22 A heel of a fish
25 What persons of note are full of
26 Tan
27 Carves the papes
28 What supper is at Eton every school night
29 This is supposed to have it all over matter
30 Husbands do this after a fambly quarrel
31 Fast times
32 Keen things to take into supper
34 Love seat
35 Tomorrow's paper
37 An airy colored tooth-paste salesman
38 Holy hill
41 This is up in the air and all over the country before you can say Eddie Rickenbacker (two words)
42 War talk
43 Passovers
45 Where baby had herself a good bawling out
46 Star-incrusted beach
48 Perfect
49 Some letters for a Newark, N. J., broadcaster
50 Patron saint of the salts
51 Skinny
52 Just what he said when the doctor looked down in the mouth
53 A single coin of another realm
54 This is criminal and takes following up
55 River that flows through cross words
57 Open-faced—just like a gangster
58 Eased the body
61 If you're all this you're out

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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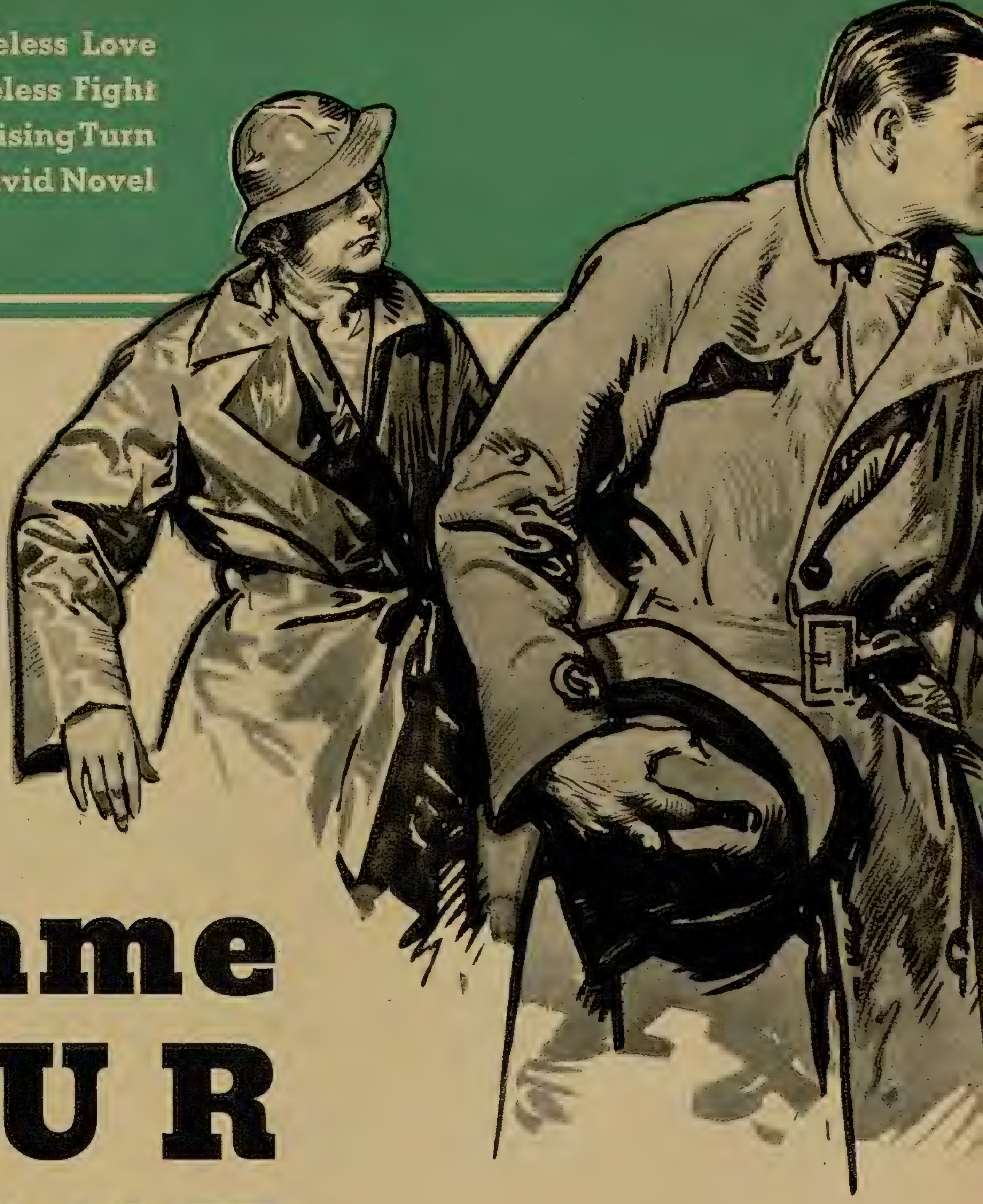

"If you know where Henry Tilford is, it's better for you if you tell the truth," declared Ainlee. "There's no harm in what he's doing," quavered the housekeeper.

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AS a boy Richard Ainlee suffered dire poverty in the village of Meredith. He also saw his father run out of his political job by the aristocratic Major Hartley. Years later, as a rich banker in the city, Ainlee has his revenge.

He bids in Hartley Hall, the major's ancestral home, at a foreclosure sale. He also bids in Paula Hartley's beloved racing mare, Scatter Gold.

Ainlee, however, is attracted by Paula's rare beauty. Through the power of his money and her family's impoverishment, he seeks to win her as his wife and reinstall her in the Hall. But the proud girl rejects these advances. She encourages the attentions of big John Barron, an old family friend.

The Hunt Cup race is staged, and Ainlee wagers Barron $10,000 that Scatter Gold will beat the Barron entry, Troubadour. Richard wins. Then he loans Major Hartley $5,000 on a business partnership, but Paula detects the ruse and is infuriated. Her aunt, Sylvia Marsden, warns Richard that Paula can't be bought.

Margie Windle, a horse breeder, appears. She has a little son, Tommy, who is illegitimate, but despite the scandal, Ainlee takes her to the exclusive Hunt Cup ball. He slaps Barron in the face when the latter makes a slurring remark.

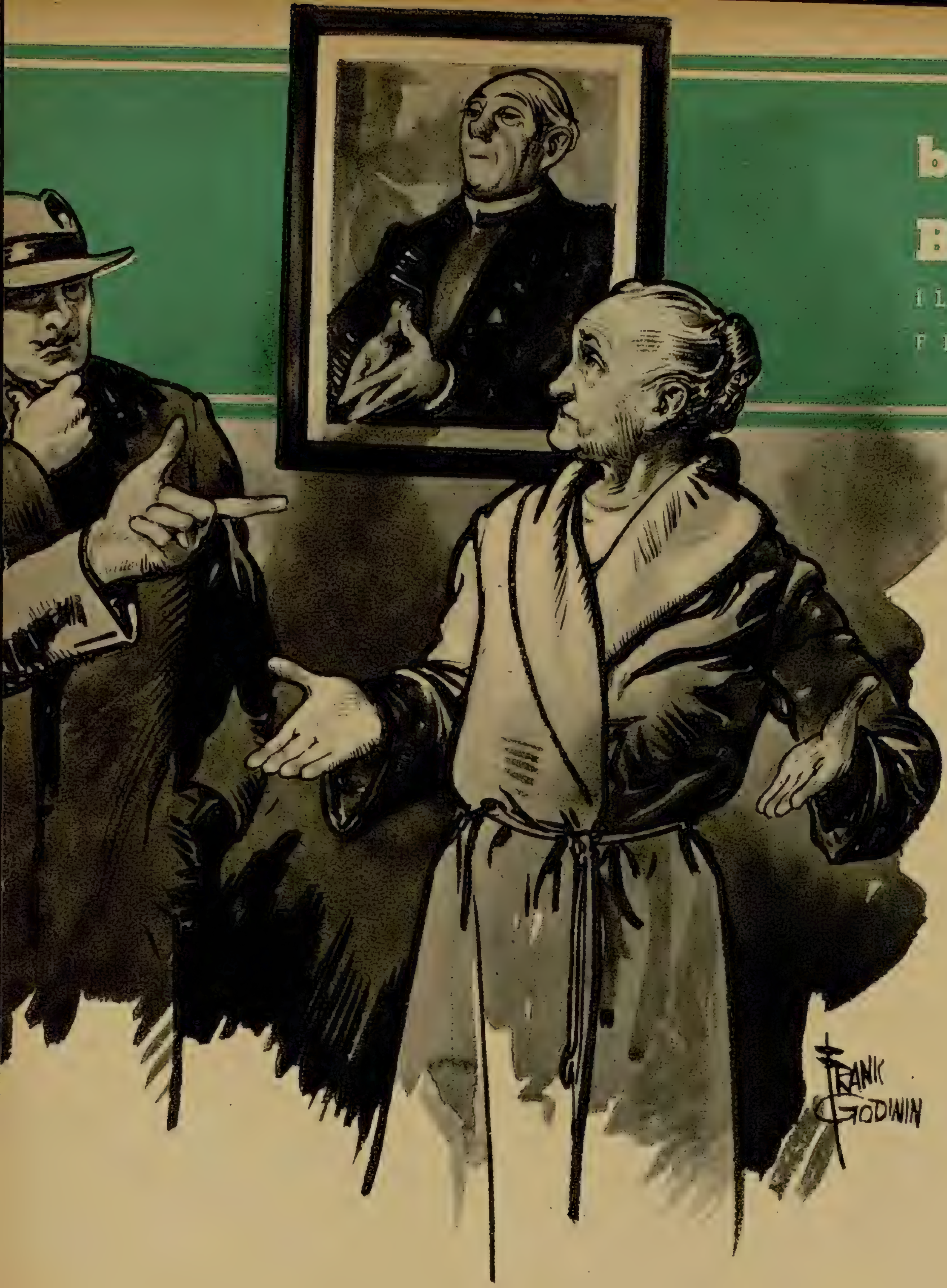
While Ainlee is trying to break down Paula with his money, he is neglecting his banking business with Tolman-Granger & Co. in the city. He goes to Barron's estate to collect his racing wager, and the men nearly come to blows again. Paula intervenes.

Richard goes back to Hartley Hall and refuses an urgent call to return to the city. He goes riding with Margie. As they move along an isolated road near the old tavern where a famous murder once occurred, a shot is heard and Ainlee's hat flies off.

With a cry of "Murder!" Margie puts spurs to her horse and charges into the woods from which the shot came to overtake the would-be assassin.

by MAX BRAND

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN



PART SIX—"WHAT'S WRONG ABOUT PAULA?"

THE brown mare followed, took the lead. Ainlee had to hang on with all his might. He felt as though he were in a small boat being sucked down into a whirlpool.

They went through the brush as through a mist. There was no sight of the rifleman beyond it. Margie sent her horse shuttling among the trees and came ranging back as a crash of rain dropped through the woods as through a veil.

"It's no good. He's gone!" she said.

"Some youngster playing bandit and being a little too realistic about it," said Ainlee.

She dismounted, picked up his fallen hat, and looked at the holes that were drilled through it. She was changed. The color and the bloom had left her; in her face was the cold foreshadowing of what she would be when she was ten years older. She swung into the saddle again.

"Richard," she said, "I want you to do something for me. Go home and stay there quietly till you hear something important. And let me keep this hat."

"You're being a little mysterious," said Ainlee.

"Go home and don't ask questions. Go straight back, will you?"

He wanted to hear the thing she was about to say before the gunshot, but her determination prevailed. He went, looking back to her now and then and noting that she remained in place, staring after him. When he reached Hartley Hall, the rain had begun in intermittent volleyings; the lower clouds touched the tops of the hills, rushing away into the northwest unchangeably, so that sometimes the sky seemed to stand still and the earth was a spinning treadmill.

As he closed the front door he heard a crash and shock and a whistling noise almost like an explosion. Then he realized that it was the coming of the storm. Footsteps began to run through the upper halls, shutters were soon slamming.

He had a late lunch while the thunder shook down the sky in rain. He went down into the living room afterward and finished his luncheon bottle of white Bordeaux in small sips.

He was immensely tired, and remembering that he had done little sleeping for several nights, he stretched on a couch, pulled a knitted throw over him, and was instantly asleep.

He wakened with a knowledge that many hours had passed. It was after dark. The thunder had ended but the rain kept tapping with a million nervous fingers. His mind was clean, clear, strong. So he sat up to light a cigarette and think.

Perhaps he should turn his back on Hartley Hall, on Meredith and the Mantico Hills, returning to one of the cliff dwellings of Manhattan to sit down with financial reports and a notebook. He told himself that he would soon forget all the people—except Margie Windle. He had found Paula and the major and the rest in a place that had been part of his past; along with his memories of early youth, they would be withdrawn quickly behind a distance of twenty years. And yet he could not leave; he could not give up his hopeless fight against the sacrilege of Paula's marriage with Barron.

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He went to his room and changed from riding clothes.

He had an odd feeling that in street clothes he would lose some of the sickening sense of a disaster impending. But still he found himself walking up and down with an uneasy breathlessness. At last he yielded to nervousness and told Saunders to have the car brought out. He had to move, though there was no goal to his journeying.

The chauffeur was there to close him into the car, but Saunders came out also and stood bareheaded in the pelting of the rain.

"Go in! Go in, Saunders!" he commanded. "You'll be soaked!"

"Yes, sir," said Saunders, and remained unheeding in the rain.

He drove rapidly down the cypress alley, and presently found himself in the town, driving down Second Street. When he came to the old house he knew at once that he must stop there. Out of the rumble seat he got a lap robe and took it with him. He forced a window open easily.

He passed into the living room and faced the picture hanging there. He knew, now, what impulse had drawn him suddenly out of Hartley Hall.

When he reached for the picture, he found that it was nailed securely to the wall! That was the reason, no doubt, that other tenants had allowed it to remain in place. He stepped back, wondering what he could use from his tool kit to pry the frame loose, and the face of Dick Ainlee smiled indulgently down on him. The hand which did not appear in the picture would be holding a fuming cigar to match the political unction of that smile.

HE had been a great man for Sunday picnics in the hills, and when they got into one of the upper ravines he loved to make the echoes roar with a song. If he had had wealth, he would have used it to bring more cheerful content into the world. Ainlee could remember that grim evening when his father had cut the stale loaf in two and given half to the beggar at the kitchen door.

Drunken Dick Ainlee! He wanted to hold out his hands for forgiveness when he remembered the shame that had burned his face hot so many times in his boyhood. Through his entire life he had been running away from the memory of his father and living by opposites, with the result that genial ease was forbidden and banned. Up there on the hill what had they to show better than this big quiet brow?

In some way he had an atonement to make.

He got hold of the edge of the frame and pulled. The rust on the nails gave way suddenly.

He wrapped the picture in the robe, left the house, and drove straight back to Hartley Hall. Saunders opened the door. The face of the old man shone.

"You *have* come back, sir!" he said.

Ainlee smiled at him. He threw the rug on to a chair and held up the picture.

"Have you ever seen this face?" he asked.

Saunders said instantly, "Your father was a big man and a kind man, sir. I had help from him when I was a youngster. I'll never forget it!"

"Did he help you, also?"

"I had done a foolish thing," said Saunders. "I had no money to hire a lawyer. But your father worked for better things than cash, sir. He saved me."

Ainlee walked into the living room. He rested the picture of his father against the back of a chair, but when he looked up to the portrait of Lord Meredith to make the comparison which was in his mind, he was surprised to discover that his lordship no longer was regarding the world with a contemptuous eye. He seemed to include the Ainlees, father and son, in a most kindly survey.

THE telephone called Ainlee away. It was Sylvia Marsden, saying, "Richard, has Paula been over there?"

"Paula? Why, no," he answered. "Come down here, will you?"

He had the roadster brought around and dipped down the hill in it. The rain was roaring down so fast and hard that even in walking from the car to the porch of the Hartley house his trousers were soaked almost to the knees. He went into the hall wiping the water from his face and found Sylvia Marsden striding the front room.

"Paula wasn't here for dinner," she said. "She slipped out and left this."

He took the sheet of note paper and read the first words he had ever seen in her writing. It was big and sprawling.

"Dear Aunt Sylvia," he read, "don't be alarmed. I'm away on a sort of a surprise party. But I'll turn up again like the bad penny."

"She crossed out 'and perhaps,'" sad Ainlee.

"That's why I'm half frantic. 'And perhaps' what? 'And perhaps I'll never come back'?"

She went to a sideboard in the next room and came back with a decanter of whisky and a pair of glasses. "Have a shot of this," she suggested. "You look as though you need it, and it may oil up that brain."

He swallowed it off like water.

"What did she do after this morning?" he asked.

"Stayed in her room till about lunch time. Came down with red eyes and said she had a cold in her nose. Went back to her room. Said she had a headache and didn't want to be disturbed. In the afternoon Margie Windle came to call. It was just after the storm began to crash. Frankly, I was so curious that I kept listening. But the talking was all very quiet. Yet when Paula brought Margie down from her room to the door, the girl looked sick."

"And Margie?"

“She had a shine in her eye. She had done business of some sort. She looked as though she'd sold ten horses. I tried to find out from Paula what was wrong, but I didn't make any headway. She took the station wagon and went off—to get some air, she said. She used to breathe better on the back of a horse than in that rattletrap. She returned later, but when I called her for dinner I found this note.”

“How long ago was that?”

“About an hour.”

“Did she—ah—did she take a suitcase with her?”

“What do you mean by that, Richard?”

“I don't know. I'm asking.”

“She didn't take a suitcase,” said Sylvia Marsden, scowling.

“What clothes did she wear?”

“Same things she had on today, I suppose. A gray tweed. What's in your mind?”

“Margie Windle—what was she here about?”

“I haven't the foggiest idea.”

“Where's Paula's father?”

“In his room drawing a design for an easy-chair with an adjustable book rest. He dinned the damn' thing into my ears all through the day.”

“Will you show me the telephone?”

He telephoned to Margie Windle.

“Don't tell me that you have an empty evening, Richard,” said that husky voice. “I've got a date but I'll call that off with a headache if you say the word.”

“Don't do that,” said he. “I want to ask you an odd question, if you don't mind. You were down at the Hartleys' this afternoon talking with Paula, weren't you?”

“She *is* a sweet girl,” said Margie. “Yes, I was there.”

“Can you tell me what you talked about?”

SHE waited for a moment and then began to laugh. “Well, we talked about you quite a lot. That's the fashion just now.”

“And after me?”

“I was trying to sell her a horse. I picked up a rather weedy chestnut the other day; nice jumper, though, and cheap.”

“Notice anything—well, a little different or strained about Paula?”

“Not a thing. Same old red and blue. *What* a pair of eyes, Richard.”

“May I come up to see you?”

“I've told you that you may. But what's wrong about Paula?”

“I don't know,” he said. “Nothing, I suppose.”

He hung up and came slowly back into the living room.

“Well? Margie contribute anything?” asked Sylvia Marsden.

“Yes, a lot. She contributed lies, and she wouldn't lie unless she knew something worth while. I'll try to get it out of her and come back.”

He hurried to his car.

When he stopped in front of Margie's house, the door opened at once and a porch light shone. Through the brightness of it he could hardly make out Margie in the doorway. He ran up the steps and got dripping into the hall. She began to unbutton his overcoat. “*What* a night!” she said. “A hot toddy is the thing for you, old son.”

He tossed off the coat and went with Margie into the living room. Litter no longer trailed on the floor; a rose-colored shade made the light flatter wherever it touched; a wide-lipped bowl on the table was filled with wild flowers. The girl had changed with the room. She wore an orange-yellow dress of a fabric so soft and sheer that the raised embroidery at the bottom of the skirt seemed to weight and guide the flow of it. She wore a jacket of the same stuff; it was no more than a colored mist.

“I'LL have the toddy fixed up in a minute,” she said.

“No, I don't want a toddy,” he answered. She turned at the touch of his hand. “I want to talk to you, Margie.”

She kept smiling a little. There was a beauty about her such as he had never seen, a warmth that was not the color from the lamp but the fullness of a flowering season.

He slipped into a chair. She sat on the couch.

“It wasn't quite the truth, what you told me over the telephone,” he said.

“How did you guess that?” she asked.

“You said Paula was just as usual. She wasn't usual at all today.”

“Then I shouldn't have said that. I overdid it a little,” agreed Margie Windle.

“Margie, what *do* you know? Why did you lie to me?”

She turned and looked at the grandfather's clock which kept wagging its long gilded tongue in a corner of the room; it told off the seconds with a slight chiming sound. “It wasn't time to tell the truth,” she answered.

“Now?” he asked.

“Yes. Now it's all right, I think. Give me a cigarette, Richard.”

He brought her one and lighted it. “Sit down here beside me,” said Margie. He obeyed.

“You know where Paula has gone and why she's gone?” he asked. “Is that why you're smiling?”

“I ought not to smile. But I've settled a big problem today. A problem of three or four people. I could keep still. I don't have to say a word about it. You know that, don't you?”

“Of course I know it.”

“I told you the other night that if I ever found myself completely dizzy about you I'd say good-by.”

“I remember,” said Ainlee.

“Well, I came down to tell you today that I had to say good-by.”

“When we went out riding?” he asked, amazed.

“The damned friendliness was what was wrecking me. Give me a hand, Richard, will you?”

He took her hand, sitting close beside her. “Now we're man to man and I'll go straight through to

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the end," she said. "How do you feel right now?"

"Sorry about you and me, and a bit hazy."

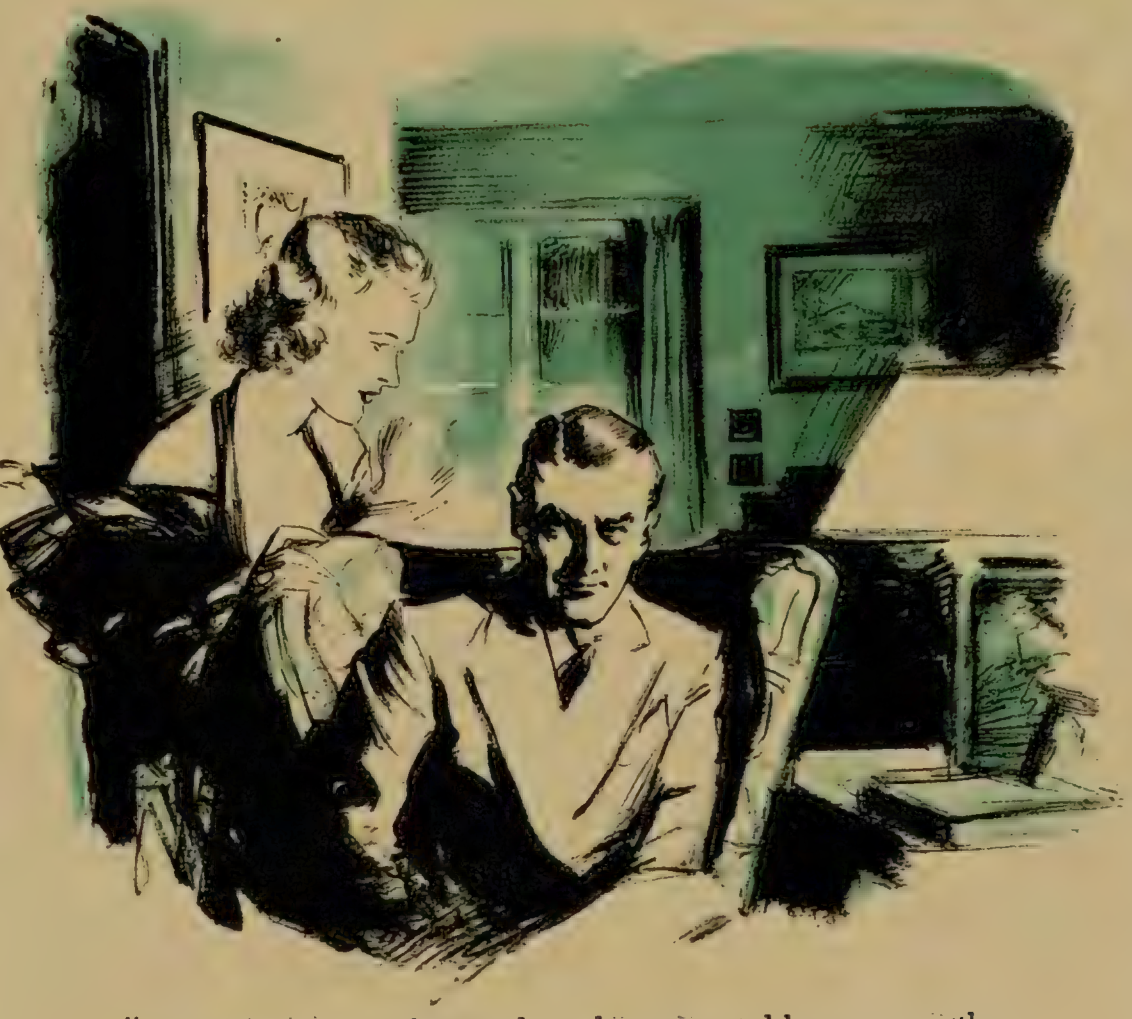
"I know," sighed the girl. "Now you know where I stood up to the time the bullet knocked the hat off your head. I was going to come clean and play the game and say good-by and go home and hope to die."

"Tell me why, Margie," he said.

"Because there was nothing ahead of me. You were filling up my whole sky. You like me a lot, don't you?"

"More than any girl I've ever known."

"But it isn't the real thing with you. I'm a cut entirely too low for you—"



"It wasn't quite the truth, what you told me over the telephone," he said. "How did you guess?" she asked.

"No, Margie! Of all—"

"Hush! There's Tommy, and all that. And you're such a clean, clear sort of a fellow. You'd never stoop to Margie Windle and marriage. And the other thing would never occur to you. So I was going to say good-by today, and then come back here and sit and pray that sometime you'd want to see me a frightful lot and come sliding up to my door in that long-nosed blue scooter of a car of yours. Then *anything* could happen. Well, that was what I was planning when the bullet knocked the hat off your head and I saw that Barron was in your hands. It would be easy to trace the shooting to one of his men. You could ruin him. You could jail him. You could send him out of the country. He wanted you dead because you had beaten and disgraced him. Beaten him at the auction and at the race; disgraced him afterward. I saw you could smash Barron—and that would leave Paula a free agent again."

"Paula?" he echoed.

"Richard, I'm not blind! Why did you buy the Hall, Scatter Gold, plunge on the race, give up your business until people say you may have lost it? What kept you down here? Hartley Hall? No! Margie Windle? No! But Paula Hartley. Not that you loved her, but simply that she was the last item to fit into your new picture of life."

He could only stare.

"WITH Barron out of the way, how long could Paula stand out against you? Not three days! And then where would Margie Windle be? Are you despising me, Richard?"

"No, Margie. No, no! But—"

"You had the game in your hands," went on the girl. "And when I saw that, all the devils jumped into my brain. I went to Paula."

She tightened her grip on his hand. He returned that pressure and looked straight into her eyes.

"Tell me, Margie," he said.

"I showed her your hat with the two bullet holes in it. I told her that Johnny or one of his men had tried to kill you and that they would try again, because there was no existence for Johnny in the Mantico Hills so long as you were around to remind people of the boor and the brute he had made of himself. I told her there was only one way to save your life and keep Johnny from going mad. That was to take him completely in hand—to marry him—at once—today! And that's why she's missing from home. It's finished by this time, and she's Mrs. John Barron!"

Desperate thoughts went with the soundless sway of shadows through the mind of Ainlee.

"You're not going to be stony quiet about it, are you?" cried Margie Windle. "Look at me! Richard, you don't mean that you *love* Paula? You never could have been happy with her. The Hartleys are proud devils. They'd never forget that you were out of Nothing by Nobody. Besides, Johnny Barron *would* have killed you."

"I've got to go along," said Ainlee, moving toward the hall.

She was suddenly in front of him, white with fear.

"It can't be that you love her!" cried the girl.

"I do," said Ainlee. "Like a half-witted boy, I haven't known. But I love her."

"YOU can't! You can't!" cried Margie. "Don't go! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to stop the marriage," said Ainlee through his teeth.

"Richard—he'll kill you!" And then she screamed out: "I hope he does! I hope he breaks you like a stick. I hope he murders you! I hope he murders you!"

Ainlee went out into the dim slanting rush of the rain. He hurled the car through the night like a flung stone. When he got back to the Hartley place he had hardly climbed the steps to the porch before the door was jerked open by Sylvia Marsden.

"She's married Barron," he said.

"By the eternal!" said Sylvia Marsden through her teeth.

He told her very sketchily the gist of Margie's conversation. Undoubtedly, when Paula slipped away before dinner, Barron had been waiting for her up the road.

Sylvia went to pieces, beating her hands together, groaning, "She's gone—she's lost to that gorilla!"

"If we find them, what can we do?" said Ainlee.

"What can *we* do? I don't know. Make Paula wait for a church wedding, perhaps."

"Then we *shall* find them," said Ainlee.

"Ray-*mond!*" she called. "Oh, Raymond! Now hand me that hat—I'm ready."

"Yes, my dear?" said a voice, faint with distance.

"Paula's out marrying Johnny Barron. If she hasn't finished the job, for once in your life you may be useful. Rattle down here as fast as you can. Richard, will your car hold three as wide as we are?"

The major came down the stairs with one hand on the rail and the other held out before him as though he were feeling his way in the dark.

"Marrying Johnny? Of course—but you don't mean marrying him now?"

"Marrying him, I mean—the sneak has run away with my girl!"

"But why should Johnny—"

"Don't ask me why. You had the raising of him; I didn't."

"But to go away with no word to us—Paula couldn't do that."

Sylvia Marsden cried, "Get into your coat, Raymond. When we find Johnny we'll learn the reasons for his crooked work."

The telephone rang. The major merely looked bewildered. Sylvia Marsden, with a gasp, ran and took down the receiver.

She turned to Ainlee. "Margie Windle—for you."

"I haven't time—" said Ainlee.

"You have!" insisted Sylvia Marsden. "There's something in her voice that you have to listen to."

"Hello!" called Ainlee.

"Richard, I was out of my head. Forget what I said. If you can find Johnny and Paula in time, there's only one person in the world that can stop the marriage. I can do that. I *will* do it. For you, Richard. If you'll forgive me, I'll do it. Richard, *will* you forgive me?"

"I do, I do, God knows," said he. "And we haven't found them. We haven't a ghost of a trace of a way to find them. But if we can use you, we will. Thank you, Margie."

"She says that if we can find them, she can stop the marriage."

"Ah!" said Sylvia Marsden. "Ah, is that it? What a fool I was not to guess!"

What she should have guessed Ainlee did not know.

The major huddled into a coat and jammed a hat on his head; they were wedged into the front seat of the roadster in another moment.

"Five ministers in Meredith," said Sylvia Marsden. "We may find Barron and Paula standing up in one of their parlors. How can we tell? Hurry, Richard, but try not to kill us on the way."

At Sylvia Marsden's direction, the car stopped at house after house. They had to chase the first chance to three places.

"A minister *would* pick a night like this for his calls," said Sylvia Marsden.

THE man was found at last, and in vain. He had seen nothing of John Barron. They found a second minister, and a third.

The face of the fourth house was dark, and after they rang a long moment of silence followed. Major Hartley, whose nervousness was growing to a hard tension, finally exclaimed, "It's no good—she's gone—she's gone from us, Sylvia!"

"It's the thing you've wanted, isn't it?" demanded Sylvia Marsden. "You've pointed Johnny at her since she was a youngster, and now he has her!"

The unhappy major, unable to find words, drew a great breath and let it out as a sigh.

Ainlee was turning at the top of the steps to lead the way through the crashing of the rainfall to the car, when he saw a gleam from the hall through the fanlight above the door. This opened in a moment and an old woman in a bath robe of faded blue was demanding, "Well? Well? Well? What is it? The reverend ain't here."

"Where is he, then?" asked Sylvia Marsden.

"I dunno that I could say," answered the old woman.

The door wavered for an instant under the grasp of the housekeeper; then it slammed in the faces of the three. A moment later the light clicked out in the hall. They were left in the dimness of the night with the storm rushing down like a river from the sky.

"Henry Tilford is playing hooky somewhere," said Sylvia Marsden, "and apparently he has to confess to the old hen before he goes. There's nothing for us here."

The bell rang and rang and rang inside the house. Ainlee was giving it a repeated pressure.

AGAIN the hall light came on, but when the front door opened it clanked against a chain which still engaged and prevented it from being thrust wide.

"There's nothing that I can do. Go along with you!" said the tremulous excited voice.

Ainlee answered, "Open that door! Major Raymond Hartley is here to demand it." He smiled faintly at the others as he made this loud announcement.

But the chain was removed from its slot and the door slowly yawned again. Ainlee stepped right through the gap into the hallway.

"If you know where Henry Tilford is, it's better for you and for him if you tell the truth," declared Ainlee.

"There's no harm in what he's doing," quavered the housekeeper. "Not from here to the end of time, nobody can't make harm out of a wedding."

"Where *is* the wedding? Where is the minister now?"

"A wedding is a wedding, ain't it, even if it takes place in Charlie's Tavern?" asked the crone.

"Charlie's Tavern!" muttered Sylvia Marsden.

The picture of the dingy tavern rushed back on the mind of Ainlee like a sense of guilt and of true retribution.

"Who came for the minister?" he demanded.

"I never seen him before; I never heard his name!"

"But you saw him tonight. What was the look of him?"

"He was as big as the door. That's the only way I have to tell you. Can't a big man get married as well as a small?"

"Thank you," said Ainlee, and stepped hurriedly back on to the porch. Sylvia Marsden was already running down the walk toward the car, and the major followed at the elbow of Ainlee.

The car shot through Meredith with water rushing from the tires against the mudguards. Ainlee's heart was trembling, there was no core of strength in him, as he thought of facing big John Barron.

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of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

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The tablets are well suited for infant feeding. Just crush them and mix in the infant's liquid foods.

Grown-ups, too, need the benefits of these tablets to help build resistance against infection in general.... Convenient to carry in pocket or purse.

White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

The lights of the town jerked past him in rapid blurs. Curves continually surprised him, the road jumping right or left.

“Left for the dirt road!” called Sylvia Marsden.

He turned too sharply and the car floated adrift in a long skid. He felt the fence, rather than saw it, and struck not with a solid weight but with a wrench and screech of tearing metal.

“We can go faster, now,” said the calm voice of Sylvia Marsden. “We're only minus the right mudguard.”

The major spoke for the first time, but his voice had a fine ring, “Neck or nothing, Richard! Well done, my boy!”

It was easier driving, for the headlights showed the brush that bordered the road with a sheen of wet leaves. He could guess the curves before the road actually began to bend, and he was still accelerating when Sylvia Marsden shouted, “Stop! The bridge is out!”

Now Ainlee saw the two banks of the creek and nothing to span the gap. He jerked the car into a skid that staggered it crazily. A darker rain flung over them—the muddy water and pebbles the wheels cast up from the road; and he was waiting for the last sickening lurch and drop when the car stopped.

It was half askew, slanting its headlights over a flood that filled Tyndal Creek almost to the rim of the banks. The engine had died. The rain beat on the top with a cadence that seemed to increase until it became a maddening of the brain.

“Look there!” called the major, pointing.

A big crooked beam went by, rolling its heavy length slowly and awkwardly in the currents.

“The upper bridge must be down also,” agreed Sylvia Marsden. “And then we're cut off!”

AINLEE started the engine with a roar and backed the automobile.

Sylvia Marsden prophesied aloud, “First he took Paula across to Charlie's Tavern. Then he came back to Meredith and picked up the sainted Tilford. But when he made the return trip, he found the flood had ripped the old bridge out by the roots. And then what? Go on with the story, one of you.”

“If the upper bridge is gone, as you think, perhaps he's gone clear back to town and is now struggling out along the muddy roads on that side of the creek,” said the major.

“We ought to get in touch with home,” said Sylvia. “By this time the silly girl may have come to her senses and telephoned a message from somewhere.”

“We'll go up to Hartley Hall and telephone to your house from there,” said Ainlee.

“Let's do that,” said Sylvia. “If Johnny has had to drive all the way back to town he'll have miles and miles over clay roads that will be a bog after this rain on the other side of the creek. And there's still a ghost of a chance—”

As Ainlee rushed the car for Hartley Hall, he was being dazzled by a vision which had formed before his mind when he had seen before him the sweeping waters of the creek. Scatter Gold had seemed to be arching the stream with one of her great bounds; and he felt with a terrible surety that the imp of the perverse would drive him to the taking of that chance on the back of the mare.

That thrill which had leaped through heart and brain long ago when he first saw the girl mounted on Scatter Gold might have been the first chill presentiment of fate, one of those dim liftings of the mist which allows the human eye to look far off through time.

HE nearly took the other fender off the car as he swerved it into the cypress drive of Hartley Hall. As he shot out of the head of the drive the lights picked up the wretched outlines of Margie Windle's little car, obscure behind the rain. When the three of them hurried into the hall, there she was with a tweed overcoat flung over the orange yellow of her light dress.

“Have you found anything? Is there any trace of them?” she cried to Ainlee.

“There may be traces of them at Charlie's Tavern,” said Ainlee. She uttered a sound of dismay that blended with his last words. “But the bridge is down, and we couldn't get across it. Saunders, get the house of Major Hartley on the telephone. Will you all come in here, by the fire?”

“The fire be hanged!” said Sylvia Marsden. “I have enough fire in me tonight without borrowing heat. Margie, what do you know about this wretched business?”

“Hasn't Richard told you?” asked the girl.

She looked toward Ainlee with a strange surprise and gratitude.

“Excuse me for a moment,” he said, and stepped out through the front door.

“The upper bridge *may* not be down,” the major was saying.

He went straight to the stables, turned on the light, and got saddle and bridle for Scatter Gold. Her bright head was already waiting for him, thrusting out from the half door of her stall.

“Oh, beauty!” said Ainlee.

He saddled her, and ran to the stable door with the mare trotting beside him.

Into the doorway came Margie Windle. Panting out the words, she shouted, “You can't do it, Richard. No horse can jump the creek. And the upper bridge is probably standing, anyway. Richard, even if you made the jump, you couldn't do anything on the farther side. John Barron will murder you! Richard, for God's sake, if you love her like this, let me help you. I'm the only one who can stop the marriage."

He swung up into the saddle without a word. She clung with desperate hands to him.

"Let go of me, Margie," he said.

"I *will* let go of you," said the girl. "But don't try the jump. You can't ride well enough to do it. And you can't do any good even if you reach Charlie's Tavern. I'm the only one who can stop the marriage. I can tell Paula—I can tell her that Johnny is the father of my boy—"

"I'm going because I *have* to go," said Ainlee.

He touched the mare with his heel and was instantly outside in the rain.

"Richard, don't go!" screamed Margie Windle. "Wait for me! I'll saddle the bay and go with you—"

The roar of the rain shut out her voice. It was not like rain. It was as though buckets were being emptied overhead, and when the downpour seemed at its heaviest, it came with a still stronger trampling and sloshed a new deluge over him.

Passing the Hall, he stopped at the automobile to get the strong pocket torch, and as he started on with this he looked up to the lighted upper windows of Hartley Hall and thought of a more essential tool which he ought to take with him. But if he carried a gun he would be too apt to use it. He remembered when he was in Charlie's Tavern that he had thought one murder was not enough for the place.

SCATTER GOLD flew down the road with such mighty striding that he kept hitting the saddle out of rhythm and expected to be galloped into the air at any moment. He steadied her at the entrance of the dirt road and shone the electric torch to help her pick her way. They came to the edge of Tyndal Creek.

Without the cold weight of his soaking clothes, perhaps Scatter Gold could take that jump. Even with this burden he would have to try it, though he remembered that he could not swim.

He fixed the light securely in the fork of a bush so that it extended its cone of radiance across the stream. The roar of the creek was like an echo of the roaring rain.

On the verge of the bank he halted Scatter Gold to let her see the work that lay ahead. He wanted her to discover the broad face of the road on the other side. The rain struck at them like the spray from a bursting bow wave when a ship is driving in a heavy sea, but Scatter Gold pricked her ears in spite of weather.

He turned her back to the top of the slope. From this distance he could not see the farther bank; even the nearer shore was half lost through the thick of the rain, but he could see the tossing currents of Tyndal Creek, like the edge of a shoreless sea.

He sleeked the wet of her neck, then gathered the reins. She fiddled for a moment; a stretch of her neck told him that she was more than prepared. He sent her away with a shout. She was in full stride with a single bound. The slope helped her to gather speed. A fiercer gust of rain half blinded him but still he could make out the eager stretching of her neck as she made for Tyndal Creek. He turned his toes in and gripped with all his might, but it was like clinging to the shaft of a great spear which was given repeated impetus in mid-air by invisible hands.

The light brightened. The wild face of Tyndal Creek grew visible dimly to the farther bank. They seemed already in the water before Scatter Gold hurled herself into the air, into the cone of light.

How Scatter Gold's great heart succeeded in carrying Ainlee to his goal; how Tubby's sinister presence added horror to the gruesome night at Charlie's Tavern; how Barron's and Ainlee's hatred for each other is buried by sorrow, Paula's and Margie's rivalry ended forever—all is told in next week's concluding installment of this thrilling novel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—The Flag Code says: If displayed flat the union should be uppermost and to the Flag's own right, i.e. to the observer's left. . . . If flown from a staff on a speaker's platform it should be displayed above and behind the speaker and at his right.

2—Yes: President James Buchanan; born at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

3—Into 28 states, 2 territories, and 1 federal district.

4—The Treaty of Paris, 1763.

5—William Cowper.

6—Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

7—Over the Royal Gorge, Colorado. It is 1,052 feet above the Arkansas River.

8—The frontiersman, the Southern Negro, the Western cowboy, and the down-East Yankee.

9—The Federalist Party.

10—The first Intendant of Justice, Police, and Finance of "Canada, Acadia, and other French possessions in North America."

11—No. The Bible speaks of it only as "the fruit of the tree."

12—Mata Hari, the dancer, of Dutch-Javanese parentage. She was executed by the French as a spy during the World War.

13—According to American Telephone & Telegraph Company officials it would be technically possible under favorable weather conditions.

14—Sir Charles Stanley, later fourth Viscount Monck; took office July 1, 1867.

15—John Milton, in Paradise Lost.

16—No. There is no official diplomatic representative.

17—February 13, 1883, at Venice, Italy.

18—In The Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 3.

19—Sir Adolphe Basile Routhier, 1839-1920, former Chief Justice of Quebec.

20—A parasitic worm which sometimes infests the voluntary muscles of men, hogs, and other animals. It causes trichinosis.

JIMMY, I'LL FIX THOSE TOYS WITH PLASTIC WOOD IN A JIFFY

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Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

A FOOTNOTE TO A HISTORY OF IMMORTALITY

AKRON, OHIO—So far as I can learn, I am the first person to whom Thomas A. Edison spoke for publication on the most important question in the world—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

That is why I was intensely interested to read Allan L. Benson's article in December 1 Liberty, Did Edison Try to Talk with the Dead? I was particularly interested in Mr. Benson's words in the fifth paragraph: "Nobody printed any of this matter for ten years. Then some writer, who apparently had not been asked to apply the soft pedal, wrote what Edison said to him. Then the cat was out of the bag."

I was a newspaper correspondent and Mr. Edison was visiting his wife's brother in Akron when I obtained the interview with him.

It was the day before the funeral at Marion, Ohio, of President Warren G. Harding, who had been a warm personal friend and companion of the aged inventor. Mr. Edison, seated comfortably on a davenport in his brother-in-law's sunlit sitting room, before breakfast that August morning, had been bombarded with the usual questions, epidemic among newspaper men just then, concerning his views on the value of a college education.

Although he had been up long before any of the family and had whetted his appetite by a stroll in the garden, he sat there patiently answering stereotyped questions until "the Captain" intervened and suggested that each of the three or four newspaper correspondents present ask a final question of him in private.

"The Captain" was Mr. Edison's own title for his solicitous wife, the former Miss Mina Miller of Akron.

I was the last man to have a private interview with the great utilitarian that morning.

"What do you believe has become of your friend President Harding?" I asked him when it came my turn. "Does he still live?"

Mr. Edison's keen blue eyes kindled immediately with deep interest. His manifest enthusiasm told me I had touched on a subject very close to his heart as well as his mind.

"The entity that was President Harding is not dead but is still here just as it always was," was his startling reply. "The body of the late President is like a ship that has been deserted by its captain and crew.

"From my experiments with Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientists who believe that it is possible to demonstrate the existence of life beyond the grave, I cannot say that men, including those like the late President Harding, live after death. Our experiments brought no results that convinced me of the presence of the departed.

"Nevertheless I am firmly convinced that the entity that was Warren Harding is here and alive just as ever.

"You know," explained the seventy-six-year-old electrical wizard, leaning forward and speaking in the low tones of a man almost totally deaf, "there are living cells in the body so tiny that the microscope cannot show them at all. The entity that gives life and motion to the human body is finer still and lies infinitely beyond the reach of our finest scientific instruments. When this entity deserts the body, the body is like a ship without a crew, deserted, motionless, dead."

After President Harding's funeral Mr. Edison repeated this last statement in almost identical words to his friend and companion, Harvey S. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

On account of the difficulty of questioning Mr. Edison at great length, I did not ask him by what mental process and over what period of time he had arrived at his theory.

The answer to the question "What is your religious belief?" was reported later by Mr. Firestone, who declared that Thomas A. Edison told him, "I believe in the teachings of our Lord and Master."—*Frank J. Eblen.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

NATURE'S DEFENSE MECHANISM

ALPINE, N. J.—At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in Cleveland, Dr. Wallace Dean of St. Louis objected to the practice of removing children's tonsils, which he said "appear to be part of the defense mechanism of the body in infancy and early childhood, losing their functions at adolescence."

This will not be reassuring to parents who are constantly urged to have tonsils removed as positively injurious to children's health. Even adults profess to have been greatly benefited by having accumulations of rubbish and filth removed from nature's defense mechanism located at the entrance of the digestive tract.

Wouldn't it be wiser to give nature the benefit of the doubt than to risk interfering with her defense mechanism at any age?—*Wilbur F. Copeland, a Plain Layman.*

LITERARY INDIGESTION

DETROIT, MICH.—I note you are still continuing to set a pace in reading time in your articles. What's the hurry? Reading an article is like eating a meal. It should be done with a certain amount of leisure, and set at a pace of digestion, the same as a meal, which varies with each person. If a reader hurries in reading, which your time limit unconsciously prompts him to do, he does not digest that story or article in its fullness.—*M. B. Shaber.*

WESTERN GOSPEL

HOLLIS, OKLA.—Out here in this country we just don't believe everything the Washington political writers and the newspapers print. But when we read it in Liberty we take it for granted it's the gospel truth.—*O. P. Sammons.*

SQUAWKERS SQUAWK

MIAMI, FLA.—Why do these squawkers squawk so much about Cockeyed Puzzles? They get their kind of puzzle every other week the same as we "Cockeyed" fans.

It seems Liberty is trying to please us all; but some people can't realize that they aren't the only ones to be satisfied. —*E. L. M. and D. G. R.*

THAT POST OFFICE "SURPLUS"

LEECHBURG, PA.—I read with interest Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on the Post Office Department in the December 15 issue and his laudatory comments on Mr. Farley's report which showed a surplus of $12,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1934. However, when compiling this report, it seems Mr. Farley failed to take into account certain items of expense directly chargeable to the Post Office Department, amounting to a little over $66,000,000, and in place of reporting a surplus of $12,000,000 he should have reported a deficit of a little over $54,000,000.

Mr. Farley's report made very good reading but was rather deceptive. No doubt Mr. Macfadden was entirely sincere in his praise of the department, as he evidently took Mr. Farley's report as correct and final.—*Charles S. Hill.*

BETTENDORF, IA.—Your editorial advising that the Post Office Department is now a profitable business under the guidance of Mr. Farley would lead one to believe that it has made a net profit of $12,000,000 for the fiscal year. Yet the government report shows a deficiency for this period of $54,000,000.

The discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Farley deducted ocean and air-mail subsidies and franked mail expenses.

If this is not a proper expense of a postal system, then what is it? I am as anxious as you are for the Post Office Department to show a profit, but there's no use fooling ourselves.—*M. Burr.*

HUNKYDORY

WESTON, MASS.—
Listen! Could I possibly cop
A little section of Vox Pop?
I've a yen to praise, not slam;
But perhaps you don't give a damn
What I might think. But then—oh well,
I find Liberty simply swell!
All the news and every story
I consider hunkydory.—*E. C. K.*

Pop

PSEUDO-LITERARY BILGE

ATHENS, OHIO—In reading Liberty, and especially Vox Pop, I am constantly immersed in a sea of pseudo-literary bilge concerning the modern status of women.

Take, for example, the Four-Star Vox Pop letter by Nina Walker Watkins in the December 15 issue. There we have the typical rejoicings of the modern woman who has claimed her rights and doesn't know what to do with them.

To a man the whole business seems silly. A man wants to respect and revere a woman, particularly his woman. The only logical reaction of a normal man to this new type of socially equalized woman will be pure disillusionment, nothing more.

The idols which men have been worshiping for ages have come to life, walked out into the sun, and stand revealed in all their disappointing mediocrity.—*Russ Dean.*

LAFAYETTE, THEY ARE HERE—AND RIGHT ON OUR NECK!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In Liberty's Twenty Questions and Answers, December 15 issue, the question is asked: What American division in the World War was composed of men from twenty-seven states?

The answer given is, The First or Rainbow Division.

Your answer is obviously incorrect, as the Rainbow Division was the Forty-second Division. It was formed from National Guard units from several states. The correct answer would be, "Any one of the United States divisions." If you take into consideration the birthplace, residence, or domicile of the men of the United States Army during the World War, you will find that each division contained men from practically every state and country allied with the United States. — *P. R. Davison, Secretary Historical Section, Army War College.*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—You'll have 120,000 battle-scarred World War vets right on your neck if you keep insisting the First Division was the Rainbow Division. — *O. C. Steinberger.*

SEATTLE, WASH. — The First Division dislikes being referred to as the Rainbow Division as much as the Forty-second resents it, but both outfits were made up of real men. —*Ed Graham.*

A PRAYER FOR MISS WEST

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I heartily agree with Mrs. W. J. R. Harcourt in December 8 Vox Pop that Mae West is a clever actress and a lovely woman. And I too, after seeing one of Mae's pictures, went to sleep that night with a prayer on my lips for her.—*George Stockman, Jr.*

SISSIFIED?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Vox Pop is getting too sissified. Just publish the hard-boiled letters. Throw the rest in the basket.—*George G. Huntoon.*

THE HAPPY WARRIOR VS. F. SCOTT McBRIDE

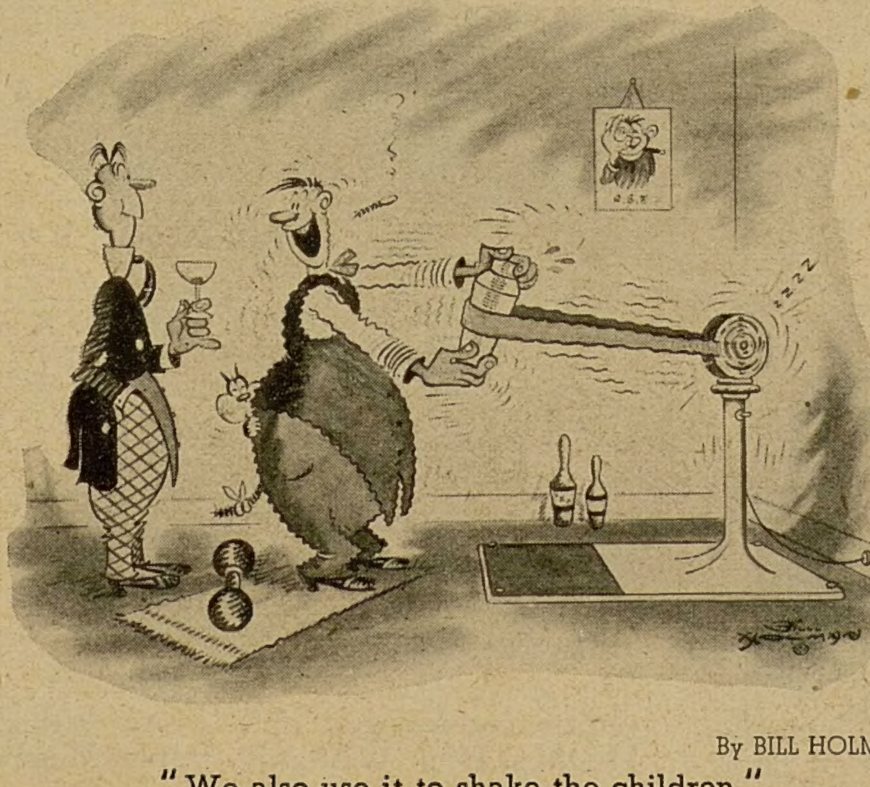
DENVER, COLO. — Alfred E. Smith's One Year of Repeal, in your December 8 issue, was a competent statement of facts and should convince any fair-minded person that the American people can and will drink sanely if given the opportunity to do so openly.

But why bring the matter up at all? Inviting a notorious prohibitionist to answer Mr. Smith is merely proof that you intend reopening the futile argument that the country was completely fed up with years ago.—*C. T. Chenevert.*

ELBERON, N. J.—It was interesting to read the opinions of the two men whom you invited to discuss the results of the first year of repeal. One, a moralist, based his conclusions on things as he would like them to be; the other, a practical business man obviously more familiar with American life and customs, based his conclusions on things as they really are.—*George H. Sleator.*

BILOXI, MISS.—I am for Al Smith, who advocates teaching temperance to our young generation by education and religious teachings and not by force, as favored by F. Scott McBride.—*J. Di Maria.*

[Among the other interesting letters on Al Smith's and F. Scott McBride's articles were those received from Edgar M. Johnson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Frederic L. Cole, Butte, Mont.; Richard Jamison, St. Louis, Mo.; Wanda Brokaw, Sheridan, Wyo.; James R. Killebrew, Lexington, Miss.; George J. Hemerlein, Buffalo, N. Y.; Albert Carl Meyers, Cleveland, Ohio; Julius Flakne, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. P. L., Portland, Ore. Sorry we haven't the necessary space to publish them all.—VOX POP EDITOR.]



BY BILL HOLMAN

"We also use it to shake the children."

IMBECILES

TORONTO, ONT.—I can hardly restrain myself after reading the letters of a couple of imbeciles in December 8 Vox Pop opposing contract bridge. They must have peanut-sized brains and can't learn the game or appreciate its qualities.

Certainly the forty or fifty million people who play contract and like it can't all be wrong!—*D. R. Carman.*

DOG HOUSE TO WHITE HOUSE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I disagree with those who applaud Huey Long's political policies. In the State of Louisiana we no longer consider Huey anything but a diabolical affliction, and I'll wager that any one would feel the same after three months under his governorship.—*Mrs. C. P. S.*

GRETNA, LA.—Just because Senator Huey Long has taken a dictatorial stand in his constructive and beneficial program is no reason for people to condemn him.

He may be in the dog house now, but soon he'll be in the White House.—*W. R. Boggs.*

WHAT DID THE COMMITTEE DO?

CALGARY, ALTA.—Justice à la Francais, in December 1 Vox Pop, reminds me of the church building committee that met and decided (1) to proceed with the building of a new church on the site of the old one; (2) to use the material of the old church to build the new one; (3) to worship in the old church while the new one was being built.

Is this the way the new prosperity is being built?—*J. L. Anderson.*

TEACHER SPOUTS

KINGSTON, PA.—Liberty has certainly proved a boon to my classmates and myself. Whenever a boring teacher (and there are plenty of them in the high school) spouts about something of which she knows nothing, we just reach for our Libertys.

So keep up the good brand of stories and save us from boring hours.—*A. R.*

EDITORIAL INSPIRATION

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Every once in a while your editorials really hit the spot, sometimes to the extent of being an inspiration. Such was Bernarr Macfadden's The English-Speaking World Could Outlaw War, in December 8 Liberty. As a timely thoughtful important subject it should inspire the English people, preferably the "powers that be," with a sense of duty to unite and bring about the end of warfare.

We should not, however, be unprepared. Preparedness will help considerably to bring about the desired end.—*Asher Frank, State Safety Director.*

"We'll leave our coughs outside"

It pays to LUDENIZE★

Ludenizing begins the instant a Luden's Cough Drop is on your tongue. A smooth, protective coating spreads over the dry, sore spots in your throat — easing the "tickle," stopping the cough. Luden's are cool, refreshing, effective.

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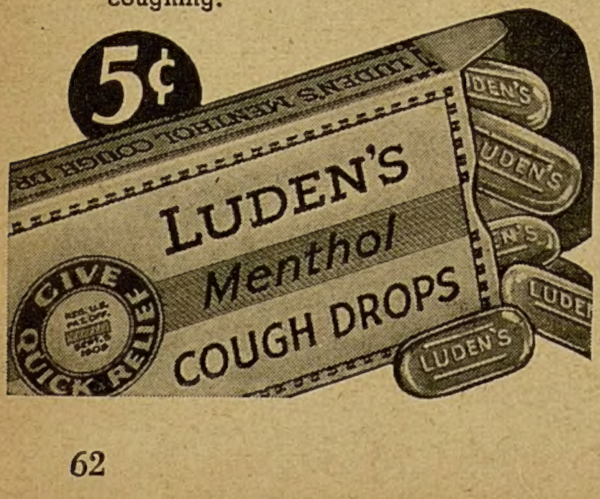

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Beginning

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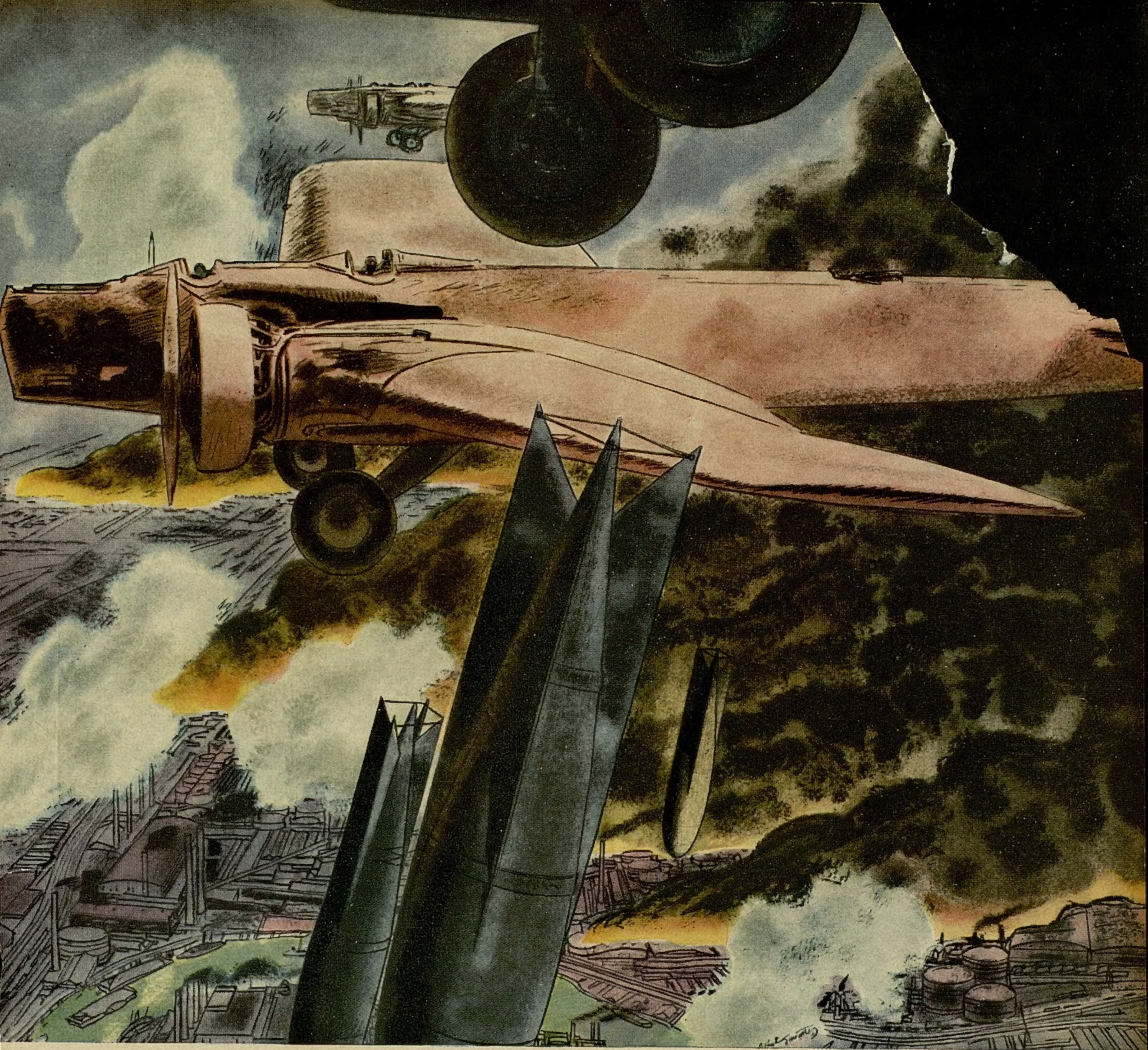
Elmer Davis

THE RED BUGABOO

By
H. L. Mencken

Presenting the credo of one who thinks the Moscow menace is considerably exaggerated—The other side of the case submitted by Matthew Woll in this issue

Other stories and articles by Edison Marshall, Rupert Hughes, Dick Williams, James Warner Bellah, and others



DOOMSDAY

WHAT if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

All of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Gas has been invented that eed only *touch* your skin to kill orribly — gas with fifty-five times the "spread" of any used in the World War—gas that will find its way 500 feet underground.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "defenses" will be pitifully futile.

Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—*all* of us.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness."

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert th coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your convictio that *there must be no more wars*

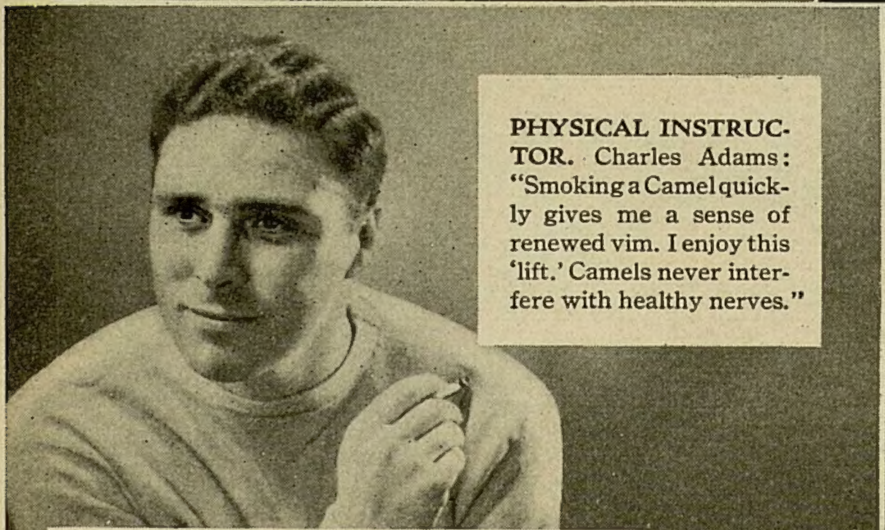
Write to World Peaceways Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

WARD OFF FATIGUE . . .

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

● Roscoe Turner flew from London to Australia — 11,323 miles — in 93 hours and 7 minutes! When questioned about his smoking, Colonel Turner said:

"A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas' — and smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. The way I notice this especially is that after smoking a Camel I get a new feeling of well-being and vim. Camels never upset my nerves."



PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Charles Adams: "Smoking a Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed vim. I enjoy this 'lift.' Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports as follows: "Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy. And I also find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert."

MRS. LANGDON POST, young society leader: "When tired, I find that smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift,' and I feel fresher afterwards."

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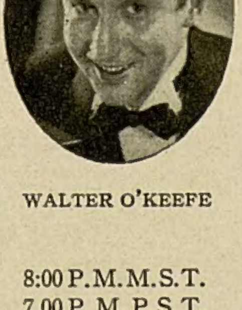

WALTER O'KEEFE

TUESDAY { 10:00 P. M. E. S. T. 9:00 P. M. C. S. T. 8:00 P. M. M. S. T. 7.00 P. M. P. S. T.

THURSDAY { 9:00 P. M. E. S. T. 8:00 P. M. C. S. T. 9:30 P. M. M. S. T 8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

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...CE QUALITY

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